September 30, 1959
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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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New! Amazing 'ONCE OVER' Household Cleaner

Flash

CLEANS WALLS & WOODWORK TWICE AS FAST, TWICE AS EASY

AS ANY SOAP OR DETERGENT !

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FLASH cleans even outside paintwork —walls, window frames, facia boards, fences, doors, anything at all! Use FLASH and all your paintwork will look new and fresh again. Just once over and the job's done. See how this no-rinse, no-wipe household cleaner absorbs dirt on contact. Easier and faster than any other cleaner.

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Just dip your cloth or sponge into the FLASH solution. Wring out till nearly dry. Wipe once over — job's done. No rinsing — no wiping dry is necessary. No dirt-holding suds to streak walls or drip on floors. So much better than sudsy soaps, detergents or gritty scourers. Woodwork is cleaned till it looks exactly like new, in less time and with less effort than ever before. And FLASH is the perfect cleaner for tiles, refrigerators, basins and baths, stoves, venetian blinds, etc.

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Our cover

● Suntanned Princess Alexandra, magnificently dressed in a white gown with a skirt embroidered in gold and pearls, sitting just after her arrival at Sydney's Golden Ball. The Princess had been presented with a bouquet and was waiting for the official party to join her when the picture was taken by staff photographer Ron Berg.

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Teenagers' Weekly, featuring Listen Here (page 7) and Here's Your Answer (page 10).

THE WEEKLY ROUND

● There was a French welcome for our four Paris mannequins when they arrived in Melbourne for the Australian premiere of our £25,000 Paris Parades.

TO meet them was Monique de Saint Salvy, another French mannequin.

She enthusiastically greeted dark - haired Olivia, blond Elza, and Baroness Danuta Dangel, who accompanied the girls and the collection.

Monique, who came to Australia to live in 1958, worked with Olivia and Elza at Carven for 18 months.

She also was with Pierre Balmain when Baroness Dangel was modelling there.

★ ★ ★

JACK HILLIARD, the chief lighting cameraman for "Bridge on the River Kwai," called at Pagewood Studios, Sydney, during the filming of Australia's first series of half-hour TV shows for world distribution (page 66).

Jack, who is in Australia for the filming of "The Sundowners," visited the studios to see if he could offer any advice.

He said, "The boys were doing such a sound job there was nothing I could tell them."

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, the "Golden Princess," who is scheduled to end her triumphant Australian tour on Saturday, also has a golden voice —cultured, rich, and low pitched.

A staff reporter who heard the Princess speak at the civic welcome at the Sydney Showground said:

The Princess spiced her speech with considered pauses reflecting her rhythmic breathing and sense of theatre.

With Churchill-like exactness, she confided to the Showground crowd: "I have enjoyed myself here" (a thoughtful pause) "and, despite what the prophets had to say" (a long beautifully timed pause, anticipating the crowd's roar of laughter and applause), "I am still very much alive."

At the beginning of the speech she speeded up her diction to try to race the echo that mimicked her from loudspeakers across the oval.

Quickly realising she couldn't win, she ignored the "backchat" from the echo and serenely took her time to complete the speech.

NEXT WEEK

● *Two pages of glowing color pictures in Teenagers' Weekly next week show gay young Australian-made resort-wear that will set the fashion on beaches this summer. As well, "Attention All Hands" suggests simple care to help hands look their prettiest this summer.*

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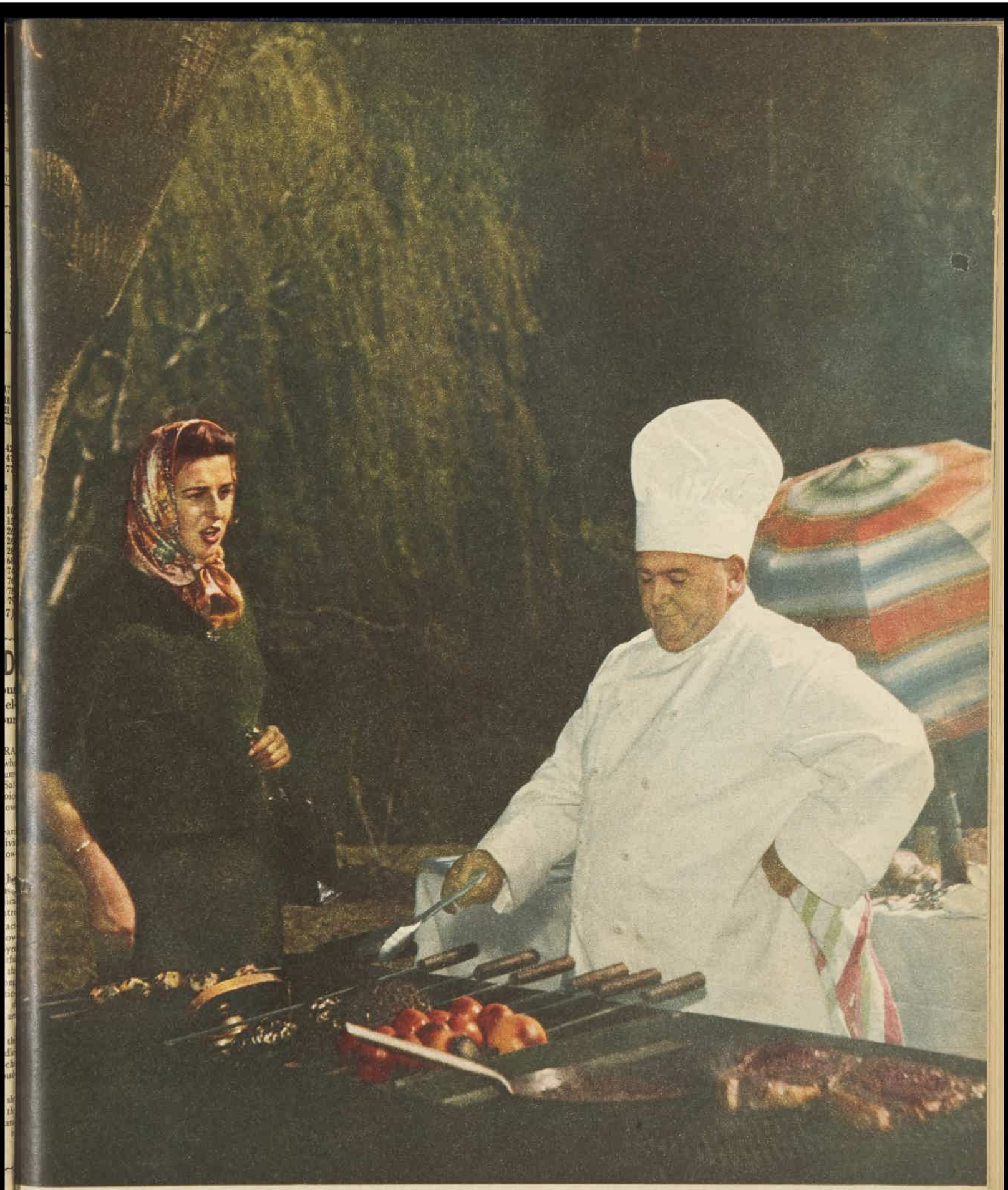

PRINCESS AT PICNIC

(Other full-page album pictures pages 8, 9, 11)

● *At Audley, near Sydney, Princess Alexandra had lunch on the river bank after visiting the Junior Red Cross Home at Cronulla. She wore a green wool jumper-suit, and before the picnic exchanged her flowered hat for a silk scarf and her high heels for suede brogues. Here, beside the trees and racing river, she is at the barbecue with Gerry Kearney, honorary chef of the Beefsteak Club of N.S.W. Picture is by staff photographer Keith Barlow.*

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SHEEP WERE FORGOTTEN when Princess Alex crossed the paths of two drovers, George Robert Peacock (on horseback) and William Cochrane. The Princess was on her way to Narrandera airport after lunching privately at the Hydro Hotel, Leeton. The cheering drovers were on a 170-mile sheep drive to Wagga. The meeting occurred during a Royal detour through the rich irrigation areas of Corbie Hill and Merungle Hill.

FLOWERS for the Princess from six-year-old Susan Robison, representing Junior Red Cross at Albury Sportsground. Susan was picked by ballot to present the bouquet. At right, Mayor C. E. Bunton.

ALEX OUTBACK

● Miles from the capital cities, Princess Alexandra saw much typically outback country as she travelled between the big towns of the inland.

SIX-YEAR-OLD Susan Robison, who presented a bouquet of orchids at the Albury youth rally, nearly forgot to give her carefully rehearsed little speech because the Princess was so interested in her.

As soon as Susan's curtsy was made, Alex asked how long she had been a member of Junior Red Cross, how old she was, where she went to school.

Susan answered these questions and then looked baffled — till the Mayor, Alderman C. E. Bunton, came to the rescue by telling the Princess Susan had a message for her.

Susan then gave her brief speech: "Well, Your Royal Highness, accept these flowers on behalf of the Junior Red Cross."

Three starry-eyed little girls after the Princess' Sportsground visit were Junior Red Cross members Kerryn Price, 10, Anne Hutchinson, 9, and Kay Bodinar, 9.

Guard-of-honor

The Princess stopped to talk to them as they stood in the guard-of-honor at the Sportsground.

"She asked us how long we had been members," Kerryn later said breathlessly, "What we did to raise money, how old we were, and if we had started bandaging yet.

"We had to tell her we were not up to bandaging."

From Albury Sportsground Princess Alexandra rode in an open Daimler with the Mayor through the main street to Dalgety's wool store.

Strenuous vocal support from friends of the Mayor as they drove amused the Princess, who told him he should start waving, too.

"Chiacking"

The Mayor, born and bred in Albury, grinned: "My friends won't let me grow up on an important occasion. If I waved now it would only cause more chiacking."

At the wool store the Princess met Mr. Claude Harfield, Albury Branch Manager of the store, who presented Mr. J. J. Vile, wool-store manager, to her.

Mr. Vile said to her, "You have had a busy day."

"But I've enjoyed it," she smiled. "I suppose you are quite tired of hearing my name."

Everybody enjoyed the Princess' informality. Although photographers swarmed around her, she remained quite unperturbed.

One photographer was so charmed, he kept prompting her, quite unconsciously, by muttering softly: "Come on, look this way, give us a smile."

This brought a grin from the Princess.

The Princess wore a blue shantung coat over a pale blue dress with a two-tone blue velvet hat with turned back brim.

AL GERBER sells a flag to Nora Routley, 5, at Leeton.

Flags galore

● Al is an Alexandra man, through and through. He not only carries a torch for the Golden Princess, he carries flags and goes on tour with her.

BUT Her Royal Highness doesn't know that Al Gerber, from Brisbane, is part of her entourage. He's just the lean man in the funny striped peaked cap, who sells all the flags to the kiddies about half an hour before the Princess arrives on the spot.

When the Princess arrives and the flags start waving frantically, Al hides his unsold flags behind his back and walks nonchalantly away from the crush.

He doesn't want Alex to see "the commercial side" of her tour. He says it's not nice. And, besides, he can't afford to stay long with the Princess.

He makes a beeline for his station waggon and heads straight out of town so that he can be at the Princess' next assignment before her.

This takes some doing. Naturally, if the Princess is travelling by car she has the right of way over Al. And if she's travelling by air, she's faster than Al anyway.

Al says he'll stop his tour when he runs out of flags.

Because being a vanguard for the Princess is a bit rugged. Especially as Al just took it up for a working holiday from his sign-writing business.

He says it's "a funny sort of a job—like selling peanuts at the stadium or something —but I thought, 'Well—um —somebody's gotta do it. Somebody's gotta sell flags for the Princess.' "

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ABOVE: Princess Alexandra delighted the 13,000-strong gathering at Leeton, N.S.W., when, after the National Anthem, she walked slowly round the crowds posing for amateur photographers and talking. Here she speaks to nurses from Leeton Public Hospital.

BELOW: The first-ever Royal visitor in the history of Leeton, Alex had special smiles for the 3000 children who thronged to see her. She didn't know that many of them had "wagged" school (one school bus had only the one passenger!) to get the best vantage points.

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take off in Light and Bright Swimsuits by Cole OF CALIFORNIA

Whee! What excitement! High colours! Light-as-air fabrics like fabulous new nylon knits, that dry in a flash because they're silicone-treated . . . pure flattery because they're elasticised two ways. Cottons that are out of this world for design and colour. Whee.. they're all perfect darlings and they're made for you in Australia by California Productions so that you can turn even the most ordinary day on the beach into a real triumph! Take off quickly to your nearest store — see for yourself that Cole genius for design, the new Cole bra line.

COTTON SWIMSUITS FROM **59/11** . . . . *NYLON-KNITS FROM* **£6/19/6**

AT ALL LIGHT AND BRIGHT STORES. MADE IN AUSTRALIA BY CALIFORNIA PRODUCTIONS LIMITED

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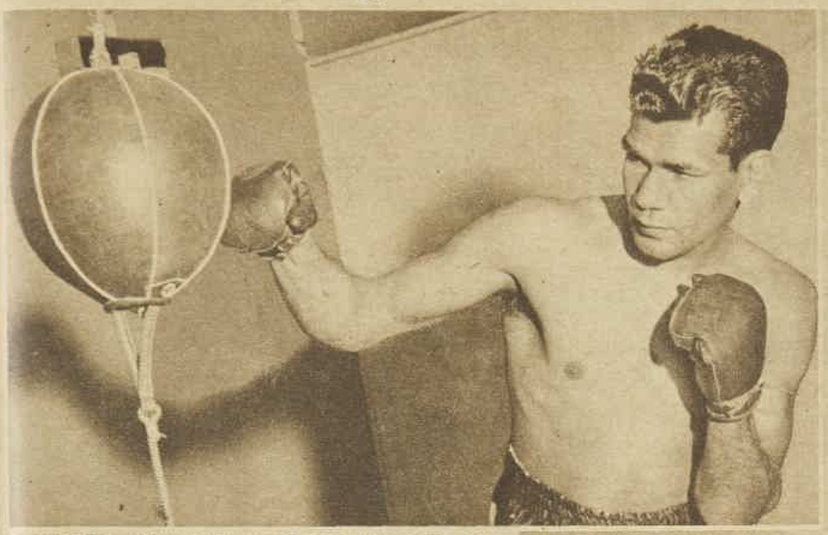
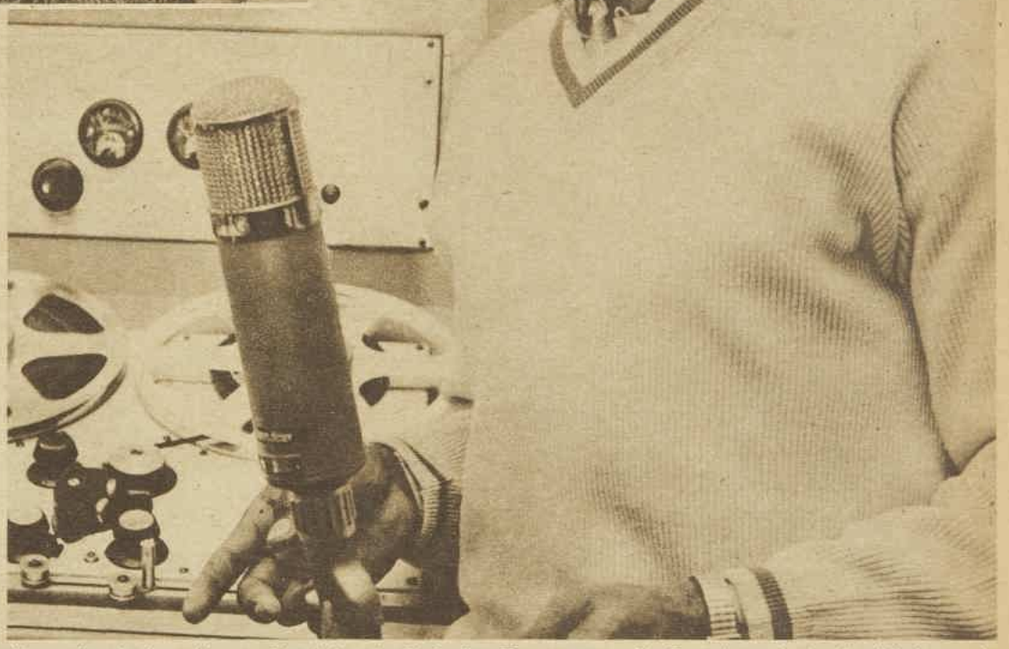
THE QUIET ABORIGINAL



• *GEORGE BRACKEN, FIGHTER AND SINGER.*



His greatest fight is for his people

• George Bracken, a young Australian aboriginal boxer and pop singer, believes he is setting an example of independence and better living to his race.

"MY people need someone to show them the way to succeed, and I would like to be that man," he says.

This 24-year-old Queenslander, who has won 45 of his 52 fights in the ring, and who will soon record two of his own rock-'n-roll compositions, insists that success for himself will mean success for his race.

"Our trouble is that we are not taught to stand on our own feet. Mission stations are wonderful and do a great job, but they give us inferiority complexes.

"Children grow up too dependent on the missions and spend their lives leaning on someone—usually the Government.

"I want to show them that it is worth working hard and supporting yourself. You get more out of life that way."

George Bracken, handsome and quietly spoken, has made a good beginning in setting this example.

Four years ago he was droving cattle. He has since held the Australian lightweight title, led a small band, held a steady job, built and furnished a home in Herne Hill, Geelong, for his parents and three sisters, and found jobs for his two elder sisters.

George won the Australian lightweight championship from Ron Krogh in 1956 and held it until July last year. He lost it then to Max Carlos, who has since retired, leaving the title vacant.

He is scheduled to fight David Ovid for the title in Melbourne on September 25.

George cut his first record — "Turn Me Loose" and "Sea Cruise" — in Melbourne after having been seen on HSV's Teenage Hour by recording company talent scout Ron Tudor.

The TV station's singing star, Heather Horwood, had invited George to this show after having heard him sing with his own four-piece band, "The Blue Jeans."

Since then he has appeared on all Melbourne TV channels, been tele-recorded for Sydney viewing, and sung at lunch-hour pop concerts in the Melbourne Town Hall.

He was mobbed by autograph-hunting girls for 40 minutes after his first concert.

Sinatra soon

His own compositions are "Blue Jean Rock"—his band's signature tune — and "Baby Don't Be a Fool," and George hopes to go on composing — though he has never had a music lesson.

"I'm concentrating on rock numbers only because they're popular now," he said. "As soon as the rock craze wanes I'll turn to Sinatra-type crooning. I enjoy that more."

George doesn't throw himself around while singing rock-'n-roll. He stands still behind the microphone, making only slight movements with his hands and his face is serious.

Where did he first get the notion to be a singer? "Well, I used to sing cowboy songs to the cattle on Greenvale Station in North Queensland."

At 17 George Bracken made up his mind to give his family some of the comforts of life and to get them away from their seven-day working week in the north.

First he joined Jimmy Sharman's touring boxing troupe to get professional fight experience.

Jack Hassen, former Australian lightweight champion, had fought with this group, and George idolised him. Jack Hassen was reared by George's parents.

"When the troupe reached Victoria I decided a boxing career would make the money I needed to help my family.

"Jim Sharman introduced me to trainer Leo White (who fought as Kid Young and was Australian featherweight champion in 1941) and Leo has done the rest.

George lived with Leo and his wife for four years before he brought his family to Victoria.

• *George, with his guitar, gives his sisters (from left) Cealia, 16, Ruth, 20, and Lois, 13, a singing lesson in their modern Geelong (Vic.) home.*

Fills stadium

He had his first Melbourne Stadium bout in 1953.

"George is one of the few boxers who can fill the Melbourne Stadium," Ron Tudor said. "He got £1850 for the bout with Carlos, and it's tipped he will get £2000 out of the next title fight."

He beat Empire lightweight champion Johnny van Rensburg in a recent elimination round and is entitled to challenge him for the Empire title.

"That will mean going to Britain and I would dearly like to make a success overseas."

Money doesn't go to George's head. He doesn't drink or smoke, is only mildly interested in women, and most of the money he spends is for his family.

He drives a rope firm's five-ton truck between Geelong and Melbourne during the day, and is still adding luxuries to his house and financially supporting his retired parents and schoolage sister.

"Others of my race have made their names in the boxing ring, but most of them have ended their careers penniless. I don't mean to go that way," he said.

"I mean to make up to my family for the tough life we led up north, and the way Mum and Dad battled to give me all they could up there," George said.

His parents are both fond of music. His father used to play with the Palm Island Mission Band; his mother sang in a church choir, and was learning to play the piano before they came south.

George is coaching his sisters, Ruth, 20, Cealia, 16, and Lois, 13, all of whom want to be singers.

"But girls have always got too many other things to do—I'm always hounding them about practising," he said.

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Just a nice kid *(below)* and *(opposite)* a very Royal lady

● Two glimpses of the Princess. Out in the sunshine dressed in blue, fun-loving Alex is just a big kid. But in a big-skirted gown, with diamonds and long gloves, she is Her Glamorous Royal Highness.

● **PRINCESS ALEXANDRA** in her element—she was, in fact, with all the other kids. The occasion was a colorful gathering of schoolchildren at the Rockhampton Showground, Qld.

● **OPPOSITE.** Gracious Princess Alexandra, with Sir Henry Abel Smith, Governor of Queensland, at the Royal Ball in the City Hall, Brisbane. Her lavish gown was offset by diamonds.

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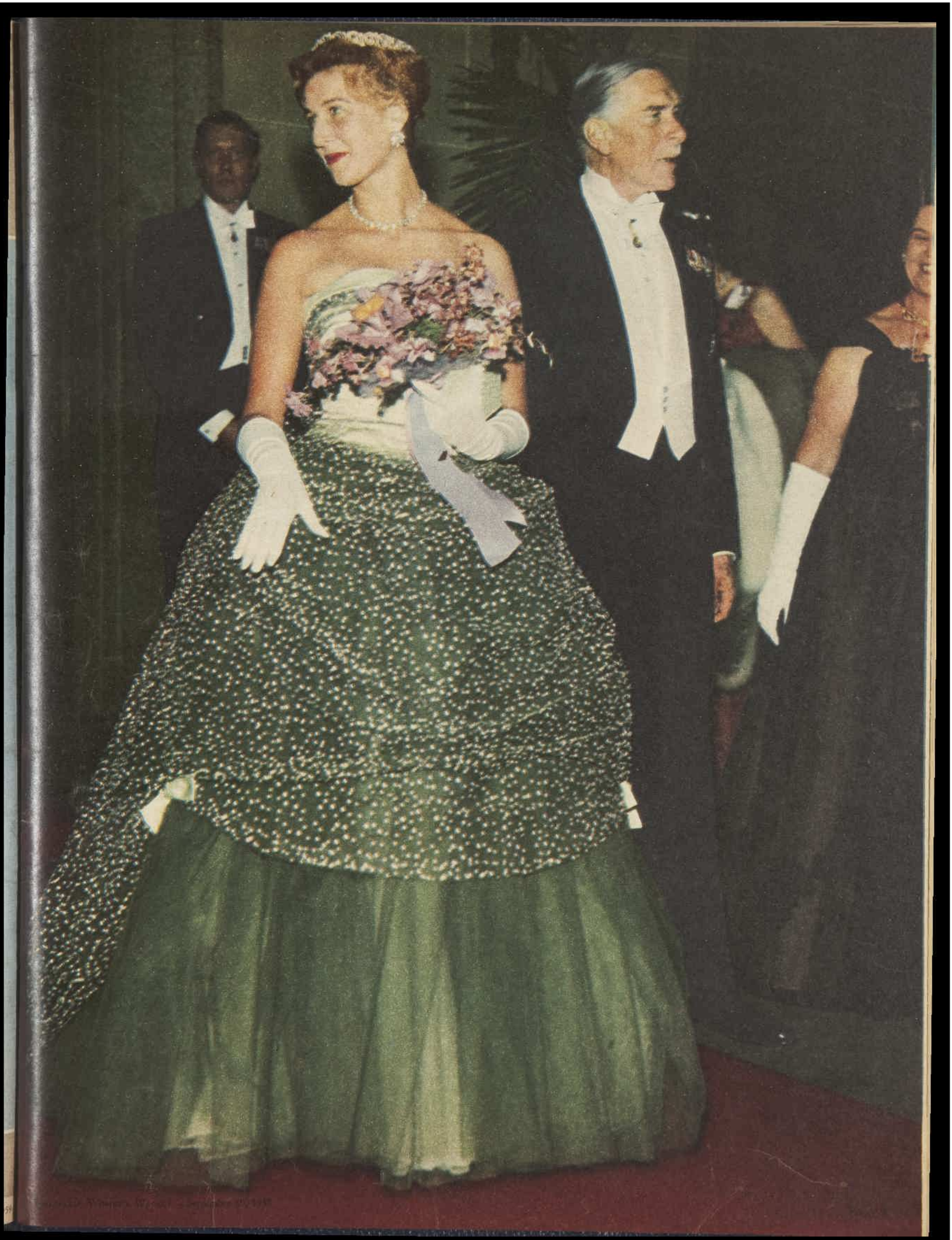

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ONE LATHER is all you need

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Shining-clean, easy-to-manage hair! Halo's rich, instant lather cleans so gently — leaves your hair soft, shining clean and so easy-to-manage. Just see how those waves behave after only one shampoo with Halo.

Give your hair
that shining look-again look
with **HALO** shampoo

Small bottle **3/3** Regular **5/6** • Bubbles **1/3**

R074

FATHER

"Did you check the car windows?"

MOTHER

"Of course I haven't got any sweets hidden away . . . You would have found them by now."

It seems to me

By
Dorothy Drain
in London

THERE was a heat haze over London. Mr. Polley and Mr. Barrett, of Fortnum and Mason, both said it had been a most unusual summer.

Mr. Polley—or it may have been Mr. Barrett—added that perhaps the atom bomb was to blame. But both these gentlemen, in spite of their frock-coated, striped-trousered exteriors, allow themselves their little jokes.

Anyhow, it was wonderful tourist weather. And a visit to Fortnum and Mason arranged by Qantas, hosts to our Press party, was a wonderful introduction to London.

"Champagne," said Mr. Polley, filling up my glass, "cannot possibly do you any harm, my dear. Drink wine and you will always remain sober." Mr. George Polley is the wine - buyer for this celebrated firm. He lives all day in the wine crypt two flights below the carpeted ground floor that is stocked with luxury foods of all the world.

Mr. Polley is fresh-complexioned and rather jolly. And he doesn't mind if you smoke with the champagne. "The finest wine-taster I know smokes all the time," he said. "Never take any notice of what people tell you, my dear. There is nothing right except what you like. If you want red wine with your fish, have it."

Mr. Barrett is tall and spare with silvering hair. He is the ground-floor supervisor and as perfect a product of the Piccadilly store as the goods he handles so lovingly.

His dignified air may awe the casual shopper but not me, because I know (a) that he lives with his mother, who thinks that his 25 years among top-quality goods have made him too critical, and (b) that next week he is going to spend his annual holiday with his young lady and her mother down in Sussex.

He showed us the groceries, the confectionery, and the soda bar, carpeted, of course, and with chandeliers. When I raised my eyebrows at the term soda bar Mr. Barrett said, "It is Fortnum's version of a soda bar."

★ ★ ★

IT may come as a shock to know that Fortnum's employs a public relations firm. But it's a firm in keeping with the shop's 251-year-old tradition.

Its representative, who took us to lunch in the restaurant, was a pretty and amusing girl named Ann Crofton. In private life she is the wife of a baron.

Mr. Polley had assured us that we would enjoy our lunch. "When Eisenhower dined at Downing Street this month, who catered?" asked Mr. Polley. "Fortnum's," said Mr. Barrett. "Not Claridge's, not the Savoy, not the Ritz," said Mr. Polley, "but Englishmen—plain Bill Smiths and Tom Browns, cooking good English food. You know what people say about English cooking, but half of them have never tasted first-class English cooking."

DETERMINED to get the most out of this trip, I put myself into the appropriate frame of mind each morning by eating bacon and eggs and reading "The Times."

All holiday travellers should read "The Times" because it gives one the soothing impression that nothing whatever is happening.

After my second cup of tea I glance at the disasters recorded by livelier papers and rev up for another day's sightseeing.

Every now and then I wake and think I shall die if I don't get a long sleep and then someone says something as simple as "you catch the train at Victoria Station" and a stab of excitement revives me.

★ ★ ★

IT may have been the result of over-intense activity that made me fail to fall in with the spirit of the Elizabethan Room at the Gore Hotel, comparatively new tourist eating place.

Its gimmick is an Elizabethan setting, candlelight, bare tables, wooden platters, and food which is said to be what Elizabethans ate.

Waitresses are dressed as Elizabethan serving wenches, but I don't think Falstaff would have stood for the firm line they take with diners. "When you drink your mead," the senior serving wench instructed us, "The King at the head of the big table will cry 'Ale' and you must shout 'Wassail.' And you must leave a little of your first course on your plate for the poor or you will be fined (bright smile), but you may eat up all your chicken and have as much claret as you like (dazzling smile)."

As candlelight is fairly dim one must take the authorities' word that dishes are as described. There was reference to pate made from peacock's breast.

It is only fair to record that a wench who sang traditional songs had a charming voice.

It is even fairer to mention that the party of American tourists at the centre table—about 20 middle-aged couples—had a wow of a night out. They joined lustily in community singing, banged mugs on the table, and shouted "Wassail" without further instructions.

I think maybe they fortified themselves with mead before they arrived.

★ ★ ★

THIS column seems to be all about food and drink, so I may as well add the octopus recipe which I picked up on the trip over.

Australian film scriptwriter Geoff Collins had it from a Japanese-Hawaiian taxi-driver who said: "My wife always softens octopus first in the washing-machine."

After that you steam it in firmly lidded pots. But I forgot the details. I was so interested in the washing-machine.

Maybe one should add, like Mrs. Beeton, "First remove your soap."

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GIFT OF A BOOMERANG

● Splendid in his tribal ceremonial paint, 77-year-old aboriginal Tommy Walters presented Princess Alexandra with a boomerang at Gympie, Queensland. Soon afterwards Tommy led a corroboree which was staged for the Princess in a Gympie theatre. The dancers wore "modern" shorts with their paint. Tommy's tribal name is Gwarilk.

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● *Whatever your age or tastes, there are features to fascinate you in The Australian Women's Weekly next week. Don't miss . . .*

Small-head hair-style

● *Restoration of the waistline in feminine fashion has inspired Paris hairdressers to create the smart, flattering small-head hair-style.*

See the style; see whether it suits you; in a special two-page color-illustrated feature in The Australian Women's Weekly on sale next Wednesday.

Paris calls it "petite tete" and one version is illustrated at right. It's the first major change in hair-styling since the bouffant look sent heads high, wide, and handsome. For evening, it is dressed up with added sweeps of hair.

EXCLUSIVE! IN COLOR!

JOURNEY INTO SPACE

● **America has selected seven Astronauts for man's first journey into space. Magnificent, exclusive color pictures show the way the men are being trained for man's greatest adventure—into space.**

Paris Parades

● **More than 30 superb models from our spectacular £25,000 Paris Parades are shown in an all-color 32-page lift-out supplement in our next issue. Top Paris couturiers designed all the models for the parades, which have their Sydney premiere at Mark Foy's on October 3.**

Pastries—sweet and savory . . .

● **Food and cookery expert Leila C. Howard gives the four important rules to make a pastry that is crisp, light, and golden-brown—a cook's delight.**

Romance, drama at the Snowy

● **"The Girl at Snowy River," a romantic new serial by Australian author Joyce Dingwell, vividly portrays the drama of life on Australia's huge irrigation project. Don't miss the first long instalment next week.**

144-PAGE ISSUE: With the 32-page Paris Parades supplement, and the 16-page Teenagers' Weekly, The Australian Women's Weekly next week is a 144-page issue—all for 9d.

FRENCH "TRIMMING" FOR PARIS PARADES

Mark Foy's prepare

● **There'll be a tantalising air of French mystery about the gala opening of our Paris Parades, to be held at Mark Foy's on October 3.**

THIS mysterious atmosphere has nothing to do with the breathtaking collection of haute couture parade ensembles that we've imported from France.

Many of these have already been illustrated in recent issues of The Australian Women's Weekly.

The mystery lies in the brand-new cocktail (secret ingredients) and the chicken dish (secret recipe) that will be served to the 400 guests.

The cocktail is called "La Prise de la Bastille" — The Fall of the Bastille."

It was created by Mark Foy's managing director, Mr. Hugh Macken.

He says, "Suddenly you feel like the prisoners in the Bastille who were waiting for the tumbrils to take them to the guillotine — when the doors were opened.

"My cocktail will give an ineffable sense of freedom.

"The sting is in the tail."

After cocktails and canapes, the parades will begin at 7.30 p.m. And then at about 9 p.m. guests will meet the second "mysterious element" — the chicken dish — during a seven-course banquet.

Mark Foy's host, Tony Clerici, and the chief chef, Albert Seib, have been planning the banquet for weeks.

The menu

Here is the menu:

LA POIRE AVOCAT TROPICALE AU CREVETTES ROSE
LA SAUCE MIDINETTE

(Midinettes are the seamstresses at the French couture houses.)

L'ELIXIR DE CHAROLAIS
MADRILENNE EN TASSE
LES PAILLETTES DOREES

LES DELICES DE SAINT PIERRE AU CHAMPAGNE

And then — the chicken:

LA SUPREME DE VOLAILLE A LA FACON DU PERE ANTOINE
LA SALADE CAPRICE DE REINE

LES ASPERGES DE PARIS EN GONDOLE
LA SAUCE DIVINE

LA COUPE DE FRAISES SARAH BERNHARDT

LA CORBEILLE DE MIGNARDISES

LE CAFE NOIR

The chicken is the brainchild of Messrs. Clerici and Seib — they ate chickens till the recipe was perfect.

But even though they're guarding that recipe so jealously, Chef Seib did, after some persuasion, describe the ingredients and preparation of "Les delices de Saint Pierre au champagne."

It's made from filleted John Dory.

"You would like a recipe for how many people — two, four, six? Four. Ahhh . . .

With hands clasped he directed, "Take an ovenproof dish and grease it with butter.

"Sprinkle half a teaspoon of finely chopped shallots in the dish. Salt it very lightly.

"Put in your four beautiful fish fillets. Sprinkle on a little more salt. Add about five ounces of champagne and cover the dish with greaseproof paper.

"Cook in the oven — oh, about 300 degrees — for 12 minutes. Take out.

"Pour off the champagne — now it is blended with juice from the fish — and put it into a saucepan. Let it simmer till one quarter of the amount remains.

"Alors: add five ounces of pure cream with the yolks of two eggs. Cook it — DO NOT BOIL IT — till the sauce becomes thick — not too thick. Take it off the stove.

"Let it cool, then add a soupspoon of butter. Take a whistle . . ."

Whistle?

The chef looked at Mr. Clerici for help. "No, no," said he. "Not a whistle. A whisk. A whisk."

"Ah, a whisk. Beat the sauce with the whisk and add three or four drops of lemon juice. Taste it.

"Now. Take four whole mushrooms and peel them. Put them in a small saucepan with three ounces of champagne, the juice of half a lemon, and a little butter.

"Boil for 12-15 minutes.

"You know the mushrooms have the leg? Take it off and put a mushroom head on each fillet of the fish.

"Then pour over the sauce. Put the whole under the griller and glaze till it is lightly browned."

Guests at the gala opening will spend the evening in an exotic setting.

At the store's entrance, they'll be greeted by a "gendarme." His uniform has been specially imported.

"We wrote to the Paris police and bought the uniform from them," said the display manager, John Bosci.

The vestibule, lit by seven-foot candelabra, is going to be massed with spring blossom, and there'll be a French arch with three "living statues."

And there'll be flowers everywhere in the store. The elevators will be perfumed with lily-of-the-valley.

And in one of the windows there will be a real fountain — modelled after the fountain in the Place de la Concorde in Paris.

BANQUET CONFERENCE. Mark Foy's host, Tony Clerici (left), and the chief chef, Albert Seib, plan the seven-course banquet that will be served at the gala opening of our Paris Parades.

Exotic cacti on display

● ***Decorative cacti and succulents originating from countries which include Mexico, Peru, and South Africa will be shown at this year's exhibition of the Royal Horticultural Society of New South Wales, to be held in the Lower Town Hall, Sydney, on October 9 and 10.***

"THEY will be shown against a backcloth of black," said Mr. C. Watts, President of the Cactus and Succulents Society of N.S.W.

This is the best contrast, as, though most of the plants are green, there are some white ones, such as the "Old Man" cactus.

Prizes will again be given by The Australian Women's Weekly for a decorative floral competition open to all affiliated societies of the Royal Horticultural Society.

These prizes will be presented to winners during the official opening by the Lord Mayor of Sydney, Alderman H. F. Jensen, on the evening of October 9.

In competing for prizes, societies may choose six decorative units from these 12 classes of arrangements:

1, representing the theme of the Waratah Festival "Melody and Song"; 2, formal arrangement of native flowers and foliage; 3, for a foyer; 4, foliage; 5, roses; 6, modern; 7, period other than modern (period to be named); 8, showing Eastern influence; 9, basket of flowers (stems in water); 10, for a dining-table; 11, in a glass container; 12, a driftwood arrangement (any base, floret, flower, or flowers permitted).

First prize in the section will be £30.

Second prize, 20 guineas.

Third prize, 12 guineas.

Fourth prize, eight guineas.

Plaques recording the awards will also be presented to the four prizewinning groups.

The Australian Women's Weekly will also give 10 guineas and a five-guinea trophy for the best individual decorative piece among the group entries.

Each entry will be allotted space 10ft. by 2ft. 6in., and there is no limit in height for the exhibits.

Entries should be sent to Mr. G. Parkes (WW1156), secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society, 508 Twin Road, North Ryde, by September 25.

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For our Parades—

Here are the girls from Paris

• These are the French mannequins — Elza, Monique, Olivia, and Sylvana — who have travelled to Australia to model our £25,000 haute couture collection.

HUNDREDS of people have already seen the girls at our Paris Parades, now being held at the Myer Emporium, Melbourne. In the next few weeks, they'll also visit Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

The girls are charming.

Elza is the smallest of the four. She's 5ft. 5in. tall, but looks less; she has doe-shaped blue eyes (not much make-up) and long blond hair which she wears swept back in a sophisticated roll or, more casually, flying loose.

And Elza has a two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Cristina ("I am going to miss her VERY much"), who is a baby edition of her mother . . . Elza's husband, she says, has red hair and freckles.

Cristina is holidaying now with relatives in Belgium.

"My husband is—what is it?—mixed up. He is Italian and Swiss and Belgian and French. Do not forget the French," she said, twisting her engagement ring, a diamond-encircled sapphire, round her finger.

Suntanned brunette

Monique has a deep suntan, which is wonderful with her almost black eyes (with tremendously long lashes), and black hair.

She has been in Australia before — she spent one day in Brisbane last May.

"I was working in New Zealand for three months," she said, "and we stopped in Brisbane on the way home."

Monique likes horse-riding and water ski-ing and she'd like to see something of the bush while she's here. But she has to be careful . . .

"I went water ski-ing two weeks before we left Paris and ooooooffff, I fell. And I . . ." (pause) "slipped a disc—is that right? I had it fixed but I will have to take care."

Sylvana is quiet, which is understandable because she doesn't speak any English.

So she looks a little lost, though still poised, with a rather bewildered smile, until one of the others interprets and tells her just what's happening in rapid-fire French.

Sylvana is tall and slender and willowy. She has eyes with a Slavonic slant, and brown hair with a reddish glow.

ARRIVING in Melbourne for our Paris Parades are, from left, local mannequins Margo McKendry and Ursula Klamet, and French mannequins — Monique, Sylvana, their chaperon, Baroness Danuta Dangel, Olivia, and Elza.

And she likes to wear simple clothes. While the other three wore suits, Sylvana's dress was grey and uncluttered — no collar, no sleeves, a flared skirt, and worn with three strands of pearls.

Olivia is vivacious, with bright brown eyes, pencilled into a doe-shape, and brown hair.

Like Elza, Olivia is married. She wears a wide gold wedding ring with a narrower ring below it.

And, like Elza, she spent two rushed days in Paris before leaving for Australia.

"Wild West"

With the Baroness Danuta Dangel, who brought the girls and the parade clothes to Australia, Elza and Olivia have just come from Denver, Colorado, U.S.A.

They went to Denver for a fashion show, and spent eight days there. "And we went to Colorado Springs . . ."

It was an exciting trip, specially for Olivia. She's an enthusiast about Western ("wild") life, and although she certainly doesn't look it, she's quite a pistol-packin' momma.

She watched some Western shooting in the States and—"Yes, I try," she said, laughed and shrugged.

All the girls want to see something of our countryside while they're here. "And shopping, of course, always," they said.

"Wool," said Monique. "Lambswool sweaters and those beeg rugs," she said, waving her hands while the others all nodded agreement.

They all agree, too, about their lives as mannequins. None of them has ever wanted to be anything else.

And how long does it take to be a top haute couture mannequin?

"One must have the special quality," says Madame Dangel.

"It is like the artist—the pianist. If you do not have this thing in yourself, you can learn and learn and learn and you will never be anything.

"After one year, a girl can be quite a good model.

"But it takes time. It takes—three years before you are somebody."

'Paris in the Spring'

• Our Paris Parades at Mark Foy's in Sydney will be launched with a gala banquet on Saturday, October 3, in the Empress Ballroom. Tickets are seven guineas each.

Daily parades will be held from October 6 (October 5 is a public holiday) to October 15 inclusive at 2.30 p.m. and 6 p.m. on weekdays, and at 10 a.m. on Saturday, October 10. Tickets are 10/6 each.

Bookings for the gala opening and for the daily parades can be made now at the Empress Ballroom, at the ground-floor inquiry desk, or by phone or mail.

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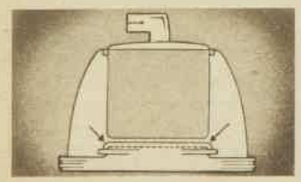
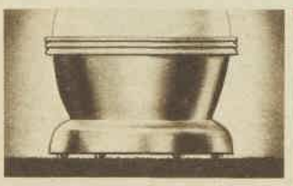
Gentle as a kitten

the New STC vacuum cleaner

There's lots of power, but such *gentleness* in the new S.T.C. Vacuum cleaner. Deep-down cleaning picks up embedded dirt, fluff, threads — even hairs from pets — yet never damages the most delicate fabrics. And — a wonderful change — you can even do hand-dusting *before* you vacuum with the S.T.C.! A special Silicone filter ensures that fine dust can't drift back through the exhaust. It's the *cleanest* cleaning . . . the most *thorough* cleaning . . . any vacuum has ever brought you.



Silicone filter. A special silicone treated filter in the cleaner makes sure that fine dust is not blown back through the exhaust to settle in a tell-tale film on furniture. This S.T.C. 'exclusive' lets you do your dusting *before* you vacuum!



Rolls smoothly — reaches everywhere. Concealed castors on base save lifting and ensure that cleaner moves at the lightest touch where required. Swivel nozzle at top lets hose turn full circle to reach any part of the room.

Triple purpose carpet nozzle. "Wide area" nozzle has floating retractable brush for normal cleaning. Nozzle also holds hard brush or polishing mop; hinged to slide easily under low furniture.

Suction regulator. A simple regulator device on the tube enables you to adjust suction according to the job. You can have full suction or reduce it as you wish.

Foot switch — saves bending. The powerful motor purrs into life at the touch of a toe. Just press the convenient foot switch down to start — flick up with toe to stop the motor.

Throwaway dust bags. In addition to the washable, high quality nylon dust bag, the cleaner is supplied with paper bags which are discarded when filled.

GREATEST CLEANING POWER! The full power of the high-speed S.T.C. motor is used for cleaning — none is wasted on carrying the cleaner. Easily regulated, this power can handle any job from the heaviest to the most gentle.

YOUR CHOICE OF COLOURS. The cleaner is available in two attractive colour combinations: Salmon and Ivory, Turquoise and Ivory.

Attachments for every cleaning need. The cleaner is supplied complete with attachments for every household cleaning need — high and low, floors, walls, drapes, furniture, shelves and ledges. A deodorizer/anti-moth crystals attachment and a spray gun are optional extras.

PRICE 40 GNS.

slightly higher in some areas

Manufactured by

Standard Telephones and Cables Pty. Ltd.

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SILK TWEED SUIT in a parchment shade was chosen by Mrs. Geoffrey Grimwade, pictured with her husband outside Grimwade House Chapel after the marriage of their daughter Eve to David McGlashan.

LEAVING Grimwade House Chapel in Toorak, Victoria, are Mr. and Mrs. David McGlashan. The bride was formerly Eve Grimwade, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Grimwade. David is the eldest son of Mrs. N. McGlashan, of Brighton, Victoria, and the late Mr. Neil McGlashan.

IN THE GARDEN outside Grimwade House Chapel after the marriage of Eve Grimwade and David McGlashan are, from left, Mrs. Lionel Grimwade, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bragg, and Lady Grimwade.

GETTING MARRIED

SYDNEY VISITOR Barbara Kater with James Grimwade at the marriage of Eve Grimwade and David McGlashan. Barbara is engaged to James' brother Andrew, who was one of the groomsmen at the wedding.

WEDDING bells rang at the parish church of West Hartford, U.S.A., on September 14 for Hugh Mitchell and Joan Goodwin, elder daughter of the Rector of St. Mark's, Darling Point, the Rev. C. A. Goodwin, and Mrs. Goodwin.

Joan had her sister Margaret as bridesmaid. Margaret will stay with Joan and Hugh for about three months, before going on to England and the Continent to join some of her nursing friends.

The newlyweds will live at West Hartford where Hugh is curate at the Church of St. John.

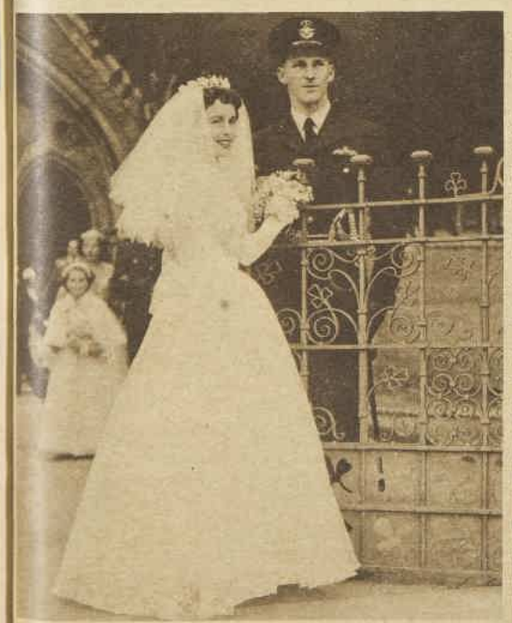
• • •

HONEYMOON on the Queensland coast for Mr. and Mrs. Rudolf Windel, who were married at St. Stephen's. The bride was formerly Margaret Hughes, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Hughes, of Fairlight. The bridegroom is the only son of Mrs. I. Windel, of Fairlight, and the late German Consul-General to Switzerland, Mr. J. Windel.

• • •

ST. JOSEPH'S, Woollahra, has been booked on October 20 for the marriage of Tony McGrath and Sandra Burt. Tony is the youngest son of Mrs. W. J. McGrath, of Vaucluse, and the late Mr. McGrath. Sandra's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James M. Burt, of Birmingham, Alabama, U.S.A., will arrive here on October 11.

Anne



ARMIDALE WEDDING at St. Mary's Cathedral for Flying-Officer Colin Brown, R.A.A.F., Richmond, and Jennifer Doran. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Doran, of "Naroda," Uralla.

RIGHT: Guard of honor for Captain and Mrs. Ken Moffatt, who were married at The Armidale School chapel. The bride was formerly Avon Mullins, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. M. Mullins, of "Avona," Glen Innes. The bridegroom is the eldest son of Mrs. G. Moffatt, of "Invergowrie," Armidale. Flowergirl is Susan Andrews.

FUTURE HOME in England for Jill Odillo Maher, who married John Boorne at St. Joseph's, Edgecliff. Jill is the only daughter of Mrs. S. Odillo Maher, of Edgecliff, and the late Dr. Adrian Odillo Maher. John is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Boorne, of Hertfordshire, England.

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DOUBLE LOVE AFFAIR

They were a perfect pair . . . sophisticated story of theatre life

By GEORGE BRADSHAW

ILLUSTRATED BY MAUDSON

Tom said to Alcie: "Aren't you rather elaborately dressed for a quiet evening at home?"

THE day began as it begins for any actress, with a crisis. Alcie had not meant it to; she was as bored with crises as she was with everything else, but the moment seemed to demand it.

"Get up," Mary, her Irish maid, said.

Alcie moved not a muscle.

"It's nine o'clock," Mary said.

Nine o'clock. It was the cold, grey dawn.

"All right!" Mary said, and ripped back the covers. The tangled nightgown showed the famous ankles, not to say the famous legs, and, through the tangled hair, the famous eyes showed fire. Mary grabbed an arm.

"I'll kill you for this," Alcie said, greeting the new day. But in an instant, despite holding and squirming and kicking, she was on the floor.

"You should be ashamed," Mary said, "with rehearsal at ten."

Alcie sat up, shivering. Mary threw a dressing-gown around her and dragged her to her feet. "And he's all dressed and downstairs enjoying his breakfast," she said.

"Who?" Alcie said.

"Your husband," Mary said. "Who else?"

Alcie tottered into her bathroom and for a moment stood without even looking into the mirror. The shower was already running. Finally Alcie stretched out a hand and felt the water; it was ice cold.

"That woman," she said, but not loud enough for Mary to hear, "must be out of her mind."

But at twenty minutes to ten, as everybody had known all along, with the shower and even some breakfast behind her, Alcie sat in the car with Tom beside her, headed for the theatre.

There was a picture of her on the theatrical page of "The Times." And a little story: "This is the ninth play Tom Knight has produced starring his wife. Five of them — a remarkable number — have been hits."

Alcie looked out. The car was already on Park Avenue, heading for a traffic jam. Nine plays was one too many.

Tom said, "I won't be at rehearsal. I have too many things to do at the office."

Alcie turned and looked at him, at his rugged, imperturbable, New York profile.

"I'd give five hundred dollars spot cash," she said, "to be back in bed."

Tom frowned. "What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," she said, lying.

It was not just this day, this morning; there had been months of it. Maybe it was the same with Tom; maybe he, too, felt the deadness—but there was no way of telling any more.

She tried the old trick—the one that always used to work. She thought of the young girl she had been, her first winter in New York. Broke, happy, maniacally ambitious. She thought of the cardboard she had had to put in her shoes when the soles had worn through. Those dear shoes. They were responsible for the two hundred pairs that were at home in her cupboards now. But none were as lovely as those first New York shoes. Had they been kid or lizard? And were they black or brown?

Alcie shrugged. It didn't work any more. Not even the shoes.

"Now listen," Tom said as they stopped, apparently forever, at 59th Street. "We have to decide about those two today. Jack and—what's her name? —Marney."

"You mean I have to decide."

"Yes. Well —— Oh, I'll come in late. If we're going to replace them, it has to be now."

The car began to move. Besides everything else, there had to be trouble with the cast.

"They both look so right," she said. "If only young actors would understand that acting is a craft as well as an art. That school——"

"All the young ones are like that these days," Tom said.

"Feel, feel, feel!" Alcie said. "I never had to be taught to feel."

"Of course, you had genius," Tom said, possibly too flatly.

"My dear," Alcie said as they turned into 53rd Street, "genius is the minimum requirement for an actress."

At the theatre Tom did not help her out of the car, and she walked alone across the pavement to the stage door.

But a young girl, seeing her, involuntarily stopped and watched—and with reason. Alcie was always so on the edge of perfection — so lately attended by hairdressers, masseuses, dressmakers, and their kind —that she had but to straighten up and smile to become a public sight.

In her pale cashmere coat, sensibly lined with mink, and her red hair tumbled, she looked twenty-eight — although she knew in her heart she was thirty-six—she made the young girl sigh with envy.

"I could cry," Alcie thought as she stepped out of the unwholesome daylight into the dark backstage.

They were all there, her company, in various attitudes of alert lassitude; the coffee, ranged in paper containers on the stage manager's desk, had only just begun to do its work.

Jack and—what's her name?—Marney, disgustingly fresh-eyed, were there, sitting together wearing Those Clothes. It was how Alcie lumped them—Those Clothes!

She did not care that her eye deceived her; that she quite missed the subtleties of the clothes of the young. Indeed, in her general disapproval Alcie missed a great deal.

She missed, for one thing, the nerves; she, who should have remembered, forgot. It was the rapturous way Marney's brown hair fell about her neck that made her forget, perhaps; or the defenceless delicacy of Marney's skin—anyway, she forgot.

She did not see the too-steady gaze in Jack Carnovan's eyes, the dread behind it that this might be his last day.

They knew — Jack and Marney — where they stood. With the incurable pessimism of youth, they had gauged their chances, and had found them not so good in this hotbed of old-fashioned theatre.

An actor is a peculiar victim. A composer can compose, a painter can paint, a poet can rhyme—or not, as the muse proposes—all by himself in a little room; but an actor needs a play, a part, and eighty thousand dollars' worth of scenery before the divine fire can even sputter, let alone light up the sky. Added to this, there are more actors today than anybody.

There was a time when all an actor needed was a striking face and a willingness to exhibit himself. But oh, now, in this specialised world, an actor needs as much training as a theoretical physicist.

He must dance, he must study art, languages, literature; his speech must be perfect as well as imperfect; he must fence, ride, swim, climb castle walls; he must have charm, quick wits, adaptability; he must be handsome, tireless, amusing, and warm — there are classes for all these — and he must, for a golden graduation amalgam, learn how to act.

Jack Carnovan at twenty-four — although a trifle slow at climbing castle walls —had passed every test. His body was good, his face handsome, and he could act.

And now, here, finally he had a job, but a job that was being jeopardised by a silly, middle-aged star whose sole interest in the art of the theatre seemed to be in where the cigarettes would be when she said one line, how many steps she should take before she said a second, and what the count was before she turned and said a third.

"O.K.," the director said. "Act Two. Let's take it from the top."

This play was the step. The step from the cold-water flat at thirty a month; the step from the old, unlikely, actors' jobs—sitting with a rich woman's dog, typing briefs for an impecunious young lawyer, telephoning clients for a deaf real-estate man—the step that could take him out of the boring dream on to the exciting yes-yes of solid ground.

The director was fair, but the second act did not go well. In the middle of the act there was a piece of business which never came off. The set was supposed to be the library of somebody's house—an elaborate library in which there was, naturally enough, a small book ladder.

At a point in the action Alcie, standing on the ladder, was to reach up to a shelf for a book, then lose her balance and fall into Jack's arms; he was to hold her for a moment too long, looking steadily at her. It was a moment that changed their whole relationship in the play. Well, it didn't work.

Either Jack was too near, anticipating her fall, or too far away—once he almost dropped her. But it was obvious to him, also, that she was deliberately trying to make him look incompetent.

She gave him no suspicion of help. If she knew her

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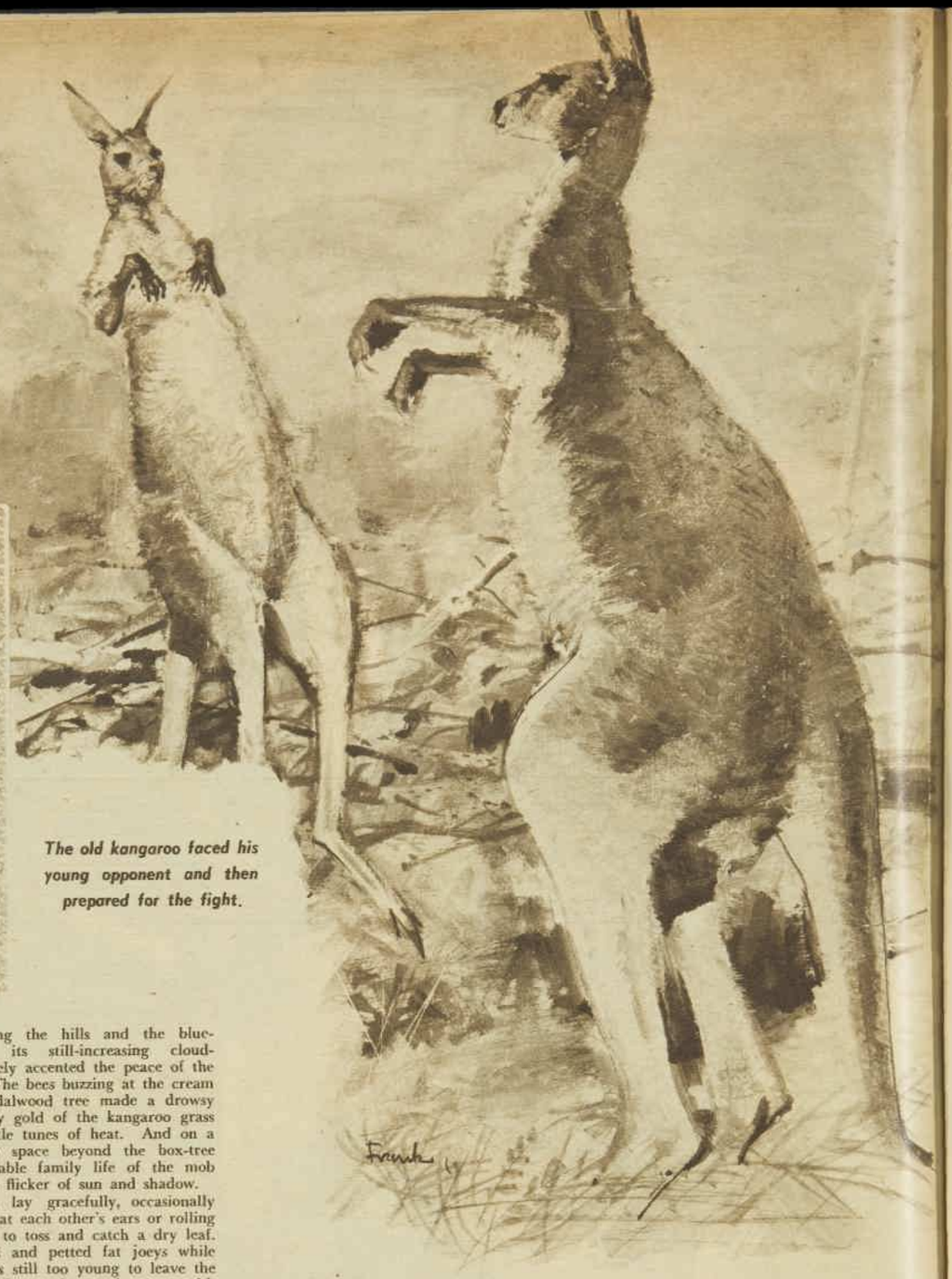
A dramatic short story of the Australian bush.

By MACKENZIE COTTRELL

ILLUSTRATED BY BECK

DAY OF BATTLE



The old kangaroo faced his young opponent and then prepared for the fight.

OVER the ironstone ranges, twenty miles to the south, the purple blackness of storm rolled and grumbled and the hills were hidden by the lead-grey deluges of rain, but in the dry watercourse where the kangaroo mob lay bedded was hot sunlight.

The broad seedheads of the kangaroo grass were dark gold and light gold against the brilliant azure of the zenith, and occasionally a henna-and-black butterfly would light on a seedhead, fold its wings to show the paler underveining, and sleep in the sweet drift of air.

The old man kangaroo, lying on the down-beaten grass mattress of his form, noted the swaying grass and the butterflies and above them the round and glittering leaves of the sparkling box tree. At intervals he licked his large forelimbs so that the air might cool them.

His world was completely pleasant, with food and wives and mingled sun and shadow. He had spent the previous night below the dam up the watercourse, enjoying the green picking and snatching honied lily flowers, so that he was now aware of the sense of good nourishment, from his delicately veined ears to his powerful tail-tip.

His does were large-eyed, velvet-furred, and many. His own coat was glossy as thick-piled velvet and shaded from chestnut through tawny tan to the rich cream of his underbody. He weighed two hundred pounds and could stand seven feet when he rose on his hindfoot toes and the ponderous and graceful arch of his tail.

Even the secret anxiety that had filled him for the past months was gone from his consciousness. For only this morning he had "thumped" at his rival, the young sultan of the mob two miles down the watercourse, and the younger 'roo had retreated.

Thus he could now lick his forelimbs, doze, or lie completely on his back, playing with the deadly reaping-hook of his own toe, ignoring the instinctive awareness that sooner or later the aggressive newcomer would force battle. For the moment, his sole annoyance was an occasional black ant.

The constant roll of thunder from the storm darkening the hills and the blue-blackness of its still-increasing cloud-mountains merely accented the peace of the watercourse. The bees buzzing at the cream bells of a sandalwood tree made a drowsy song. The dry gold of the kangaroo grass crackled to little tunes of heat. And on a pleasant sandy space beyond the box-tree trunk the amiable family life of the mob went on in the flicker of sun and shadow.

Young does lay gracefully, occasionally turning to pat at each other's ears or rolling on their backs to toss and catch a dry leaf. Mothers licked and petted fat joeys while does with joeys still too young to leave the pouch held their pouch mouths open with their forepaws to let them cool.

One red velvet-coated youngster—tired of having his ears washed—ignored his mother's warnings and bolted with tiny hops into the grass, to fall sprawling into a patch of lilac-flowered bindesi-burrs, which stuck to his forepaws, then pricked his tongue as he tried to remove them. Frightened by the new and painful experience, he scrambled up and dashed through still thicker burrs to get back to his mother—reaching her with a wild succession of tiny hops, to open her pouch with his forepaws and turn a neat somersault into its shelter.

Unable for a moment to believe what had happened, the doe sat helplessly. Then she gave a chirrup of rage, plunged her small, dark forepaws into her pouch to catch her pincushion of a son, dragged him out, set him down violently, and boxed his ears.

Then began the long process of de-burring him and of getting other burrs out of her own pouch. Each time she got a burr out of her pouch-lining she scolded her son again.

The bees were the first to know that something was wrong.

They rose in hasty golden whirls from the sandalwoods; swirled like smoke, dashed back to the flowers for additional honey but were too agitated to gather it. As startlingly, flights of birds flashed down the watercourse, calling loudly, and other birds rose from grass and bushes to join them.

At the same instant a sound like far thunder reached the old kangaroo above the boom of the storm and the nearer rustling of the grass and the little sounds of leaves. He rose ponderously, lifting himself to his full height to look about the sunny world.

Grain-like grass shone, hair-stemmed bluebells swayed, and the terrific darkness of the southern sky was greater. But for a moment he saw nothing odd save the wildness of the birds and insects. Then towards the south a wildly curling yellowish wall appeared, writhingly laced with white and darkened by tossed rubbish: a thing of strange leaping, falling upon itself and racingly advancing.

Flash floods, he had seen, but he had never seen anything like this and did not know what it was. For while he had fed beside the earthen dam at the foot of the hills and had even noted the cracks in its face, he had no knowledge of the effect of cloudbursts upon dams or what a breaking dam might do. He knew only that the roar shouted danger.

He "thumped" warning to his does, and they leapt up from the sand and leaves, looking about them as he had done. With a final bang, he set off for higher ground, driving his harem before him.

The doe whose son had been in the burrs moved with odd twitches and wriggles of rage as the burrs on her hastily pocketed offspring still pricked her.

From up the watercourse, the wall of water sped towards them, fanning, falling, rumbling, tossing logs and tree trunks in its surf. The does reached the bank and scrambled up. But the old man was betrayed both by his courage and his pomposity.

From the morning of the world, as kangaroo mobs had fled, the old man of the group had brought up the rear, placing himself between the does and danger, turning at intervals, drawn to full height and with chest expanded to face the foe, proudly thumping the ground to proclaim masterhood. That the flood would be neither impressed nor delayed was something with which the old man did not reckon.

Beautiful as a golden statue, he was striking a posture as the first wild wave of water rushed round his legs. He stood even taller—and thus on poorer balance—as the churning surf struck him, throwing him backward and sprawling him in mud and spray. Then he was out of his depth and being swept with the current.

Across the wildly pulling yellow tide he had a last glimpse of his does, waiting, bewildered, on the bank. Eddies ducked him. A bawling and wild-eyed steer swept past, fledgling birds floundered pathetically among racked leaves.

Flotsam and submerged rubbish threatened to drown the old man by forcing him under. Amazed and choking, he clutched at a log, and the current tugged his submerged fur and pulled like a giant at his legs and tail.

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THE man was coming nearer. The moon caught his face for a moment, and Kate thought — surely she imagined — the oriental cast of the features.

Oh, for a light! But the switch was beyond this menacing intruder, out of reach.

"Get out of here!" she whispered. "If you don't, I'll scream."

"Where are the diamonds? That's all I want to know."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Kate gasped. She began to struggle off the bed, but suddenly her wrists were seized. The man's breath was on her cheeks. His face, dark, featureless, with only the faint terrifying gleam of his eyes, was close to hers.

"If you don't want to end with Cray in the Tiber, tell me where you've hidden them."

"I don't know! I've never seen any diamonds! I don't know!"

Kate's voice rose. As she screamed the fingers tightened on her wrists. She struggled violently. The grip on her wrists was iron. For a moment she was held immobile.

"So you won't tell. We'll see about that. You wait."

Abruptly she was flung back on the bed and as quickly as a cat the figure moved across the floor, opened the door, and was gone.

The door shut, with a careful click. There was no need now for silence, for her scream must have aroused the whole house. In a moment someone — the round-cheeked girl, the fat proprietor — would come pounding up the stairs.

Kate lay breathing quickly, limp with shock.

Strangely enough, no one came. All at once the house was completely silent. As if there were no one in it at all except herself, and the violent intruder . . . who had melted away as quickly as a form in a nightmare.

Kate struggled up and felt her way to the door to switch on the light. But the switch did not work. At least, nothing happened. She clicked it up and down uselessly and the light did not come on.

There must be a fuse, she told herself feebly. It couldn't be possible that her light was deliberately not functioning. Because it would not be advisable for her to look fully at her midnight visitor.

This was too much! She was leaving this room at once, and going downstairs to find someone. Where was Johnnie? Hadn't he come back? Why hadn't he heard her scream?

Angrily Kate fumbled for and found her shoes and thrust her feet into them. She snatched up her bag and made for the door.

But the handle refused to turn. It was locked. From the outside.

For one minute then she gave way to panic.

She was locked in here to starve, to die. Unless she confessed the whereabouts of some completely mythical diamonds. Was that why the Chinese-looking man had been stalking her — because he thought she was a jewel thief, or a diamond smuggler? But how had he crept into this hotel, and cared so little about her screams? Why was she locked in?

Kate flew to the window to look out hopefully. But the sill represented a sheer drop to the ground a long way beneath. She could not escape this way without a broken neck, or, at best, a broken limb.

The mournful countryside, beneath the high bright moon, showed no sign of life. There was only the ceaseless sound of the wind, and the creak of the banging shutter, a monotonous sound, as useless as her scream.

Kate looked at her watch and in the moonlight managed to see the time. It was half past two.

Then where was Johnnie? He must be back by now. Had she slept so soundly she had not heard his return, and was he now sunk so deep in slumber that he did not hear her scream? She couldn't know. She could only sit rigidly on the side of the bed and think that in four hours or a little more it would be dawn, and then there must be someone walking by below whose attention she could attract.

But supposing the man with his cat's walk and his flat yellow face came back, unlocking her door from the outside . . .

It seemed to Kate that she could not turn her eyes from the dim shape of the door. But she had nodded and half-dozed before the careful turning of the key made her leap upright.

This time, as the door carefully opened, a sliver of light ran across the floor, then vanished as the door closed, and the intruder stood within.

"I warn you I'll scream the place down," Kate got out, before, in her fright, and the blurred darkness, she made out that this time her visitor was a woman.

"Oh, no, you won't, Kate, dear," came a friendly voice with the faintest Italian accent. A familiar voice. She had heard it before. Where?

"For one thing, there's no one here to hear you. I mean, no one who will pay any attention."

"There's Johnnie!"

"Oh, him. He's not back yet. Cesare is seeing to him. But surely you remember me?"

An indolent voice from a couch, a pair of languorous dark eyes watching her, a petulant complaint that she was not strong enough to travel . . .

"Rosita!" Kate exclaimed.

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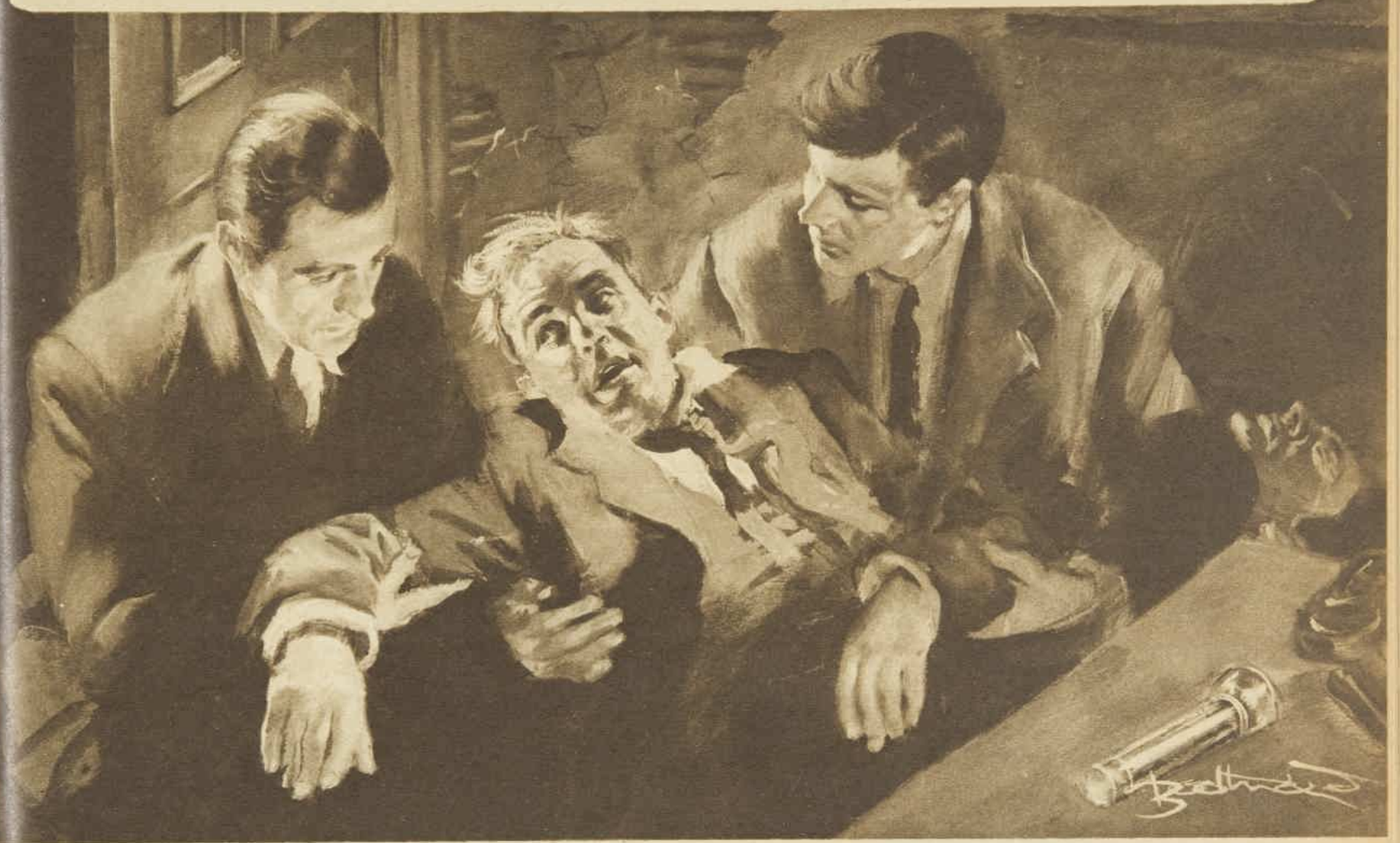
THE DEADLY TRAVELLERS

Final instalment of our exciting mystery serial

By DOROTHY EDEN



As Lucian and Giovanni dragged the man from under the table, Kate and William wondered who he was.

"None other." The woman crossed the room and sat on the bed beside Kate. She smelled of some expensive scent, her shape was curved and enticing. She was no longer an alien, deserted and peevish, in a foreign country, she was completely Italian, warm and low-voiced and conscious of her femininity.

"But how did you get here?" Kate demanded. "I've been looking for you. I wanted to tell you about Francesca. How on earth did you find me here, and where is Francesca?"

"I haven't a clue," Rosita answered languorously. "We really couldn't worry about her. Troublesome little creature."

"But she's your daughter!"

Rosita gave a light laugh. "That's what you think."

"She's not your daughter! That's a lie, too?" Kate peered exasperatedly into the darkness. "Why can't we have some light? What's wrong with this place? Why has someone locked the door? Why did that man creep in and ask me where the diamonds are? I know nothing about diamonds."

"Actually," said Rosita, in her soft voice, "that's what I want to know, too. Tell me what you did with them. You must have saved them when Francesca was kidnapped. Otherwise, why did you let her go? Come now, don't play the little innocent any longer. You're in this right up to your neck, and you know it. There'll be light and the door will be unlocked when you've told us where you've hidden them."

Kate got up warily. She was measuring the distance from the bed to the door. But the other woman had suspected what she was doing, and quickly moved in front of her.

"Don't try that, Kate, dear. There's someone out there with a gun. We're quite serious, you know. We want those diamonds. They're valuable."

"For the last time," Kate declared angrily, "I know nothing about diamonds. If Francesca was carrying them . . ." She stopped as suddenly the thing began to come clear, the whole clever gamble that had so nearly come off. The doll, Pepita. The shabby doll with the hollow stomach. Pepita's diet was diamonds, cut or uncut, one didn't know which. But she was fed with them, and disgorged only for the little jet-eyed jeweller in Hatton Gardens, Nicholas Grundy.

No wonder this succession of accidents and strange adventures had happened. There had been a continuous attempt to gain possession of the doll, and through her innocent haphazard behaviour, sometimes carrying it with her, sometimes hiding it, she had unwittingly evaded the thieves.

But the thing had been a farce, anyway, for this time Pepita had not been carrying her hidden fortune, as no doubt she had done several times previously. Francesca must have discovered the hitherto unknown opening in her stomach, and thought it a clever place to hide a treasured but secret letter.

So if she had started her journey with a valuable hoard, somewhere on the way she had lost it. And only Francesca knew where.

But this last information she must somehow keep from this woman who obviously cared nothing for a child's life. Because if she discovered, and Francesca's whereabouts were known . . .

"Yes," said Rosita impatiently, "if Francesca were carrying the diamonds, what would she have done with them? Nothing, because she knew nothing about them. It was you who cleverly kept the doll. So come. You've given us enough trouble. We do not keep our patience forever."

"I have a loud voice," Kate told her. "In a moment I'm going to use it to call for help."

"Call away, call away." Rosita's voice was contemptuous. "I've told you no one will listen. Your precious Johnnie won't be back until morning if I know the sort of drinks he's been having. He's the party type, you know. He'll never make a successful detective."

With a sinking heart, Kate knew she spoke the truth. But this crafty Italian woman was not going to see her giving in.

"Bring in your bodyguard. Let him stand over me with a gun, if he likes. But you can't make me tell something I don't know. And I don't know anything about your filthy diamonds. Nothing. The doll had nothing but a letter written to a child inside it. And I, at least, don't lie. Now get out of here and leave that door unlocked. If you have got away with one body in the Tiber, you're not going to easily get away with two. I'm here to find that poor mistreated child, and I'm not going home until I find her. If you think you can frighten me, you're wrong."

"We'll see," murmured Rosita thoughtfully. "We'll see."

Still keeping between Kate and the door, she suddenly made a swift movement and hastened out. The key was turned in the lock before Kate could spring after her.

The position was as it had been earlier, and there would be no help until Johnnie, stupid greedy Johnnie, with a bad hang-over, arrived in the morning.

Unless the man with the gun came in.

It was interesting, of course, to have so much explained. Now she knew why she had been constantly shadowed, why she had had those clumsy accidents. It had been supposed that either she was carrying the doll with its dangerous hidden hoard innocently or else that she had carefully disposed of the contents of Pepita's stomach in a safe place. It had also been supposed that she may have been in league with Francesca's kidnapper.

For now it was certain the child had been kidnapped by someone perhaps even more unscrupulous than Rosita and her confederates. The awful thing now, if they believed her when she said she knew nothing about the diamonds, was that they would track Francesca down, like bloodhounds.

Somehow she had to find the child first . . .

Kate walked up and down the room, her footsteps echoing on the bare boards. The moon was sinking, its rays growing more golden and the room becoming darker. Now it was even too dark to see the time. Surely it must be morning soon and Johnnie would be back. Why didn't he come? How could he behave like this when he had known he was leaving her in a dubious-looking place?

But a knock-out drink would be nothing to the wicked Cesare. He would administer it with the greatest glee, and Johnnie, the gullible fool, would swallow it.

This organisation must be powerful, for even in Paris, at that nightclub, there had been the search made of her bag. And in London its octopus tentacles stretched . . .

She felt as if she hadn't slept for years. Her legs were

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Elegance is so many things. The curl of a wave. The flight of a bird. The charm of well-dressed womanhood. Prestige contributes to elegance with fabrics woven and printed by beauty-loving craftsmen. With lingerie exquisite in design, lavished with lace and embroidery. With hosiery so sheer and softly hued it compliments perfectly your own good taste.

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A short short story

By ROSEMARY TIMPERLEY

"You're being very mysterious," he said to his wife, as she parried his questions about the coat she was putting away in the wardrobe.

IT was when she hung her clothes in the wardrobe on their wedding night that he first noticed the coat.

"What a lovely coat!" he said. "Expensive?"

"Yes." She seemed flurried, quickly putting other clothes in front of it.

"Don't hide it away," he protested. "Haven't I a right to look at my wife's trousseau?"

"It's not part of my trousseau. I got it a long time ago."

"But it looks as if it has never been worn."

"It hasn't."

"You're being very mysterious," he said, and looked with concern at the sudden whiteness of her thin face, with its large, haunted, dark eyes and frame of shining black hair. "Why haven't you ever worn the coat, darling? What's wrong with it? No secrets now, surely."

"I've just never worn it, that's all."

"Did someone give it to you?" His voice was sharp.

"No. I bought it myself. Please stop questioning me." Her voice choked with tears, and immediately he was all tenderness towards her. He loved her very much. And this was their wedding night.

It was a long time before he mentioned the coat again, but its presence nagged him. He knew it was in the wardrobe, an unsolved mystery, and he couldn't understand why, if she did not intend to wear it, she did not give it away. She was normally ruthless about clearing out unwanted clothes. And there was something else that was worrying him about his wife, and had worried him from the first, although he had not dared to admit it even to himself — he was sure that she didn't love him.

He did not love her any the less because of this. He knew that love is a feeling that is either there or not and a person cannot be blamed for not loving, but sometimes he wished she would give him some spontaneous gesture of affection, kiss him as if he really were the only man in the world, say those foolish, magic words, "I love you." She had never said them to him. And how could he ask her to?

His anxiety increased and, in an odd sort of way, he connected her lack of love with the coat. One day he said to her, in a voice which sounded hard because he was nervous and upset: "Darling, I can't stand it any longer. I want you to tell me who gave you that expensive coat you never wear. The beastly thing's haunting me." He tried to laugh.

"I've told you — I bought it myself."

"But, why? If you weren't going to wear it?"

"I didn't know I wasn't going to wear it."

"Then why haven't you worn it?" he insisted.

"We've been through all this before," she said.

"I didn't get an answer then," he said, "and it doesn't look as if I'm going to get one now."

"Why are you so worried about the coat?" she asked softly. "Does it matter?"

"I don't know. I don't know if it matters or not because you won't tell me. That's the worst of it. Can't you understand? Look, dear, I love you and I want to know all about you. But I suppose you don't understand. You've never loved me as I love you." He had said it at last — the truth.

"Don't say that," she said, shaken, distressed.

"It's true, isn't it? Isn't it?"

"I married you, didn't I?" she said.

"Yes, but why?"

"Because you're kind and reliable and sincere. Because I knew you'd never let me down. Because there's no ruthlessness or hardness in you. Because you're gentle. And because I hoped I could be a good wife to you and make a good life for us both. Am I not a good wife? I've tried to be."

"Of course you are! You've been sweet and wonderful to me always, and I didn't mean to bully you. Come here."

He kissed her. She clung to him suddenly and whispered: "I'm sorry. I want to love you and I love your loving me. Can you make do with that for a while?"

"Of course," he said. "Of course, of course."

And that night he felt closer to her than he had for a long time.

Two months later, when he was at his office as usual, she telephoned him. She rarely did this, although he often telephoned her at home. He was filled with delight.

"Can you meet me for lunch?" she asked.

"Of course I can!" He cancelled an important business engagement and met her in the foyer of a nearby hotel.

He could hardly believe his eyes when he saw her. She was flushed, excited, happier than he had ever seen her before, and she was wearing the coat — the "unworn" coat.

"Hello!" she said. "We're going to have a baby."

He was so delighted he was speechless.

"Are you happy about it?" she said. "I am."

"More than happy! I'm thrilled! Darling, is this why you're wearing the coat? Were you saving it to wear when you had news like this to tell me?"

"No," she laughed. "Oh, no. It just happened that way."

"No secrets now," he said. "Tell me about the coat."

"All right. No secrets now. It's rather a sad story, a humiliating one. But it has a happy ending."

"Tell me," he said.

"Before I met you I was in love with someone else. I never told you. It went too deep for me to tell anyone. He was arrogant and charming and rather ruthless. With the cold part of my mind I knew all that, but I was still in love with him. Things like that happen, you know."

"I know." He clenched his hands, already intensely hating the unknown man.

"He was married. I used to see him about once a week, just for a drink usually. I lived for those meetings. Nothing else mattered to me. The rest of the world was a sort of unreal background. When I met him I always dressed in my best and tried to look pretty. I loved him far too much and, of course, I became a nuisance to him."

She hesitated, hurt even now with remembering.

He nodded, understanding. He knew the sudden crazy jealousies, the agony caused by an indifferent glance, the terrible longing to be loved in return.

"One day I telephoned him," she said, "and told him it was my birthday the following week. I asked if he'd like a drink with me to celebrate. I was quite brazen, you see."

"Anyone less brazen than you I can't imagine." He smiled to hide his hurt.

"I know I don't look it, but I was. Anyway, we arranged where to meet on my birthday. I pretty well forced him into it. And that afternoon I went out and bought myself a new coat."

"That coat?" he said.

"Yes. This coat. It cost far more than I could afford, and when I watched it being wrapped I was filled with terrible excitement, and I promised myself that I wouldn't wear it until I went to meet the man I loved. In the days that followed I wanted to wear it several times — the weather was lovely and I was tempted — but I didn't wear it. I saved it until my birthday.

"The day came. I was just going to put on my coat and go to meet him when my telephone rang. He cancelled the date. He told me that his wife had heard some talk — nothing much, but enough. He said it would be better if we didn't meet again. For both our sakes, he said. I cried and pleaded with him. He rang off. I shall never forget that — that 'click' as he rang off. It was like the end of the world."

"Go on," he said gently.

"I put the coat back on its hanger. It stayed there for years. I hated it and loved it and couldn't part with it. And then I met you, darling. I came alive again. I tried to think of the future instead of the past. I wasn't in love with you. I was still in love with him. I'm afraid I cheated, and it didn't take me long to realise that you knew I'd cheated. I couldn't speak of it until now, because now I'm not cheating any longer.

"I've been changing, surely, gradually, almost without knowing it. And when the doctor told me this wonderful news this morning I knew the change was complete. I'm finished with the past. Completely."

"So you broke your promise and put on the coat," he said.

"I broke no promise! My promise was that I wouldn't wear it until I went to meet the man I loved. So today I put on the coat and came to meet you. It is a nice coat, isn't it?"

"It's a beautiful coat," he said. "It should wear well, too."

She whispered: "It will wear for ever."

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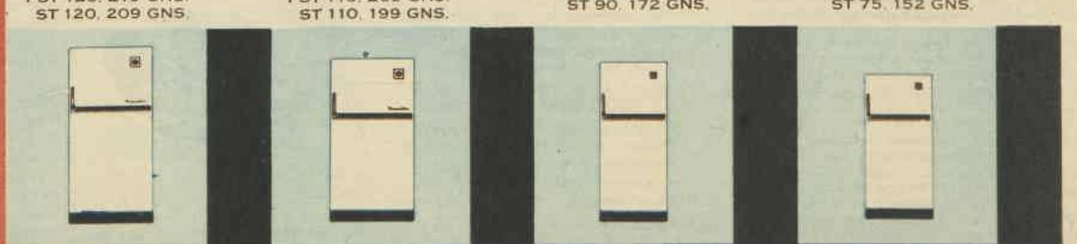

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Doctors' impatient patients

HAVING to consult a general practitioner and a specialist recently, I could not help being unpleasantly impressed by the lack of comfort for patients in doctors' waiting-rooms. One was a passage containing two uncomfortable chairs and a bench. Some patients had to stand, and there was no heating. The second waiting-room was nicely furnished, but with chrome chairs without armrests. Some patients, obviously very sick, had been waiting for more than an hour after their appointment time. As the afternoon wore on, the receptionist made tea, but not even the oldest woman was offered a cup. The only reading matter in the room consisted of magazines specialising in semi-nude bathing belles in rude health. In view of the fees charged by doctors, surely patients could receive a little more consideration.

£1/1/- to "Polly Pill" (name supplied), South Yarra, Melbourne.

Unravel this

UNRAVELLING home-knitted garments to use the wool for rug-making, I have been greatly surprised to find the wool in some garments — knitted as long as 20 years ago—has not shrunk as much as present-day wool, treated to resist shrinkage! Why?

£1/1/- to "Wondering," (name supplied), Ballarat, Vic.

What's in a name?

SINCE divorcing my husband, I have been asked why I continue to use his surname. One person was very argumentative about it, maintaining that I had no legal right to the name, as my ex-husband had re-married and that his second wife was the only person entitled to it. I am wondering if any readers have been annoyed by a similar problem?

£1/1/- to "Mother of Three" (name supplied), Bridgetown, W.A.

No laughing matter

I WOULD not expect to see many happy faces, Mrs. Ellery (2/9/59), if I watched people for an hour at lunch-time in a busy Adelaide street. What with being pushed round, shoved, banged into by pushers, and hearing yelling, tired babies on all sides, how could one possibly look happy? Anyway, grinning countenances can pall after a while. We must be serious sometimes.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Les Delany, Peckham, S.A.

How much more?

I HAVE a cousin who looks about 30, but is really much younger. She is very modest, and whenever friends or relations ask her age, she says, "Old enough to have more sense." About two weeks ago, her boy-friend proposed. Then he asked her age. As usual, she replied, "Old enough to have more sense." Immediately, he broke off the engagement. I have never heard or seen anything so ridiculous.

£1/1/- to Miss C. D. (name supplied), Bathurst, N.S.W.

Scurvy—whose fault?

WHAT a disturbing disclosure lies in the recent announcement that numerous Australian children, particularly babies, are suffering from scurvy. Does this mean Australian babies are paying in health for their parents' cigarettes, drink, household appliances, cars, and television? Though far from well-off, we always bought oranges for our two babies. Now they are aged eight and ten, and my husband and I know they are as healthy examples of childhood as could be found anywhere. My experience is that many people who can afford to buy fruit spend the money on lollies, soft drinks, and sweet biscuits.

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Johnston, Miles, Qld.

The last straw

PARENTS of one or two children often encourage them to play at the homes of larger families, with the attitude that "a couple more won't make any difference." How unfair this is! Two and two still make four. Why should an already overloaded mother have to carry another's burdens?

£1/1/- to "Mother of Five" (name supplied), Goonellabah, N.S.W.

Two-way reference

WHEN one applies for a position one has to produce a reference and answer questions by the prospective employer. I think employers should also have to produce credentials to show they are fit and proper persons to handle staff.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. C. Henneberger, Red Hill, Qld.

TV dividend

OUR two teenage sons were called "bodgies," and I never knew what good rest meant from worry. Out all hours, they were. We bought a TV set and what a difference it has made to the boys. We let their pals come in and watch, too. They take turns about bringing supper, and we supply the coffee. Other mothers have cried, thanking us.

£1/1/- to "Tried It" (name supplied), Ballarat, Vic.

Seek a man's view

LADIES! I think we have under - estimated man's sense of color and harmony. I have found that, when their opinion is sought, men not only have definite preferences, but also excellent suggestions to make. No matter how small the help, a man's pride in the finished decorative scheme is unbounded. And, fewer remarks are made about the expense incurred!

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. Joy, Myong, via Roma, Qld.

Patties and boots

"WHY Not Roast The 'Roo?" (2/9/59) brought back memories. When I was a child my mother used to make delicious patties from minced kangaroo meat. They were a great treat. And our local shoemaker made us high winter boots from kangaroo leather at a cost of 18/- — considered expensive in those days. But the boots far outlasted those made from other leathers.

£1/1/- to Miss M. le Mesurier, Epping, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

THAT very funny entertainer Joyce Grenfell has made a serious complaint.

She is fed up with the noise of people unwrapping chocolates after the interval at her show.

We are a great nation of lolly-unwrappers in theatres, and there is no doubt it makes an annoying noise.

But I have noticed one curious thing. You are only annoyed by the unwrapping of other people's chocolates. The rustling of your own chocolates doesn't matter so much.

It is something like the apple-eating situation. I hate to hear someone else eating an apple. Yet I am perfectly able to stand the noise I make when eating one myself—and I make a lot of noise.

Only a part of the rustling in theatres is due to the actual unwrapping of chocolates. Much of it is caused by the passing of chocolates around, especially in large family parties.

This is usually accompanied by whispered conversations:

"Have another chocolate, Elva?"

"Mo hanks."

"Go on, have one!"

CHOC TACTICS

"Harnt, Ibe gop wum im my mouf."

"Then pass them on to Kev, please."

"All wight."

There is one simple way to stop chocolate noises at the theatre. People could stop eating chocolates.

But I don't think the idea would work. Chocolate eating is a part of going to theatres, just as peanut

eating is a part of going to boxing contests.

A man is expected to buy his wife or girl-friend chocolates at the theatre, whether she wants them or not. He has to do it to show he is not a tight-wad.

Say a young man told a girl: "I'm not buying any chocolates tonight, because they make too much noise."

The chances are she would go next time with Harold, who turns on a pound of assorted centres.

Still, something should be done to muffle chocolate noises.

Firms that make chocolates ought to stop wrapping individual ones in gold or silver paper. This is pure swank. The chocolates wrapped in gold paper are no better than the others; sometimes they are worse. The paper certainly adds to the amount of rustling per choc.

In the future, no doubt, silent chocolates will be sold in non-rustling plastic bags.

Until then one or two rules are worth observing.

Don't rummage around in the box trying to find your favorite centres. It shows good sportsmanship to take whatever chocolate comes to you, even if it's a peppermint.

If you get a hard centre, be content to suck it. Don't make a great crunching noise. Crunching, as well as rustling, irritates Joyce Grenfell and other sensitive performers.

Or if you must crunch, wait till the applause between items. Then, I find, you can crunch to your heart's content.

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"LONDONDERRY AIR"

This latest "MODESS . . . because" portrait was created by Cecil Beaton in the London home of the Marquis of Londonderry.

In its aristocratic setting of priceless furniture, ancestral portraits and rare Ming vases, it epitomizes luxury and poise, the two qualities women instinctively associate with MODESS.

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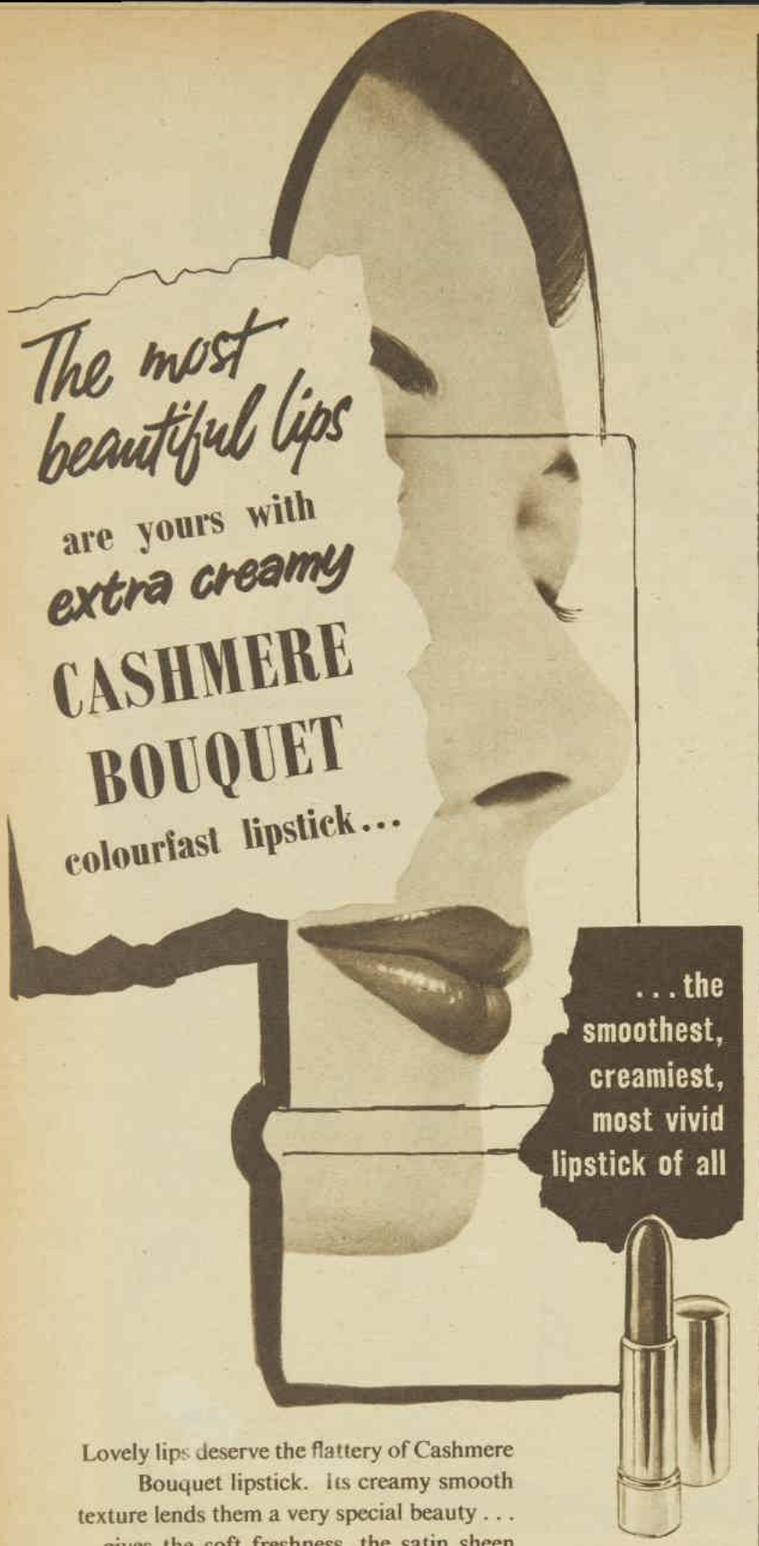

Lovely lips deserve the flattery of Cashmere Bouquet lipstick. Its creamy smooth texture lends them a very special beauty . . . gives the soft freshness, the satin sheen and the magical glow that is the natural look of youth. Cashmere Bouquet lipstick colours range from dreamy, delicious pinks to brilliant daring reds.

In gold and pink case 3/3

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For those who prefer a 24-hour lipstick

CASHMERE BOUQUET Sta 24-HOUR LIPSTICK

AVAILABLE IN EIGHT LOVELY SHADES

K129

WORTH REPORTING

FROM New York we hear that Australian actress Joy Nichols has won a featured part in a new Broadway musical revue.

Wally Peterson, Joy's husband and manager, says she will leave her current supporting role in "Redhead" to become second female lead in "The Girls Against the Boys."

Stars of the revue—it's all about the decline of the American male—are Bert Lahr and Nancy Walker.

JOY NICHOLS — new role may mean new break

It opens at the Alvin Theatre on October 27.

"Joy is delighted about this chance to show her talent for singing and comedy, something her present part could not give her," Wally says.

Birthday at pottery works

IT'S now 200 years since Josiah Wedgwood started his famous pottery works at Burslem, in Staffordshire, England, and Wedgwood are having quite a birthday.

Stores and museums all over the world are celebrating with Wedgwood Weeks and exhibitions, and big stores in many Australian cities are holding displays in October and November.

The experts say collectors should keep a weather eye open for the limited number of mugs and dishes designed specially for the anniversary.

From all accounts Josiah Wedgwood was a charming man with a good sense of humor. His father died when he was nine, and he learned his trade, the "art, mistery, occupation, or imployment of throwing and turning," by becoming an apprentice to his brother.

He was 29 when he founded his first pottery and began making the simple, beautiful designs which are still good today.

Josiah's work soon became the talk of Europe as well as Britain.

In 1774 he made a dessert service for the Empress Catherine of Russia. On it were painted 1244 views of the British Isles, drawn by a whole corps of artists, and even in those days it cost £2410.

The company is still headed by Josiah Wedgwood—the fifth.

Charm for a Royal charmer

TWO specially hand-woven rugs — plus another tiny parcel—were planned by the Australian Wool Bureau as gifts to Princess Alexandra in Melbourne.

The rugs (one is for the Princess' mother, the Duchess of Kent) are woven with a symbolic design of Australian wildflowers.

THE ROYAL CHARM

In the tiny parcel? It was a golden miniature of an Australian stud ram, and an addition to the charm bracelet the Princess was given in Queensland.

THE DOLBERGS — decided to marry in Reno.

Two-minute conference

THIS was a conference with a difference, this was. There were just two people present: Nola Luxford, well-known New Zealand radio personality, and American businessman Glenn Dolberg.

It was in Reno, Nevada, U.S.A.

"We had the conference after I arrived back in the States after a long tour of New Zealand and Australia," said Nola.

"The conference — about whether or not we should marry—was over in two minutes.

"We were married the next day."

Nola—who was awarded an O.B.E. in recognition of her wartime services as director of the Anzac Club for Australasian servicemen in New York—first met her husband in 1932 during the Los Angeles Olympic Games.

But they'll be living in New York, after a honeymoon spent motoring across the United States.

★ ★ ★

IN Paris, trainee drivers are given a helpful booklet about traffic regulations.

The booklet's helpful, all right.

It begins: "Every vehicle, whether circulating alone or drawing a tender, must have a driver."

"AUSTRALIA FROM THE AIR"

● "Australia From The Air"—our 1959 Australia book with 66 magnificent aerial color photographs—is now on sale. The book is a wonderful gift for friends at home or overseas. Fill in the coupon below and the book will be sent for 7/6, post free, to any address in the world. Copies also may be obtained from newsagents and our offices in capital cities.

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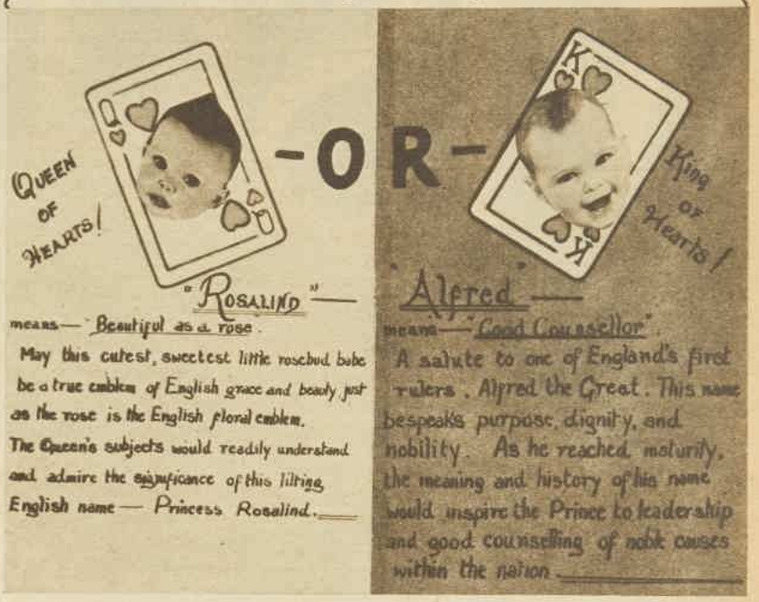
Royal Baby Contest winners

● A preference for traditionally "royal" names, with Philip, George and Victoria the top favorites, was shown in our Royal Baby Contest in which readers were asked to suggest a name for the Queen's third child.

£20 FIRST PRIZE was won by:

● Mrs. W. Sinclair, Pakington St., West Geelong, Vic., for her neat and thoughtful entry, shown below.



MANY entries from New Australians expressed delight in the news of the forthcoming Royal birth, and chose the names of one or another of the national heroes of their former countries.

Some New Australians, however, chose purely British names.

Several entrants would like the little Prince (if it's a boy) to be named after rock-'n-roll idols Elvis Presley, Frankie Avalon, or Frankie Davidson.

Amy, derived from the initials of the words "after many years," was suggested as an appropriate name in one entry.

Lots of children addressed their letters to the Queen personally and concluded with love or special little messages of affection.

Many readers chose the same names — for example, Philip for a boy and Victoria for a girl.

Entries were judged by considering not only the names chosen but also the reasons for these names.

£10 prizes

Two prizes each of £10 went to **Mrs. K. A. Halton, Blair St., New Norfolk, Tasmania; and Mrs. E. Lang, Charleville, Queensland.**

JAMES, MARY

Mrs. Halton wrote, in part: "Should the new Royal baby be a boy my choice is James, for the names of all Royal children should be traditional. If the new Royal baby is a girl, how wonderful! And the name of course is Mary. It fits perfectly both the common people and the Royal family. I do not think the name Mary should be allowed to die out in Royal circles."

ALEXANDER, ALEXANDRA

Mrs. Lang:

"I would have no hesitation in naming a girl Alexandra or a boy Alexander. We in Queensland who have been fortunate in seeing our lovely Princess will never forget her. I hope the new Prince or Princess will be another Alex who will one day visit us and charm our sunshine State in the same manner as Alexandra has done."

£5 prizes

Two prizes each of £5 were awarded to **Mrs. D. B. Parker, Boyup Brook, Western Australia, and Mrs. Katherine White, Petra St., Bicton, Western Australia.**

PHILIP, PHILLIPPA

Mrs. Parker wrote: "It is universally known that the Queen's marriage was a love match. Her first two children were given traditional names, so what would be more natural than for the new baby to be named after its father. Thus I would choose **Philip** for a boy and **Phillippa** for a girl.

"The former is a fine, manly name, eminently suiting a son of our beloved Queen, and the latter name is both distinctive and beautiful-sounding, befitting a Princess as delightfully charming as we all know she will be."

DAVID, GEORGINA

Mrs. White:

"My choice of a name for our Queen's daughter would be **Georgina.**

"It has a stately sound — 'Princess Georgina' — yet conveys to us all a hint of gaiety and smiles with the charming abbreviation of 'Gina.' Such a pretty name for a Princess and such a nice way of remembering the Queen's beloved father, our King George VI.

"His Royal Highness Prince **David**—yes, that's my choice of name for the Queen's son.

"Welsh in origin, it will mean as much to the people of **Wales** as the Queen's choice of **Charles** for her elder son has meant to the Scots, and, indeed, to all the peoples of the free world."

£2 prizes

Prizes of £2 each will be paid to each of the following entries, some of which, for reasons of space, are published in part only.

GEORGE, VICTORIA

"I think Her Majesty might call a baby girl Victoria. Queen Victoria, who would be the great-great-great-grandmother, was a wonderful monarch. She reigned for 64 years and had a tremendous influence on the fashions, manners, and morals of her time. She sincerely loved her Consort, Prince Albert, and they reared a large family. For a boy the name most likely to my mind would be George because of the Queen's great love for her father. He was a grandfather to be proud of."

Judith Crane (aged 14), Mount View, Galong, N.S.W.

"I would choose only three Royal names, Victoria Alexandra Elizabeth and the reason: The three names belong to beloved Queens and are names always belonging to England.

"For a boy I would still only choose three names — George Andrew Philip. The reason: George for England, Andrew for Scotland, and Philip after his father. I think this would be a good combination."

Mrs. T. R. Greenwood, Oakhurst, Qld.

GEORGE, GEORGINA

"George for a boy—not so much for tradition as for the fact that Her Majesty could pay a beautiful tribute to her late father. Georgina would be my choice for a girl, once more as a lovely tribute to her late father."

Thelma A. Rabbett, Baralaba, Qld.

WINSTON, VIOLET

"Our Queen should call the baby, if a son, after the five greatest men who did so much for the British Empire during World War II, and name him Winston Montgomery Philip George Eisenhower. Wouldn't the Yanks glory in that, and what a thrill for Ike! I would name the baby girl Violet (for the brave French girl), Mary (for our beloved late Queen), and Victoria (for the greatest Queen that ever ruled England)."

Miss Heather Thyer, Strath St., Brisbane.

PETER, HELEN

"For a boy I would choose Peter Alexander. The names are dignified, modern, as well as traditional, and familiar with Continental Royal personages as well as popular in England. For a girl I would choose Helen Victoria. They are stately names and combine the nationalities of Greece and Britain."

Matthew Johnson, Pinjarra, W.A.

GARETH, LARELLE

"Royal names should not follow a pattern set by predecessors. They should be unusual and distinctive, but attractive. I suggest Prince Gareth for a boy and Princess Larelle for a girl. Repetition of the same Royal names makes history a hard subject at school."

Mrs. E. L. Grant, Maroubra, N.S.W.

ALBERT, VICTORIA

"I think it is wonderful to hear that Her Majesty the Queen is expecting her third baby. As I was naturalised a year ago, I think it will be nice to call the Royal baby, if a boy, Albert James George, and if a girl Victoria Mary Charlotte."

Mrs. G. Antoniades, G.P.O., Sydney.

ALEXANDER, KATERINA

"I would like the Queen's baby girl called Katerina and the boy called Alexander because they are both international names."

Miss Anna Krapwika, Miller St., O'Connor, A.C.T.

VICTORIA, COLUMBUS

"I would like a girl to be called after Queen Victoria, after whom a State is named in Australia, to remind her more of us. If it's a boy I'd like him to be called Columbus, after the great voyager."

Anna Holik, Nangwarry, S.A.

PHILBET, ELPHI

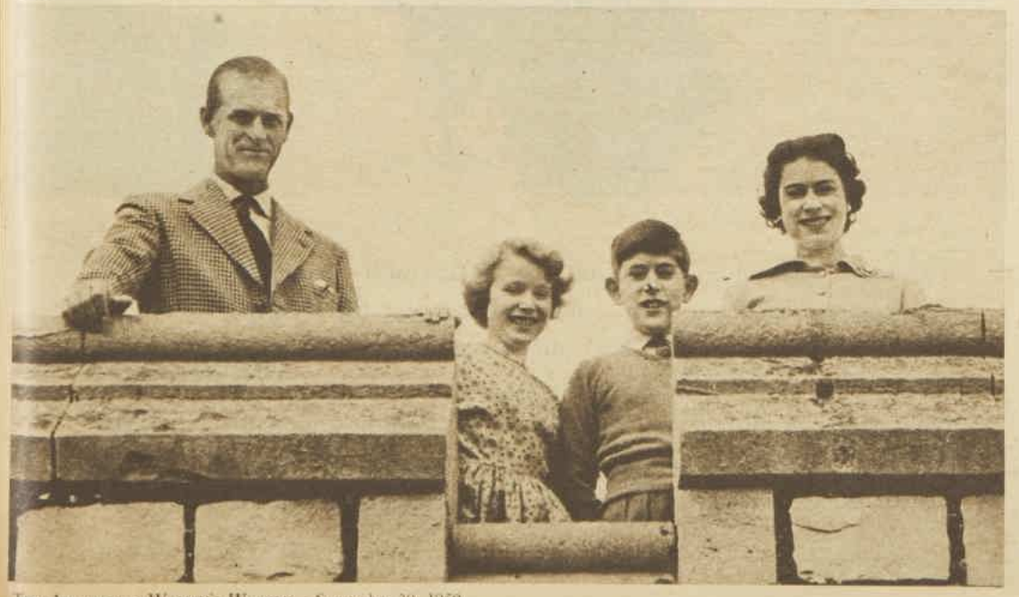
"I think it would be appropriate if the Queen gives her expected child a new and original name. Traditions have changed, and it would not be frowned upon to break away from ancestral names. From the combination of Elizabeth and Philip originates 'Elphi' for a new Princess and 'Philbet' for a new Prince."

S. Kastrissios, Teneriffe, Brisbane.

EDWARD, MARGARET

"Should the baby be a girl I would choose the name of Margaret in tribute to an only and wonderfully loyal sister. If it is a boy I would choose Edward, paying a deserving honor to an equally wonderful and self-sacrificing relative. Both these Royal relatives have earned world-wide fame in the name of love, which, after all, is the main factor in bearing a child, be it commoner or Queen."

Mrs. Vivian Smith, John St., Goulburn, N.S.W.



THE QUEEN, Prince Philip, Prince Charles, and Princess Anne at Windsor Castle.

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SERIAL OF THE SNOWY

• *Sydney author Joyce Dingwell's book "The Girl At Snowy River" begins as a serial next week.*

• *Workers' huts near Kiandra, part of the vast Snowy River Scheme, which forms a colorful, exciting background to Joyce Dingwell's rich, human story.*

Exciting story in new novel

By ROMA QUILKEY

• Whenever Joyce Dingwell goes on a holiday, it's almost a certainty that she will return to her home in Ryde, N.S.W., and write a book—a successful one, at that.

TWO years ago she and her husband went to the Snowy Mountains area of New South Wales. The result of that trip was a novel, "The Girl at Snowy River," which begins as a serial in The Australian Women's Weekly next week.

"The Girl at Snowy River" is the first published Australian novel to have as its setting the huge Snowy River project.

"This is something which absolutely astounds me," says Mrs. Dingwell. "I cannot understand why other Australian writers have never felt attracted to writing about this fascinating period of Australian history."

In her story she has captured the vastness of this great Australian project, the grandeur of the snow-covered Alps which look down on the lonely construction camps.

She has drawn vividly the picture of the camaraderie of men of a dozen different nationalities, men working on dangerous jobs, blasting their way through mountains, flooding valleys to create the immense dams, building roads around mountainsides.

Mrs. Dingwell's interest in the Snowy project began when she and her husband were staying with a friend in the Etudes Et Entreprises—the French-maintained section of the area.

This is the T.1 shaft, considered one of the most difficult sections, where a long, vertical shaft of 3200 feet dog-legs the Tumut Ponds diversion of the Snowy River down on to the huge turbo-generators for the electricity scheme, and then flows out to the irrigating system.

It was being one of few women in the area, and seeing so many hundreds of men about, that gave Mrs. Dingwell the idea for her story.

"The girl"—heroine of "The Girl At Snowy River"—is Prudence Brierly, a pretty young English lass who has come to Australia to escape the cold weather, but by chance finds herself sent to the Snowy River Construction Camp at Falcon's Neck to work as a secretary.

There she meets a handsome young Australian engineer, Smoke Lawless, who is in charge of the camp and who will be her boss.

She senses he is annoyed at her arrival and realises he considers women in construction camps a nuisance. That's only the start of this rich, human story . . .

Short stories

Under her maiden name of Joyce Owen Starr, Mrs. Dingwell began writing some years ago with short stories and verses. She was also writing radio scripts.

After her marriage she continued to write, but under her married name. Her first novel, "Australian Hospital," was published in 1954.

A literary friend of hers in New Zealand persuaded her to try her hand at novels and now, with ten published, she is still quite modestly amazed at her success.

Not so amazed, however, is her husband, one of her most devoted fans.

Mr. Len Dingwell, a detective in the Sydney C.I.B., is the ideal husband for a novelist. He not only reads the finished manuscript, but helps with any research.

If Joyce is busy at her typewriter or correcting proofs, he is quite content to have anything put in front of him for a meal.

"As long as he has something to read while I'm busy," Mrs. Dingwell says, "he's happy. So often I give him The Australian Women's Weekly to read and that keeps him quiet."

The Dingwells, both passionately interested in reading books of all sorts, are "most ardent fans of the Weekly" — particularly the fiction section, and can quote from serials published even years ago.

Mrs. Dingwell, like every housewife, finds the housework has to be done, and says she doesn't really have any set time for working on her novels.

Fast writer

With gardening as her favorite hobby, it is not surprising that one of her books was called "Green Fingers Farm."

Most of her work is dashed off quickly — "The Girl at Snowy River" took only six weeks to write.

"My husband was in hospital all that time — so maybe that accounts for my high-speed record," she said.

Usually, however, she writes only half an hour or perhaps up to two hours a day—with an average of about 3000 words a day as the result.

Mrs. Dingwell has a deep feeling for her own country and, as she writes, a vivid picture of Australia forms behind her stories.

Perhaps this is why her books sell so well in England.

Mostly she has someone from England as a character in her novels.

Some of her books have been serialised in England.

Mrs. Dingwell has always wanted to write a mystery novel, but is a little hesitant to start, because she feels that her husband, with his knowledge of detecting, will be a little too critical of her efforts.

Mystery serial

She reluctantly admits to having written one, which was published as a serial in an Australian paper some years ago, but says, "You know, it wasn't really good — it was one of those mysteries you had to keep turning back to find out what I meant."

At present Mrs. Dingwell is working on another novel, begun after a holiday trip to the Barrier Reef.

ROYAL ALBERT
Bone China

On show at all leading stores

NIGHT AND DAY

A new Royal Albert pattern which blends well with modern decor and has for its motif a fern in white on black background and black on white background—a very striking pattern.

Made in England.

THOS. C. WILD & SONS LTD., The Strand, 64 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, Victoria.

Win this grand Paris wardrobe

• Every girl has dreamed of owning a French original model — this contest is your chance to own not one but six, each created by a famous Paris couturier for wear this summer.

TO win your wardrobe you must choose six models from the 22 described below which you consider would make a most desirable spring-summer wardrobe for a young Australian.

Pictures of the 22 models were on pages 28 and 29 in our September 16 issue. All of them, selected in Paris by our Fashion Editor, Betty Keep, will be shown in our Paris Fashion Parades.

Many of the dresses have been in color in The Australian Women's Weekly.

Gala openings of the Paris Parades will be held at the Myer Emporium in Melbourne on September 19; at Mark Foy's in Sydney on October 3; at McWhirter's in Brisbane, October 17; and at the Myer Emporium in Adelaide, October 24.

The wardrobe you choose need not be complete. For instance, you need not necessarily include a topcoat and/or a raincoat and/or beach clothes.

Write on the coupon below the names of the six models you have chosen. Then write in 100 words or less the reasons why you have chosen them.

The person who sends in the best entry will win the six models named on his or her coupon.

These will have been worn by the mannequins in our Paris Parades, but will be dry-cleaned and pressed expertly before being handed over to the winner.

Anyone can enter the contest — a husband could win it for his wife — with as many entries as they wish, provided that each entry is accompanied by a coupon.

Here are descriptions of the 22 models from which the choice of six must be made.

"CONFETTI," by Lanvin. White silk skirt, red-and-white printed silk blouse and jacket with matching hat.

"PALM BEACH," by Pierre Balmain. A one-piece dress in rose-and-white silk organza has alternate pleats in rose, white.

"ROBE 413," by Pierre Cardin. A dress of black-and-white houndstooth cotton tweed, black leather belt.

"ROBE 552," by Guy Laroche. Topcoat in white wool has a single-breasted fastening. Cut is casual.

"MAILLOT," by Nina Ricci. Navy-and-white striped wool jersey beachsuit and matching stole.

"COLIBRI," by Pierre Cardin. One-piece day dress in pale turquoise silk shantung, with self-material belt.

"VERSAILLES," by Lanvin. A strapless evening dress of white tulle with a rose-pink ribbon bow-tie sash.

"SERIE NOIRE," by Jean Patou. Late-day separates in black silk shantung.

"MANDARINE," by Lanvin. Shorts, top, and belt in orange linen. The detachable skirt is white organza.

"TOURNESOL," by Nina Ricci. Dinner separates—lilac linen skirt, white organdie blouse, navy belt.

"FLORA," by Jacques Griffe. A graceful beige chiffon dress with matching pleated tunic, belted in self-material.

"ZAZA," by Dior. Grey flannel suit with black bow. White hat has red-rose trim.

"ARLEQUIN," by Jacques Heim. A beach outfit of shorts and a loose tunic top in blue-and-orange-striped cotton.

"MERINGUE," by Balmain. Short evening dress in white lace and organza, pink velvet sash.

"YACHTING," by Jacques Heim. Yellow slacks, a bikini, and coat in multi-striped cotton.

"PALAIS ROYAL," by Lanvin. Raincoat, umbrella, and hat in brown, yellow, and white silk.

"ROBE 139," by Nina Ricci. Day dress in yellow pleated silk shantung with matching belt.

"BELLE CYCLISTE," by Madame Carven. A navy-and-white spotted silk dress, collared in white.

"INVITATION," by Jean Patou. White linen suit with jacket, black sleeveless vest, and big black hat.

"ROBE 612," by Guy Laroche. An evening dress in white self-coin-spotted tulle and white organdie.

"MIAMI," by Jacques Heim. Black silk jersey slacks and a loose tunic blouse of rose-pink linen.

"CORDE," by Carven. A dress in white silk shantung with a scoop neckline and rose-printed midriff.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and associated companies are not eligible to enter, nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers or sisters; neither are employees of Mark Foy's, Sydney; Myer's, Melbourne and Adelaide; and McWhirters, Brisbane.

The decision of the judges will be final and no correspondence will be entered into or interviews granted.

Entries must be enclosed in a sealed envelope and be posted, with the proper value of postage stamps affixed, addressed to "Paris Wardrobe Contest," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney, to reach there by 5 p.m. on November 9, 1959.

COUPON

IN the spaces below fill in the names of the six original models you have selected.

1. .....
2. .....
3. .....
4. .....
5. .....
6. .....

Name and Address (block letters) .....

.....

.....

Attach this coupon to the 100-word (or less) written explanation of your choice, which should also bear your name and address.

Send in an envelope marked "PARIS WARDROBE CONTEST" to Box No. 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

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There ought to be a better word just for Kellogg's

"Tempting?" "Tantalizing?" — good words, but just not good enough! Like this press reporter, we **know** that there ought to be a **better** word than "delicious" — just for Kellogg's Corn Flakes. They deserve it!

She's a little Swiss girl . . . a little Swiss girl named Heidi. She can't think of a better word, except perhaps "sein". But she, too, knows that there ought to be a **better** word than "delicious" — just for Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

"Mouth-watering?" "Scrumptious?"—no—even they are not good enough. But like you, this fireman knows there ought to be a **better** word than "delicious" — just for Kellogg's Corn Flakes! Don't you agree?

All over the world, people enjoy this baffling taste sensation every morning! The corn comes from Nature—but the flavour is a well-kept Kellogg's secret. Will you be spoon-deep in Kellogg's Corn Flakes tomorrow morning?

Best loved cereal in this whole hungry world!

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than "*delicious*"...

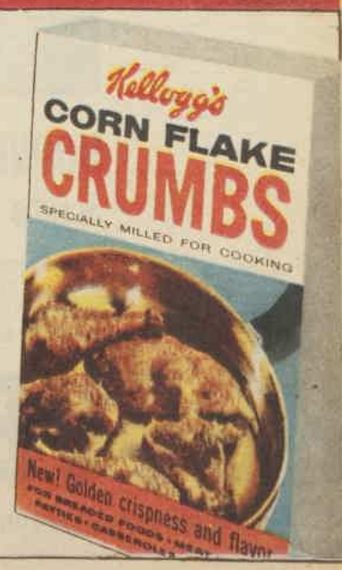
Corn Flakes

KELLOGG'S BRING THE BEST TO YOU EACH MORNING!
Don't those big, golden, sun-filled flakes of corn look tempting? They're richer-tasting, more sustaining, too—because Kellogg's do wonders with corn. And did you know that just one serving, with milk, sugar and toast supplies one third of your daily food needs?

* *Trade Marks Registered* K944

NEW Kellogg's* CORN FLAKE CRUMBS

For cooking! Now Kellogg's crush those big toasty flakes of corn into golden granules to meet every cooking need. Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs have a fine, even texture that is just right for sealing goodness in fried foods, adding flavour as an extender, and for topping casserole dishes. They make everything taste and look better — and they do things crumbs never could do before. Try them — soon!



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HOOVER brings twin-magic to housework

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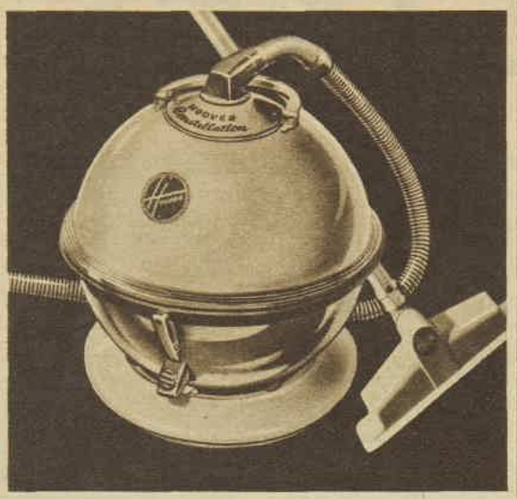

The HOOVER *Constellation*

It's the cleaner that "Walks on Air"

Look at these exclusive features: Glides along on its own airstream — no more tugging and pulling. Super suction cleans *everything* so much better. Double-stretch hose, swivel-top canister for floor-to-ceiling cleaning. Large throw-away dustbag — can be thrown away or emptied and re-used. Full range of plastic covered cleaning tools.

PRICE 42 gns. *including cleaning tools and spray gun.*

HOOVER SCRUBBER-POLISHER

Scrubs, spreads polish, polishes, buffs

Twin contra-action brushes scrub floors clinic-clean. Snap-on brushes and polishing pads give an effortless shine to tiles, lino, timber. Buffing pads put a mirror sheen on furniture and the car.

HOOVER

PRICE 34 gns. *with two sets of brushes plus felt and lambswool pads.*

Fine appliances — around the house, around the world

HCP.5.WW143

Continuing . . . DOUBLE LOVE AFFAIR

from page 17

lines, she didn't say them. The line was: "Why is it that any book you ever want is always carefully in hiding on the highest shelf?" What Alcie said was, "So and so and so the highest shelf?"

To Jack this was worse than useless. At the school they were taught that the emotion carried the scene—and, naturally, the words conveyed the emotion—and that once the emotion was established everything else would pretty much take care of itself. "So and so and so and so," conveyed no emotion to Jack; he was lost. Without feeling, his technique of gradual, tentative building of a character was useless.

He could not know that Alcie worked in a quite different idiom. For her it was necessary to find out first off where she was. What she said where, how many steps she took, how she turned—all these things had to be worked out so that she was comfortable doing them; only then, when her positions were second nature, could she begin to concentrate on the lines, their meaning, their emotion.

Finally, after the sixth time she had stumbled into Jack's arms, Alcie said, "Good heavens, you handle me as if I were a grandfather's clock. Let's get on with the act."

At the lunch break Alcie did an odd thing. "Jack," she said, and took him by the arm. "would you do something? Would you stay here? I'll have sandwiches sent in. We've got to work out a solution to this fall."

"Absolutely," Jack said.

They sat and had a cigarette until the theatre cleared. Alcie was pleasant — indeed, Jack saw, ominously so. It was now or never for his job, he realised, and he braced himself.

She helped. She said, "You know your words, don't you? Wait a minute." She opened her script, found the place, and then, half mumbling, half whispering, she went over her lines three or four times. With that talent which had got her through a hundred stock productions, she learned them.

"Now," she said, "let's take it from the moment I get up from the desk."

It went a little better. Hearing the lines, Jack was able to react to them, to judge his movements, and even if he still caught her with less than supreme grace, he was better.

"Good," Alcie said. "Again."

They did it again, and a third time and a fourth. Alcie put into the lines some of the edge and the humor she would use on opening night. Each time Jack was better.

Finally Alcie said, "Look. See if you can't get your right arm lower down, under my waist. If you can, my feet won't dangle so awkwardly."

They did it again and perfectly. To the split second, to the last inch, they spoke and fell and caught as if these were all the most natural things in the world. Jack held her tight and gazed into her eyes.

But with a beating heart he knew, also, that this was his moment. Instead of letting her up, he convulsively pressed down against her.

"Alcie, Alcie, Alcie, Alcie," he whispered. "I've got to say it to you."

Alcie stiffened in his arms. "Jack!"

"I know it's wrong," he said, "but I've been so miserable doing right, and I feel so happy doing wrong."

"Jack."

"I've said your name a thousand times. Alcie, Alcie, Alcie. I wake up in the middle of the night hearing it. Alcie, Alcie, Alcie," he whispered. "You don't know what it means to me."

Suddenly there was the clatter of an iron door opening. The stage manager was back with the sandwiches.

. . . .

Marney, during the lunch break, walked to her doom. Her face was set, her teeth were clenched, she saw not one person on the noonday streets. A message had been sent to her during the morning to come to the producer's office, Mr. Knight wanted to see her.

This was it. She and Jack had talked so often of the moment when they would be fired that she had been sure she would not be surprised. But like any death, it was a shock.

She had not thought until now of the hopeless going back to the eight-by-twelve bedroom, the underpaid work in the bookstore, the skipping lunch to buy stockings, the endless hoping, the hopeless hoping, the no job. The no job. The no beautiful job.

Actresses must suffer, she told herself, but not this much.

At the office she had to wait. "Oh, yes," the secretary said, finally recognising her. "Mr. Knight will be just a minute."

She picked up a magazine and pretended she was able to read it. She wished, wished, wished. And all of it did no good.

"Would you get me a postcard?"

"Oh!"

The secretary had to call her twice before she heard. She stood up, took a deep breath, pushed back a strand of her shiny hair, and walked into Tom Knight's office. He was standing. People always stood to give you bad news, she knew.

She smiled, her best smile. She wished only for it to be done with, and without thinking again she began.

"Mr. Knight," she said, "do me a favor. Let's avoid embarrassments. Don't tell me all those polite lies you've been thinking up to make it easier. I'm fired. I know it. That's enough."

"My dear girl—" Tom said.

Marney held up a hand and went on: "But that changes things between us, doesn't it? You're no longer the producer, I'm no longer just a girl you hired. We can be for a few moments at least just two people, two equal people. I have nothing to gain from you, nor you from me."

"Marney—" Tom said.

"Before—well, before I go, I want to tell you something. I—I fell in love with you. At least that's what it feels like. From the first time I came in here, and all the other times I came back, and all these last days at rehearsal.

"Well, they've been the most wonderful, painful moments I've ever known . . . Wait. You hardly even noticed I existed. Your eyes have passed over me as if I weren't there. It's hurt, yes. But that doesn't matter. Every hurt was worth—just being near you—it was so wonderful."

"Marney," Tom said, "you strange creature."

The secretary came in at that moment as if she always came in without knocking. "The California call," she said. "They're ready to talk now."

From the way she held the door it was clear that Marney was to leave.

Tom frowned. "Marney," he said, "I'll try to see you this afternoon at the theatre."

. . . .

"What," Alcie said, "have you put in my bath?"

"All the perfumes of Arabia," Mary said. "We'll see what they'll do for you."

Alcie giggled. She stretched the famous legs in the warm, luxurious water and tried to decide what to wear.

The lace, maybe, she thought, that I have never had on, with the bow in the back, and my pearls.

"How was the rehearsal?" Mary said.

"I was divine," Alcie said.

"How was the boy?"

"Better . . . Is Mr. Knight home yet?"

"He's taking a bath, bless him," Mary said. "What shall I put out? A nightgown?"

"Are you mad?" Alcie said. "It's only six o'clock."

"You said this morning you were going straight to bed and have a lamb chop on a tray."

"That was this morning," Alcie said, and snuggled down into the water. "I was tired this morning."

A half-hour later, looking her incredible best, Alcie stood in the library in front of a bank of dials and knobs and buttons —a hi-fi.

Suddenly, inevitably, from all corners of the room came a piercing blast of music. Alcie grabbed frantically at whatever she could reach, but it was almost a minute before she got the sound down to a sensible level.

Tom came in. Alcie turned and held out her arms and they began to dance.

"Do you remember," she said, "in the good old days when all you had to do to play a phonograph was slap a record on and put down the needle? It was bliss, wasn't it? And it sounded so well—as if the music were in the next room — not like this . . . invasion of privacy.

"I feel as if a twenty-man orchestra were watching every move I make — and it's so difficult. You have to be a sound engineer if you want to play Hound Dog."

Tom looked at her. "Aren't you rather elaborately dressed for a quiet evening at home with lamb chops for dinner?" he said.

Alcie leaned back. "Why does everybody in this house talk about lamb chops?" she said. "We're having a pheasant."

"Where did you get that?" Tom said.

"Flossie Simon sent it from Pennsylvania."

"She doesn't shoot."

"I know. This one came up to the kitchen door, probably looking for food, poor thing, and Flossie hit it over the head with a vacuum cleaner."

"How unsporting."

"Was it not?" Alcie said, and closed her eyes and gave herself over to the music.

"May I say this?" Tom said: "May I say, my dear, you are not the same person you were this morning?"

Alcie smiled up at him. "Neither are you," she said. "Neither are you."

Mary put her head in the door and said, "If you two want a cocktail, hurry up. Dinner's in twenty minutes and no nonsense."

. . . .

Jack and Marney sat in a

To page 44

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PERMATHAL® EVERGLAZE® COTTON KNITS by ALAMAC

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HOW YOU CAN MAKE

● Everyone, unless he is a recluse, likes to get on well with people. The tests below will pinpoint the weaknesses which prevent you from enjoying human relationships to the full, and show you how to convert them into friendship-winning assets.

DID you ever hear anyone say "The surest way to have friends is to be a success; then people flock around you"?

Celebrities and rich people often have groups of yes men fawning on them, but these sycophants are often attracted by money instead of by the persons themselves.

Seldom are these yes men really friends. They are pleasing parasites, as many successful people have learned. That is why many self-made men seem to be unmoved by friendly advances. They cling to their old proved friends.

The surest way not to have friends is to be a success, but one of the surest ways to be a success is to be friendly. There is a vast difference.

Out in the country, for instance, a man had been running a general store for years. It was located in a tiny township. In the old days he had been able to make a living, but as motor-cars came in, people started to drive to larger towns where they could buy more things cheaper. The store business dwindled. The future looked dark.

In disgust the owner gave the store to his sons and retired. It was not much of a gift. The merchandise was antiquated, the building was run down, and the customers had been rapidly disappearing. The whole business was worth perhaps £1500, and the two sons had no money with which to advertise or buy new goods.

They took stock and decided that their most valuable asset was friendliness. They turned that force on full strength. They were not merely pleasant to people; they went out of their way to be helpful. They gave their help wholeheartedly, whether the person was a customer or not — and, of course, the person soon became a customer.

In a few years the store was doing £100,000 business a year. Friendliness beat out the competition of the cut-rate stores in the nearby big cities.

Friendliness does build business.

Late one rainy afternoon the salesmen in a furniture showroom stood around talking about the dreary weather, paying no attention to a plainly dressed woman looking over the stock.

"There's a customer — it's your turn, George," a young salesman said.

"Nobody'll buy anything on a day like this," George replied, "especially a woman dressed as she is."

"At least we can be friendly," the young man countered, "so I'll take her, although it is not my turn."

The plain woman merely wanted to look, but he spent an hour helping her to look. He explained the various pieces in which she was interested, answered her dozens of questions pleasantly, but she bought nothing.

"I told you so," George commented after she had left.

"It didn't hurt me to be nice to her," the younger man said.

A few months later the management received a letter from Scotland. Would they send the friendly young man to Skibo Castle to help choose the furnishings for the new edifice? The note was signed "Mrs. Andrew Carnegie."

Robert Black had just turned 46 when he was elected manager of a big maufacturing company. The first day on his new job he ran into a strike. More than two thousand men were out and pickets were marching in front of the plant.

Wise Robert Black used friendliness. The pickets were bored by their parading, so he bought football equipment and told them to play on company property. He published advertisements praising the strikers for the orderly way they were conducting their protest. The pickets read the ads then asked for lawnmowers and cut the grass around the plant.

In a week the strike was over, everybody was happy, and there had been no violence, no hurt feelings. The new manager was off to a glorious start because he used friendliness when he might have used bitterness.

Alfred Du Pont organised a chain of banks in Florida. Late in 1929 many banks were closing. A run started on Du Pont's Florida National Bank. The management phoned the other Du Pont banks to rush cash by car and aeroplane.

But would their small supply of cash hold out until the reserves arrived? They made sure by using friendliness to slow down the run. The president walked into the lobby.

"It's lunch time," he said, "but, of course, you do not want to lose your places in the line. So we have sent for sandwiches and coffee which you can eat here."

That was something new for a bank, especially in a crisis. It slowed down the run until the reserves arrived. Friendliness enabled the bank to withstand the storm.

Friendliness helped a famous barrister to win an imposing record of legal victories. He won his trials when the jury was being selected.

His preliminary questioning of the jurors was aimed to establish friendly contact with each man. As far as possible, he would not accept a prospective juror until he had received a friendly smile from him. After this friendly contact was once established he knew the juryman would likely incline to his side for the rest of the trial.

These examples reflect the old truth that friendliness is one of the strongest invisible forces in the world. But don't expect the world to smother you with friendliness. You have to coax it from others by your own friendliness.

Likeable people have been found to have certain definite characteristics. These characteristics have been determined through practical researches — thousands of well-liked people were contrasted with others who were intensely disliked. Here are the results:

MOST IMPORTANT:

Never make fun of others.
Never be sarcastic.
Never show off your greater knowledge.
Never break your word.
Never lie or exaggerate.
Never act superior to others.
Never try to boss others.
Never bawl others out.
Go out of your way, cheerfully, to help others.

IMPORTANT:

Smile pleasantly.
Keep clothes neat.
Keep your mind clean.
Keep your temper under control.
Keep your nose out of others' business.
Keep out of arguments.
Keep from faultfinding.
Keep from embarrassing others.
Don't be bold or nervy.
Don't laugh at others.
Don't correct others.
Don't talk more than others.

How does your ability to win—and keep—friends add up? These tests will help you analyse yourself to discover the strong points you have acquired so far and the weak points that you can convert into strong points. They are simplifications of widely used tests developed by clinical and industrial psychologists.

FRIENDLINESS	YES	NO
1. Do you like to cheer up people who have had bad luck?	.....	.....
2. Do you enjoy sentimental music?	.....	.....
3. Are you genuinely pleased to see people who have been away for a couple of weeks?	.....	.....
4. Do you want to be with people most of the time?	.....	.....
5. Are you as cordial in greeting casual acquaintances as you are to close friends?	.....	.....
6. Do you get excited at films that deal with people's troubles although you know everything will come out all right in the last reel?	.....	.....
7. Would you like to help people along with their love affairs?	.....	.....
8. Do you like to listen to people talk about little things?	.....	.....
9. Do you have many speaking acquaintances and friends?	.....	.....
10. Are you usually enthusiastic about something?	.....	.....
11. When you like a person, do you show your likes without hesitation or embarrassment?	.....	.....
12. Do you like to tell people compliments and "nice things"?	.....	.....
13. Do you smile most of the time?	.....	.....
14. Do you enjoy being with children?	.....	.....
15. Do you smile when speaking to strangers or salesmen and women?	.....	.....
Total number of "Yes" answers	.....	.....

The average man has six "Yes" answers, the average woman has eight; women apparently tend to be friendlier than men. Persons who have fewer than six "Yes" answers need to loosen up and practise being friendlier. Those with low scores may feel friendly but do not show it; it is showing friendliness that attracts friends.

Persons with ten or more "Yes" answers are genuinely friendly. They are usually good at saleswork, and their matrimonial prospects are excellent.

SYMPATHY	YES	NO
1. Would you return the extra change if you were given too much?	.....	.....
2. Do you feel sorry for homeless animals?	.....	.....
3. Do you like to stop to watch children playing?	.....	.....
4. Do you lend things even when you think you will not be repaid?	.....	.....
5. Do you want a large family of children?	.....	.....
6. Do you stop to help motorists who are in trouble, or would you?	.....	.....
7. Do you feel sorry for people who are hurt or in pain?	.....	.....
8. Do you think it unwise to whip ten-year-old children?	.....	.....
9. Do you think hunting is cruel to animals?	.....	.....
10. Do you sometimes go out of your way to help old people?	.....	.....
11. Do you think the government should be generous in providing help for old people and orphans?	.....	.....
12. Do you want to stop to comfort children who are crying?	.....	.....
Total number of "Yes" answers	.....	.....

Sympathy is shown by the "Yes" answers. A high score indicates that one's friendships are likely to be long lasting. Women average eight "Yes" answers, while men average only four.

A person with a high score on this list is handicapped for the type of competitive work that stresses profits above people. Those with high scores may also be easy victims of confidence men and unscrupulous characters in general.

Bankers, lawyers, and business tycoons tend to have low scores. Ministers, welfare workers, nurses, civic leaders have high scores.

It is difficult to be really friendly unless one is sympathetic to all living creatures, including cats and dogs.

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FRIENDS

This article and the tests have been prepared and written by DR. DONALD A. LAIRD, an American psychologist who has made major contributions to various branches of his field — as a university lecturer, clinical and industrial psychologist, and writer.

LESS IMPORTANT, BUT ESSENTIAL:

Give up gossiping.
Give up trying to reform others.
Give up borrowing things.
Give up laughing loudly.
Give up asking favors.
Give up telling people your woes.
Give up trying to be impressive.
Give up being gloomy.
Give up being opposed to new things.
Give up being lethargic.
Give up being suspicious of others.

To convince yourself of the significance of these concise lists, use them as a chart to compare two people you know. Take a person you like and one you dislike and contrast them. You will discover that the disliked person violates almost all the rules, while the liked person follows them.

The thirty-two things listed above are intentionally followed by many successful people.

A businessman's wife threatened separation. Frightfully upset, he suspected she might be in love with another man and employed detectives to find out. They reported no evidence of faithlessness. Then he chanced across this list and realised he was violating almost all the precepts in his relations with his wife. He understood why her love had cooled. He showed her the list and sincerely apologised.

He followed it and both his married life and his business improved.

We win friends by being friendly. That is the first test in the following series. We must also:

Be sympathetic.
Show tolerance.
Be considerate.
Be sociable.
Avoid snobbishness.
Get rid of egotism.
Give up faultfinding.
Give up gossip.
Control any rebellious streak.

ARE you socially at ease when in the presence of men and women?

Answer the questions quickly. Don't try to work out what each answer should be. By going rapidly through them you will have a more truthful picture of yourself. If you get good scores on most of the tests, there is something wrong. No normal human is that perfect. It is what the individual test proves that counts.

TOLERANCE	YES	NO
Do you dislike:		
1. People who enjoy gossiping?	.....	.....
2. People who pretend they are more important or wealthier or better educated than they really are?	.....	.....
3. People who think they should reform you?	.....	.....
4. People who belittle or find fault with others?	.....	.....
5. Bullies who take advantage of others?	.....	.....
6. People who try to do all the talking themselves?	.....	.....
7. Antagonistic folk who seem to be looking for an argument?	.....	.....
8. People who are too tight to spend their money?	.....	.....
9. People who boss others without having any reason to?	.....	.....
10. People who are careless about their clothes?	.....	.....
11. People who brag about themselves?	.....	.....
12. People who mumble or talk indistinctly?	.....	.....
13. Indecisive people who can't decide what to do?	.....	.....
14. People who persist in trying to get you to do something?	.....	.....
Total number of "No" answers	.....	.....

Tolerance is indicated by the "No" answers. A very tolerant person has eleven or more. The average person has six. An intolerant person may not have a single "No" answer.

If we expect everyone to be perfect, we can never be friendly. One of the first steps in developing friendliness is to learn to overlook the petty weaknesses of others, to become immune to little frailties. Live and let live.

People with low scores make stern bosses and are difficult to live or work with. People with high scores can mix well in any group, usually have a natural and unrestrained manner, and should have many friends and acquaintances.

CONSIDERATENESS	YES	NO
1. Do you try to like people to whom you do not feel drawn?	.....	.....
2. Do you avoid breaking in when someone else is talking?	.....	.....
3. Do you remember the names and faces of people you meet?	.....	.....
4. Can you talk easily with people on first meeting?	.....	.....
5. Do you like to introduce people to each other?	.....	.....
6. Do you always strive to be dependable?	.....	.....
7. Do you almost never offend others?	.....	.....
8. Do you usually say a good word to people who have done something well?	.....	.....
9. Do you play a game that interests others, even though you do not enjoy that game?	.....	.....
10. Do you try to talk about what the others are interested in?	.....	.....
11. Do you let others do most of the talking?	.....	.....
12. Do you have the knack of making others feel important?	.....	.....
Total number of "Yes" answers	.....	.....

The average person has seven "Yes" answers.

Persons with low scores need to give more attention to the consideration of the other person. A low-scoring person is often striving to give the impression he is important, while the friendly person makes others feel important.

Salesmen have many "Yes" answers, while office workers are likely to have more "No" answers. Women usually have one or two more "Yes" answers than men.

● More quizzes on page 39

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McWILLIAM'S COCKTAIL

Here's the easy way to entertain. Treat your guests to McWilliam's Cocktails. There are twelve flavours from which to choose and with the full range you can make an almost unlimited variety of palate-pleasing, thirst quenching drinks.

YOU MIX LONG DRINKS AS EASILY AS THIS

1½ ozs. Cocktail, fill glass with cold ginger ale or lemonade according to taste.

TWELVE FLAVOURS

Cherry	Strawberry
Tropical Fruit	Apricot
Pineapple	Peach
Banana	Passion Fruit
Orange	Manhattan
Mandarin	Martini

SERVE ICE COLD

If desired you can embellish with ice and a slice of lemon or cucumber.

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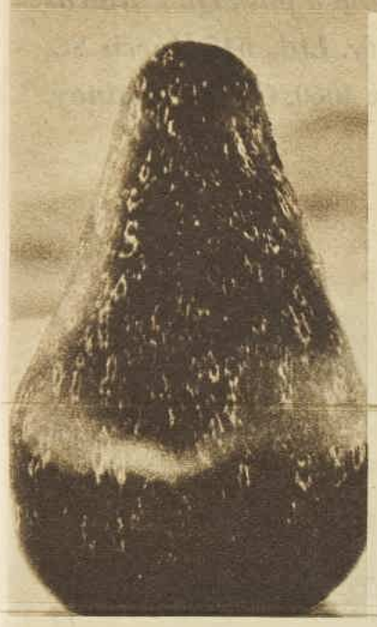
WHAT IS IT?



An avocado?

No, it moves!

Did you guess? He's Sammy, a seal.

"Ha, ha, what a joke!"

HOW YOU CAN MAKE FRIENDS

Continued from page 37

SOCIAL EASE

	YES	NO
1. Are you perfectly comfortable when both men and women are present?	.....	.....
2. Do you feel at ease at most functions you attend?	.....	.....
3. Are you invited to places where both sexes are present?	.....	.....
4. Is it easy for you to make friends?	.....	.....
5. Do you have more friends than most people you know?	.....	.....
6. Do you think most of your relatives are attractive?	.....	.....
7. Do you belong to as many clubs or groups as you should?	.....	.....
8. Do you feel that you are a valued member of some of these?	.....	.....
9. Does the opposite sex seem to like you?	.....	.....
10. Do most people seem to like to work with you?	.....	.....
11. Do you like to attend meetings?	.....	.....
12. Do you mingle freely and speak to many people when you are with a group?	.....	.....
Total number of "Yes" answers	.....	.....

The average adult has eight "Yes" answers.

Those whose answers are all "Yes" are likely to be either social lions or social climbers. People with four or fewer are on the road to becoming hermit crabs.

People with low scores should get around to more social gatherings and find how enjoyable it is to be with other people.

EGOTISM

	YES	NO
1. Do you impress people as being pretty intelligent?	.....	.....
2. Do others do many nice things for you?	.....	.....
3. Did your father have important work?	.....	.....
4. Do your friends think you have pretty good ideas?	.....	.....
5. Do people try to get acquainted with you?	.....	.....
6. Can you do most things you try?	.....	.....
7. Can you tell a story better than most?	.....	.....
8. Do you have more information than most people around you?	.....	.....
9. Are most people interested in what you are doing?	.....	.....
10. Did your teachers underestimate your abilities?	.....	.....
Total number of "Yes" answers	.....	.....

Egotism is another enemy of friendliness. We have seen that people attract friends by making the other person feel important; the egotistical person gives the impression that he is the most important person in town.

The "Yes" answers indicate egotism. Egotistical people have many "Yes" answers. The average person has only five.

People with only two or three "Yes" answers are probably too meek and modest.

FAULT-FINDING

	YES	NO
1. Do you try to get even when criticised?	.....	.....
2. Do you point out people's shortcomings in conversation?	.....	.....
3. Do you call it to their attention when people are late?	.....	.....
4. Do you talk frankly about apparent injustices?	.....	.....
5. Do you like to show how a book or movie could have been improved?	.....	.....
6. Do you mistrust some people?	.....	.....
7. Are others often to blame when things go wrong?	.....	.....
8. Do you speak frankly about unfavorable conditions in your work or living?	.....	.....
9. Does it take a long time for you to forget an injustice?	.....	.....
10. Have you accused people of taking things, only to find later you had misplaced them?	.....	.....
11. Are there some people who seem to work against you?	.....	.....
12. Do you speak frankly to people you think are doing the wrong thing?	.....	.....
Total number of "Yes" answers	.....	.....

Each "Yes" answer indicates an inclination to find fault rather than to forgive. The average person is not especially fault-finding; he has only five "Yes" answers.

People with few "Yes" answers should have many friends, while those with many "Yes" answers drive friends away by carping and fault-finding. A high score is sometimes due to an unwarranted, suspicious viewpoint, bordering on fixed ideas of a paranoid nature.

Others want to know what is good about them, not what is wrong. Each time you feel an inclination to be critical or to find fault, say something pleasant instead.

REBELLIOUSNESS

	YES	NO
1. Does it sometimes seem as though the world were unfair?	.....	.....
2. Do you have to watch your own interests to get a square deal?	.....	.....
3. Do people often make you angry?	.....	.....
4. Do you think there is too much bossing	.....	.....
5. Does it please you when you see someone get by without paying bus or tram fares?	.....	.....
6. Do you occasionally do as you had planned, regardless of advice?	.....	.....
7. Do you resent being told what you should do?	.....	.....
8. Do you talk back to people who irritate you?	.....	.....
9. Do you think about getting even with people who give you a raw deal?	.....	.....
10. Do you sometimes tell white lies to get out of a jam?	.....	.....
11. Do you think more people should stand up for their rights?	.....	.....
12. Would you rather work for yourself than a boss?	.....	.....
Total number of "Yes" answers	.....	.....

Bossy or domineering people have many "Yes" answers, as do stubborn people. Timid people have few "Yes" answers; so do co-operative people. The average person has five. Labor agitators, radicals, hard-to-handle workers usually have more than average.

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Pretty Summer Sewing

These six dresses, designed for the fashion-wise girl, are right in line with current trends. All can be made from a pattern. Patterns may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. Address mail orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.

5457. NEWEST look for summer (left), a one-piece with a fitted waist and bouffant skirt, and a bow trim for extra glamor. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. check material and ¾yd. 36in. plain material. Pattern price 4/6.

5456. CURRENT FAVORITE (right), sleeveless dress ovalled at the neckline, plus a short-cut jacket. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4¾yds. 36in. material for dress and 1½yds. 36in. material for jacket. Pattern price 4/6.

5455. SUMMER dressing in print (above). A one-piece designed to wear by day and on into don't-dress evenings. The design is self-belted, has uncuffed sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

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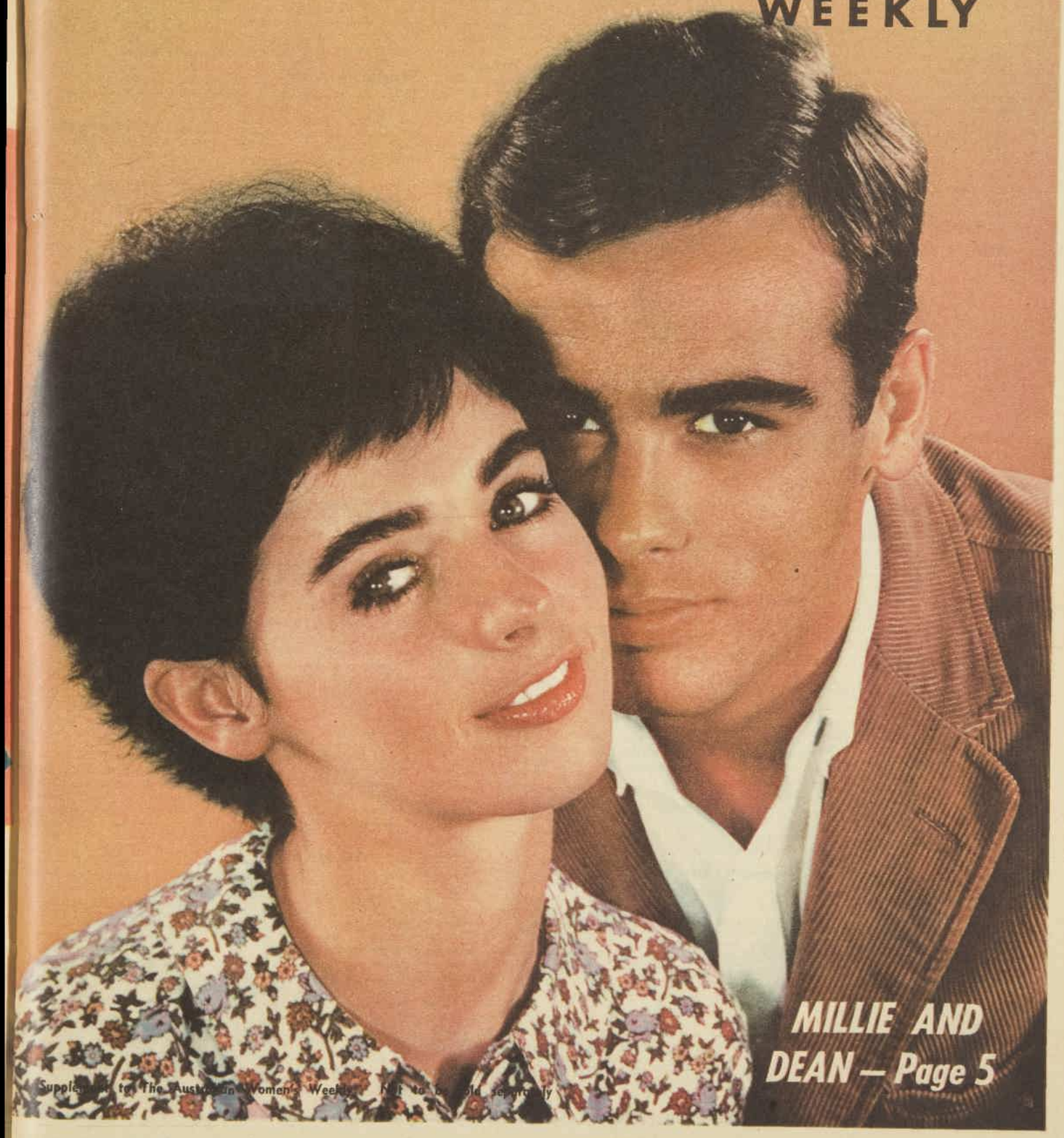
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

September 30, 1959

Teenagers' WEEKLY



MILLIE AND DEAN — Page 5

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly. Not to be sold separately

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Let's be more serious

MOST of the writers to the Letters Page go on with a lot of senseless prattle about boy-girl relationships, mixed schools, teenage dating, clothes, and criticisms of parents and adults. Haven't any readers got any serious comments to make on world affairs or any praise for Princess Alexandra's wonderful behaviour out here? These topics, and others, should be in our minds, because it will not be long before we have to shoulder greater responsibilities as adults—*"More Serious Letters Please," Gilgandra, N.S.W.*

She is taller

IS it just convention that the boy be taller than the girl? I am 5ft. 8in. tall and my boyfriend is 5ft. 7in., and when I first started going out with him my friends were amazed that I would "go" with a boy who is shorter than I am. He is much nicer than any other boys I know, so height isn't everything. —*"Tall Teenager," Lewisham, N.S.W.*

Girls would share

WHY do boys sometimes object to girls paying for themselves on dates? Many students or apprentices won't date a working girl because they haven't the money to pay for an outing for two people. The boys say they are embarrassed if a girl offers to pay—and this is understandable—but I'm sure if anyone is embarrassed it is the girl who knows the boy she is with can't really afford to pay for her. Please, boys, we girls are not mean and would not mind sharing the expenses. — *R.M., Spring Vale, Vic.*

Shorts attractive

THREE cheers for Bermuda shorts! If some people don't particularly like them they shouldn't criticise those who do. I think they're exciting and attractive. They make young girls feel different and gay. I'm all for new and different fashions. But, girls, when it comes to horribly colored stockings, I think we're going a bit too far.—*Sue Wright, Woollahra, N.S.W.*

SUE WRIGHT
. . . They're exciting.

Use the name

WHY do so many writers to the Letters Page use pen-names? I think the letters would carry much more weight if the writer's own name was used.—*L. Starrett, Balwyn, Vic.*

[We agree with you, Reader Starrett. We intend in future to give preference in publication to letters where the writer's name can be given.—T.W.]

£1 a pittance?

I GET an allowance of £1 a week, and out of this I have to pay for fares (other than for the University), clothes, stamps (and I have 28 penfriends), make-up, entertainment, and even things like my own toothpaste. My father pays for all my university books and fares and other things connected with my course, but, even so, I find I can't manage on £1. Is there anybody who can exist on a pittance such as this?—*"Poverty-stricken," Kew, Vic.*

They won't ask

ABOUT your article "Dates You Can Ask For" (T.W., 19/8/59): We teenagers consider asking a boy for a date is ridiculous. If this policy was adopted by girls, they would become the laughing-stock of the town. They would be considered forward.—*"Backward Teeners," Castlemaine, Vic.*

Strain on parents

ON my 16th birthday later this year my parents will lose 10/- a week child endowment, but they will still have to put me through my matriculation. Many parents in this position cannot afford to continue their children's education, and many a budding genius finds himself behind a sales-counter. The Government, bewailing the chronic shortage of teachers, blindly overlooks the fact that if parents of schoolchildren over 16 were granted a special allowance the situation would be quickly remedied. — *Lorraine Symons, Oakleigh, Vic.*

Support our own

WHY is it that we have to wait for American rock-'n-roll artists to visit Australia before we get a chance to see our own Australian singers in action? I think our artists are every bit as good as the Americans, and, what is more, the price to see them would not be half as dear as it is to see the visiting singers. So what about it, you Aussie rock-'n-rollers? Let's have an all-Australian show. — *"Aussie Rock-'n-Roll Fan," Dandenong, Vic.*

Fun in music

WHY must so many teenagers HAVE to be entertained ALL their spare time? It is much more fun to make one's own entertainment. Anyone can learn to play a musical instrument—they may not become expert, but they can have a lot of fun. Recorders, ukuleles, or even mouthorgans are quite cheap. So, boys and girls, let's see what YOU can do. — *Mary G. Mattock, Hammondville, N.S.W.*

Grown at 13?

I AM 13 and tall for my age, and I feel old enough not to be called a child. They say life begins at 14, but when girls and boys reach the age of 13 they feel that they have grown up at last. Who agrees with this?—*Kerrie Mahoney, Bass Hill, N.S.W.*

KERRIE MAHONEY
. . . Not a child.

When to laugh

THERE are an awful lot of sticks-in-the-mud around Melbourne. When one goes to a movie starring Jerry Lewis or Charlie Chaplin, I always thought that the idea was to provoke laughter. However, recently my girl-friend and I have found things quite the opposite. When we laugh, people turn and stare or else they move to other seats. We know that our laughs are rather maniacal, but still one must laugh when one is provoked, mustn't one?—or must one? A little tolerance among picture-show audiences would not go astray.—*Margaret Corstorphan, Glen Waverley, Vic.*

Study harder

WHY do teenagers spend so much time on films, radio, and dancing? Surely it would be wiser to study in this wasted time. Australia is in need of more scientists, nurses, doctors, and teachers. So, teenagers, why not spend more time on school work.—*"Square," Wyrallah, N.S.W.*

Pablo and Johnny

A MELBOURNE newspaper recently published an article in which Pablo Casals, the great devotee of J. S. Bach, gave his opinion of rock-'n-roll. Said Mr. Casals (generally accepted as one of the most outstanding musicians): ". . . raucous distillation of the ugliness of our times —performed by juveniles for juveniles . . . the French word 'abrutissant' — anything tending to brutalise or bestialise man—is the word for this terrible convulsive sound. It is against art, against life . . ." Compare this cultured, sensitive criticism to the ignorant, presumptuous and

JOHN QUENTIN
Two views on rock.

personally offensive "reply" of Johnny O'Keefe, Australian rock-'n-roll "king." " . . . Anyway, who is this cat Casals? Obviously he's on a dead line —I just don't dig square 'cello players"—and the result is painfully obvious.—*John Z. Quentin, Carlton, Vic.*

Theatre charges

THEATRES should charge a "teenagers' fare" instead of "children over 12 or 14" having to pay the adult fare. I can't afford to go to the pictures too often at these high prices, and there would be quite a few others in the same position. If "teenage prices" were charged more teenagers could go to the pictures of a Saturday instead of mucking about in the street. —*"Fare Go," Melbourne.*

Footy for girls

I WOULD like to suggest football as a sport for girls. If we can play basketball, hockey, softball, etc., we should be able to play football. Some parents think that we're just trying to compete with boys, but they don't understand. There's no difference between boys and girls where sport is concerned. —*Suzanne Davies, Aberdare, N.S.W.*

Are our boys rude?

● Are Australian boys rude? They are, said Hetty Kruthoff (T.W., 26/8/59), and "Teener" (T.W., 9/9/59) said that, compared with New Australians, Australian boys were "conceited and crude."

FOR . . .

I AGREE wholeheartedly with "Teener." I, too, have had both Italian and Greek boyfriends, and find that they are much better mannered and better dressed than most Australian boys. They treat a girl like a girl and not like a piece of dirt. They also place more value on friendships with one another than Australians. It takes something very important, not just an argument concerning a car or a girl, to break a friendship. I am very happy and proud to say that I am going to marry an Italian very soon. He is the nicest, kindest, most thoughtful person I have ever met. Many Australians, both boys and girls, who were once my "friends" now barely speak to me, because they think my fiance is too "low." — *"Italians' Friend," Turramurra, N.S.W.*

THERE are good Australian boys, but, on the whole, I think New Australians are better mannered and treat a girl like a girl. I have been out with Australian boys, but once they see any of their friends they desert you, so they can go off with the "gang." I agree with "Teener," too, that if you go out with a New Australian you have to suffer a lot of vicious talk. Many New Australians, particularly Italians, refuse to get naturalised, and I don't blame them. I asked one Italian boy why, and he said: "We refuse to become Australians because it is the Australians who make us unwelcome."—*"Fair Go," Canberra, A.C.T.*

. . . AGAINST

HERE is my story, which is much different to Hetty Kruthoff's: I've been in Australia a few years and everyone has been very polite to me, taught me English and the Australian way of life. Just because there are a few exceptions there is no need to say in general that Australians aren't polite.—*"New Aussie," Balgownie, N.S.W.*

I SYMPATHISE with Hetty Kruthoff about the snub she received from an Australian boy at a dance. But does she judge all Australian boys by this one unfortunate incident? Admittedly, I know one or two boys who would not care twopence what they said to a girl, but the majority are well mannered and considerate, and I'll stick up for them any day.—*"Indignant," Ballarat, Vic.*

I DO not think it was fair of Hetty Kruthoff to say that our young people are not polite. We are only a young country. I think the remark the boy made to Miss Kruthoff was not nice, but that does not mean others are not polite. Just look in our trains, buses and trams—most of the young people stand up for older people and are well mannered. Give us a go.—*Suzanne Mackenzie, Ormond, Vic.*

I WOULD like to complain about those New Australians who come to Australia at the expense of this Government and as soon as they arrive begin to complain about Australians' way of dressing and their bad manners. Most Australians are well mannered. — *Pauline Brown, Lawson, N.S.W.*

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LETTER TO A Young Square

FROM AN OLD ONE

A square? – Then be glad of it

●I've never met you, but I can see you leaving school in the afternoon with the other girls of your class, hugging your books and wishing you were dead.

WELL, not quite—but wishing you were somewhere else. In another city perhaps.

Because you know you're an outsider. You know that even if you joined that group of girls over there having such a ball you wouldn't really be one of them. Not that they wouldn't talk to you. One or two might even phone you tonight. But it will be about how to square a fraction, not how to fracture the boys. They never tell you about their dates. They never confide in you about their plans and secrets. And you remember, with that sinking feeling, the afternoon a week ago when you overheard the dread words—"a square."

Well, half the battle in solving any problem is in recognising it. If you're a square, face it. It really isn't fatal. You've probably been secretly studying your bedroom mirror, wondering if your troubles lie in your looks, experimenting with lipstick layers deep, trying out hairdos, earrings and extra petticoats and concluding that you're downright gruesome. You may as well watch TV — or get those dishes done. You won't find the answer in your mirror.

You have your share of good looks. Perhaps a lot more than that. Even if you haven't, it has nothing to do with the problem. You know as well as I do that you can't name one weak feature that I can't point out in dozens of girls who have never had any trouble with the word "square" in their lives—execept to remember that it's a parallelogram having four equal sides and four right angles.

And while we're on the subject of appearance, don't blame your parents for not letting you wear eye-shadow, high heels, and make-up and clothes that will startle the boys. I know you think that their ideas about clothes went out with the dodo. But all parents are like this, including me, and it just seems to you that yours are worse because you have a special problem in popularity. But it isn't caused by the way you dress.

There's only one reason why you're a "square." You're different. That's all there is to it. Perhaps what some of the kids call having a good time looks to you as nonsense, and you've made the mistake of showing it. Perhaps you're naturally reserved, which is often known as "stuck up." Maybe your tastes run to something besides Li'l Abner and Perry Como. Perhaps you just don't take to escapades, flirting with the boys, experimenting with the minor vices. Whatever it is, you don't fall into the popular pattern. You're growing up in a direction of your own. You're an individual. For some reason this has always been the one thing that shocks youth to the soles of its flats.

They felt outcast

Most people who have anything special to offer have had to face it. An attractive, successful business woman I talked to recently told me that she was so worried about being a "square" when she was your age that she deliberately tried getting poor marks at school, hoping it would reinstate her with her heroines. Boys don't escape the problem. A doctor I know, a brilliant, energetic man who makes friends galore, told me the other day that he was such an outcast when he went to school because he got top marks and liked poetry that he deliberately took up boxing to try to hold his own with the rest of the boys, who thought anyone so different should be beaten up regularly.

But all this probably seems as remote and theoretical to you as Newton's laws of motion, and just about as useful to you. You'd trade your chances of a glowing future for one date. You want to be popular and have some fun now, not ten years from now.

But it won't be ten years or anywhere near it. Things will change for you long before that.

Adulthood comes very fast. Narrow age and group barriers will disappear, and you'll be able to choose your friends from a bigger, more cosmopolitan world.

You're on the threshold of a different world. The word "popular" will begin to take on a new shade of meaning and will be applied to such things as paper-backed novels, bathing cuties, baby contests, breeds of poodles, and song titles. You won't be able to tell the squares from the round ones. That popular crowd you're so worried about will somehow begin to notice you for the first time. It will be a world where a lot of people who were "squares" in their teens will include most of the leaders in every field.

You are more interesting yourself right now than the girls who giggle at you. It's true that being interesting is not the best recommendation for becoming popular. People of your group are not quite at an age where they can appreciate an interesting personality. But they will.

I know you have to live with your classmates as they are today, not the way they'll be later. I know you want approval, encouragement, friendship, and a sense of belonging. We all do. And we all have to get along with all kinds of people all our lives. But if you decide to make a greater effort to fit in with the group (and it will be a good experience for you if you do) just keep in mind that it's going to be good for only a few years—till you leave high school. So don't do it at the expense of anything you really believe in, because the things you believe in will make life a deeper, more varied, and much more rewarding experience.

Your tastes and interests will grow with you instead of disappearing when the crowd breaks up. Many of the things that the majority enjoy depend strongly on mass emotion. The fun is in the fad. There's nothing wrong with this; in fact, some of it is very desirable. But when the crowd disappears and the fad has gone, you need something more nourishing than pop tunes and paper-back thrillers. This is one of the reasons why hundreds of thousands of adults attend "appreciation" courses—to escape from "popular" diversions, which gradually become very thin, flat, and pointless, and to get back to the basic arts, sciences, and crafts and all those things that appeal to squares.

Poise scares them

And one more thing. Don't be too sure because you overheard someone call you a square that you're a hopeless outcast. You may be a lot more popular than you imagine. It may be just the ones who are trying most desperately to be popular who make you feel like a drip. The really popular kids probably have a lot of respect for you, and it may include some boys who you think have never even noticed you.

Maybe you didn't have a single dance that night of the party, and stood there smiling and trying to look happy until you thought you'd go mad.

But boys are often shy of girls they'd like to know—and for reasons girls never suspect. A shy, self-conscious boy is often scared silly by poise, and, in spite of the fact that you were pulp inside, you may have looked very cool and aloof on the outside. Many boys are uncomfortable with a girl who seems more mature than the average, and it's generally known that the human male is often uneasy about brains in females. It's a handicap that women have been gradually overcoming since the days of crinolines and high-button boots.

The modern intelligent woman has the chance to have a lot more fun, do more things, lead a fuller life than her great-great-grandmother did. But her freedom was won by individualists, women who thought for themselves, who weren't afraid to be different.

It's one of the reasons that before long you'll look back on your teenage troubles with a grin and be glad you were a square.

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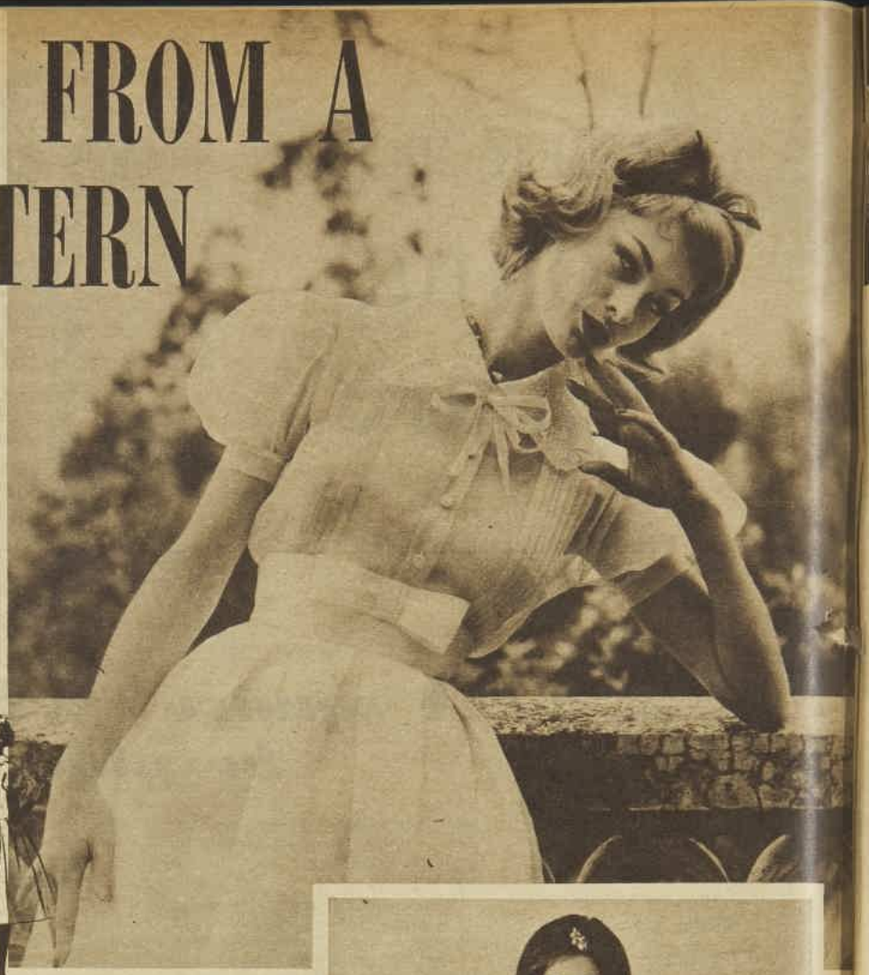
3 TO MAKE FROM A PAPER PATTERN

● *These teenage delights of the new season are designed especially for easy junior sewing. Address your orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Give your name and address in block letters and be sure to state your correct size.*



5464. *Summer party dress (above) is widely belted and has bouffant sleeves and skirt, ideal in white or pastel cotton organdie. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. This dress requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.*

5465. *Button-trimmed one-piece (left) good for any figure. Material and color suggestion, pastel blue or pink cotton or linen. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. Simple instructions come with each pattern.*

5339. *Demure one-piece (right) is lace and ribbon trimmed. Material and color suggestions, white cotton dimity, cotton lace, baby-blue ribbon. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material, 2yds. 1½in. ribbon, 7yds. cotton lace. Price 4/-.*

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The romance of Millie and Dean

● "Millie Perkins, 20-year-old New York girl who starred in 'The Diary of Anne Frank,' and Dean Stockwell, 23, a top Hollywood juvenile actor, have announced their engagement."

HERE is Millie Perkins beside a model of the set used in "The Diary of Anne Frank," in which she stars as Anne. A photographer's model, Millie had no acting experience when she was given the part. The film will have its Australian release next month.

SO what? you might think. Just another news item. People in Hollywood seem to be becoming engaged and disengaged all the time.

But this is no publicity-fed romance: it is a love story of a very different kind.

Millie Perkins was known as the loneliest girl in Hollywood.

Shy little Millie, then a 19-year-old New York photographer's model, beat 10,243 other teenage hopefuls for the plum role of Anne in "The Diary of Anne Frank" — the story of the sensitive little Jewish girl who was killed in a concentration camp during World War II.

Millie wasn't looking for stardom. She had had no acting experience. Her picture in a teenage magazine caught the eye of scouts who were searching the country for the right girl to play Anne Frank.

And so she went to Hollywood, but she soon found that being a star didn't necessarily mean happiness.

Was so miserable

She told one interviewer: "For 12 months I lived alone in a one-room flat. No fun, no relaxation, no letting-up for a minute.

"Each night I fell asleep studying the next day's script. And I cried more during that one year than in all my previous years put together.

"Sometimes I wished all this were a dream and that the next minute I'd wake up to find myself happy and without a worry, having coffee with my model friends in a New York automat."

She received many invitations from young fellows in Hollywood. As the "new girl" in Hollywood, she could have been rushed off her feet. Every young man in Hollywood wanted to take her out.

She said no very wistfully to them all and retreated to her little apartment, eating frozen-food dinners every night when she could have been dining in the nicest restaurants in town opposite a young man who could tell her how lovely she was.

The only person who meant anything to her was George Stevens, her director. He was like a father to her — maybe the only man she felt she could lean on because she scarcely knew her own father, who was a sea captain and away from home all the time.

When Stevens told Millie one day that he thought it would be a good idea if she'd go to the small dinner party at Nina Foch's house, that Nina was a fine actress and might be able to help her, she finally agreed to go.

Millie went alone, wearing her typical costume, blue wool skirt and white blouse; no make-up except mascara round her enormous green eyes.

Dean Stockwell was at the party. Everyone sat around and talked, mostly about acting, theatre, etc. Millie was very quiet, said nothing. But Dean —who most people think is a moody introvert — was very talkative that night. He was very positive about everything and argued with everyone.

She thought he was wonderful —such a definite personality, out of the ordinary. When she drove home—alone—that night, she found herself thinking of him.

Stage background

Dean had a background very different from Millie's—he grew up in show business. He was born in Hollywood, the son of an actor and his actress wife, was a Broadway actor at six and a Hollywood hit before he was eight.

Dean made his film debut with "Anchors Aweigh" and went on to make 17 more pictures.

When he was going through the gangling stage—about 16—Dean tried to get away from films. He felt he had been cheated of a normal childhood and he wanted to be accepted for himself, not for the fact that he was a name in movies.

So Dean spent a year at the University of California, then three more years kicking around the country, doing odd jobs, trying to find himself.

Eventually, he decided that acting was the career for him and he returned to Hollywood to make his comeback in "Gun for a Coward."

His next role—a big one—was in "Compulsion." Critics described his performance as "memorable."

This, then, was the boy Millie couldn't get out of her mind.

One evening shortly afterwards when she reported for her first drama class given in a cellar by young actor-teacher Robert Blake, her heart leaped. There, in the group, was Dean. Dean jumped up when he saw her.

After the class, they went out for coffee, sat for hours. Millie —the lonely little girl who was never seen on a date.

Soon Dean and Millie were going steady. They realised each needed the other; they were quietly, firmly in love. But they kept their secret.

Everyone had been trying to get Millie out of her shell. Dean is the only one who loves her exactly as she is and is not trying to change her. Dean likes to dress well, but he's never tried to tell her to dress differently. She wears the same skirt and blouse (either white or a print) all the time. And the same car coat slung over her shoulders.

One thing he's trying to do is get her to eat more. She'd be satisfied with a cracker for dinner. She hates to eat; is oblivious to food; has no feeling for it.

They spend many evenings in his house or hers, sitting on the floor, listening to records.

Millie and Dean like to do simple things. They go for long walks out in the country or along the beaches—anything as long as it's not dress up and as long as they're together.

Dean wants to be boss in everything—Millie loves this.

They are deeply in love. These are two unusual young people who need each other desperately. Millie, for the first time, has found a boy she loves who doesn't laugh at the way she dresses, doesn't try to change her.

Dean, always a nonconformist, always a rebel, a guy who found his whole personality disturbed by his experiences as a kid actor, who was fed up with everything and everyone—this boy understands Millie as no other young man can, and loves her.

SINCE he was six, Dean Stockwell, Millie's fiance, has been in show business. Here child actor Dean clowns with Charles Coburn between scenes of "The Green Years."

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...and that's how jazz was born

By PATRICIA O'CONNELL

● Jazz! jazz! jazz! What is this thing called jazz?

AND I don't mean progressive jazz, cool jazz, bop, or swing — I mean Dixieland jazz, as it is played by the Port Jackson Jazz Band, of Sydney.

If you've never heard them, take it from me, they're good.

And if you don't want to take it from me, ask Constantin Silvestri, famous orchestral conductor, or Sydney Art Gallery Director Hal Missingham (both Port Jackson champions) or any clued-up jazz fans.

Because they are good.

The Port Jackson Jazz Band has the traditional seven members — Ray Price, banjo and guitar; Ken Flannery, trumpet; Norman Wyatt, trombone; Johnny McCarthy, clarinet; Dick Hughes, piano; Johnny Sangster, drums; and Harry Harman, string bass, who sits in for jam sessions.

The band plays regularly at dances held in Mark Foy's Empress Ballroom and has built up quite a following.

And where did jazz begin? And when?

I asked Port Jackson bandleader, Ray Price, because he ought to know. So listen here, boys and girls, and I'll tell you what he told me.

It all began in New Orleans, in America's Deep South.

And when? Sometime in the last ten years of the past century.

Negroes were the first to play jazz — they borrowed the white man's musical forms such as marches, quadrilles, mazurkas, and adapted them to their own freer forms of music.

Listening to some of these early jazz tunes you can recognise the original forms—"High Society" was based on a march dating back to the American Civil War; "Tiger Rag" on a quadrille.

The most obvious difference between traditional jazz and ordinary dance music is that, for jazz, manuscript of the music is generally absent.

(In the early days of the birth of jazz most of the negro jazz-men simply couldn't read music.)

There's no conductor to lead the musicians; they play spontaneously and somehow blend in together.

They improvise

First the whole group plays the theme — generally a 16-bar verse or 32-bar chorus — then, one after the other, the individual melody instruments improvise on the theme, while in the background the others improvise, too.

And, finally, the three front-line instruments — trumpet, trombone, and clarinet — improvise collectively to climax the tune.

So you can see that jazz has no strict forms and conventions — unlike rock-'n-roll, for example, which has a rigid form and is mostly based on 12-bar blues.

The melody section in a jazz band is made up of these instruments: Cornet or trumpet, clarinet, trombone, sometimes saxophone.

The rhythm section: guitar or sousaphone or banjo, string bass, piano, and bass drum. This section gives the solid rhythmic pulse on which the melody and improvisation are built.

By the way, piano is both a solo instrument and member of the rhythm section.

Since it was often used solo in New Orleans, the piano has some great jazz exponents like Jelly Roll Morton, James P. Johnson, Fats Waller, and Earl Hines.

Every traditional jazz tune has a distinct melody—in fact, many of the tunes come from Tin Pan Alley hits of the time, such as "I Can't Give You Anything But Love" and "Sweet Georgia Brown."

However, in jazz the theme is unimportant. The improvisation by the instruments is all important.

Because of this, a dull tune can be transformed by skilled jazz players into a hit.

One aspect of jazz which played a large part in its development was the blues, generally in a 12-bar, and occasionally a 16-bar, form.

And when you think of blues, you think of Bessie Smith, the greatest blues singer of all time.

Count Basie used blues extensively in his arrangements—listen to his "One O'Clock Jump" — and Jimmy Rushing was his blues shouter.

Jazz "greats"

The Chicago group were those jazzmen who had listened to and absorbed the negro jazz in New Orleans and who had carried it north early in the 'twenties.

There is a distinct "white" style about the Chicago and Dixieland schools of jazz. Eddie Condon's band was, perhaps, the best of the Chicago group, and cornet player Bix Beiderbecke the greatest name in Dixieland jazz.

Other "greats" were Muggsy Spanier, Wingy Manone, Bob Crosby and his Bobcats, Tommy Dorsey and his Clambake 7 — the last two being the Dixieland contingents from the large bands of the same name.

Many small jazz groups (trios and quartets) flourished in the 'twenties, only to be replaced by the large commercial bands —such as Paul Whiteman's.

Then in the mid-'thirties many fine swing-bands emerged, closely related in feeling to the early improvising jazz groups — Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Woody Herman, Count Basie, to mention a few of the band leaders.

An outstanding small group of this time was the Benny Goodman quartet—even today their records compare more than favorably with modern quartets.

And why not, with Benny Goodman on clarinet, Lionel Hampton on vibraphone, Teddy Wilson on piano, and Gene Krupa on drums?

Ragtime is a separate development from instrumental jazz — it's really a St. Louis piano style with the blues background.

Bop jazz arrived in the early 'forties and was made famous by Dizzy Gillespie.

And bop led to progressive or cool jazz.

The fundamental difference between the traditional Dixieland jazz and the new cool jazz is that in the former musicians improvise on the melody, which is always apparent to the listener, whereas "cool" musicians improvise on the harmonies, which become most complex and are bound up with intricate rhythmic phrases.

The leading exponent of progressive or cool jazz is Dave Brubeck — perhaps you saw him smiling off the cover of "Time" magazine last year — proof that jazz has arrived.

Cool jazz is perhaps more for the precious few, while traditional jazz gets across to anybody who cares to listen.

In its first lusty years of development, jazz exercised a great influence on contemporary classical composers such as Ravel, Debussy, Milhaud, and Stravinsky.

Today the pendulum swings and cool musicians are turning to these very composers for ideas.

In America many cool musicians are studying under Milhaud and Hindemith, and in Sydney the cool types are studying classical composition at the Conservatorium.

So cool jazz could become the private domain of a few performers and the really dedicated and eventually lose both its jazz form and spirit.

But perhaps Louis Armstrong (now there's a jazz-man for you) summed it all up when he said:

"There's only two kinds of jazz — good and bad."

And either you dig that jumping rhythm or you don't.

Great vitality

But the jazz fans keep on coming and they never fall away. I asked Ray Price why.

"Perhaps it's because jazz is close to life itself," he said. "It's a little unpolished, but it has a tremendous vitality and spontaneity. And that's why it's been recognised as America's most important art form."

The big names of "arranged" jazz as opposed to improvised jazz begin and end with Duke Ellington.

"He'll be remembered for centuries," says Ray, "as America's leading twentieth-century composer.

"Some of his popular compositions are 'Creole Love Call' and 'Mood Indigo.' But great arrangements, which are undoubtedly classics, are his 'Black and Tan Fantasy,' 'Harlem Speaks,' and 'Echoes of Harlem.'"

"And which of these do you play at home?" I asked.

"None at all. It's classical music only on my hi-fi."

Well, that's jazz for you.

● *Sydney Dixieland group the Port Jackson Jazz Band punching it out. From left: John McCarthy (clarinet), Dick Hughes (piano), Ken Flannery (trumpet), Ray Price (banjo and guitar), Johnny Sangster (drums), and guest Harry Harman (bass). Norman Wyatt (trombone) was away when this picture was taken.*

It's classical music only at home for jazzband leader Ray Price.

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Jimmie's collecting discs—gold ones

● In the past two years handsome young singing star Jimmie Rodgers has collected eight gold discs—mementoes of eight of his recordings which have each sold more than 1,000,000 copies!

JIMMIE will arrive in Australia next week to appear in shows in Sydney, Melbourne, and Brisbane.

Jimmie says: "I have been singing ever since I can remember," which goes back to the days when he was growing up in Camas, a town in Washington State, near the Oregon border.

He sang in all the high-school theatricals and was soloist in the local church.

After he graduated from high school Jimmie went to college in Vancouver, Washington, where he majored in music.

But his college career was cut short when he enlisted in the United States Air Force in March, 1952, for a four-year tour of duty.

This was during the Korean War, and Jimmie served both in Japan and Korea.

Another soldier wanted to sell his guitar, so Jimmie bought it and taught himself to play so that he could entertain his buddies in camp.

Then he formed a musical group called "The Rhythm Kings," who played for the boys in camps all over Korea.

When he returned to the United States Jimmie kept on singing in Air Force talent shows.

One night Jimmie was in a nightclub with some of his friends; they urged him to get up and sing. He made such a hit that the manager asked him to stay on as a regular singer.

He became very interested in folk songs, gathering songs from all over the world, including "Waltzing Matilda" from Australia, which is one of his favorites.

By the time his Air Force term was over in 1956 Jimmie was quite an accomplished singer, and he decided to make a career for himself in show business.

He played around the small clubs filling in as M.C., pianist, guitarist, and singer.

He was such a success at one club in Vancouver, Washington, that he played there for 17 weeks.

One night he was spotted at the Vancouver club by singer Chuck Miller, who was so impressed he personally paid Jimmie's fare to New York to audition for the chiefs of Roulette Records.

For the audition Jimmie chose "Honeycomb." Roulette liked it, released it, and it was an immediate smash hit.

Since then Jimmie hasn't looked back. His time is divided between recording, radio, TV, and nightclubs.

Sharing Jimmie's delight in his success is his young wife, formerly Colleen McClatchey, whom Jimmie married in 1957.

Colleen comes from the same town as Jimmie and they have known each other practically all their lives.

Jimmie and Colleen live in Granada Hills, California.

● Turn to page 16 for a color pin-up of Jimmie.

● Teresa Brewer, "Miss Music," is back in the news again with her attempt to match Col Joye's smash hit "Bye Bye, Baby."

Teresa does her usual enthusiastic best on this Coral CK-3653, but Col needn't worry about it. Disc jockey Bob Rogers says:

"Teresa's recording is no competition whatever for Col, especially with Australian audiences. It's not just that Col is an Australian, it's that his arrangement of the number is so much better. Teresa's just doesn't have the hit sound at all."

Teresa started her singing career at the age of two, but she didn't really turn professional until she was five.

Teresa hit the high spots with her recording of "Music, Music, Music."

LISTEN HERE

WESTERN: Wyatt Earp, a man of few words but exceedingly swift action in the matter of enforcing law in the wild and woolly West, is no doubt revolving in his grave at a dizzy speed.

You can't blame him.

When Earp said "Don't move," a man rash enough to ignore the admonition immediately contracted a sudden case of lead poisoning.

But **Hugh O'Brian** — he's Wyatt Earp in the flesh to every young TV watcher—in "Hugh O'Brian Sings" (WG-EPN-653) has the unfortunate lawman **crooning** the order.

And — I quote from the blurb on the back of this EP: "It would appear that Marshal Earp applies the authoritative command employed so often with desperadoes to the object of his affection as she nestles in his arms."

If Earp were alive today I suspect the Buntline Special would be smartly trained on Mr. O'Brian's midriff. And Mr. O'Brian would be most unwise to move.

Hugh O'Brian, with an orchestra and chorus under Ken Darby, also sings "Legend of Wyatt Earp" and a Western kind of spiritual, "I'm Walkin' Away."

WYATT EARP

GERSHWIN: If you don't possess the **Sammy Davis, Jnr.-Carmen McRae** "Porgy and Bess" LP classic, here's one to go on with.

It's a single-play (Festival FK-3095) in which the inexhaustible Sammy sings (the tracks are from the LP) "I Got Plenty o' Nuttin'" and "There's a Boat Dat's Leavin' Soon For New York."

The dynamic Davis personality fairly leaps out of this one.

CLASSICS: So many versions of the Grieg A Minor Piano Concerto are now on record that it seems a trifle superfluous to call attention to yet another.

I do so for the benefit of those who have not yet acquired the concerto and those who may wish to replace the recording they already have.

The newcomer, from H.M.V., has **Gyorgy Cziffra** and the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by **Andre Vandernoot.**

Cziffra's interpretation is lovingly romantic, but he never allows the lyrical essence of Grieg's music to cross the borderline into the sickly sentimental.

The Liszt Piano Concerto No 2 is coupled with the Grieg. The performance is glittering — and very little of the sparkle has rubbed off in the recording.

Those who have developed a taste for pre-Bach music through the growing popularity of Vivaldi will find the concerti grossi of **Alessandro Marcello** a must for their library.

Philips have put four of them, with his Concerto for Oboe, Strings, and a Thorough-bass, on a 12in. LP (A00384 L) in their Monumenta Italicae Musicae series.

Vivaldi, known as the "Red Priest" because of his habit of striding around early 18th-century Venice in flowing red robes, was a robust figure—but his fans will find the style of Marcello, his contemporary, even more vigorous.

Marcello, a poet, painter, philosopher, mathematician, orator, and singer as well as composer, was known as the "Grand Amateur of the Sciences."

The five works on this disc are played magnificently by the **I Musici Ensemble of Rome,** which will visit Australia next year.

Festival is also following the trend of faithfully recording early masterpieces.

When the **New York Pro Musica** last year performed The Play of Daniel for the first time in 800 years, Decca taped it, and the recording is now available in Australia on a Festival label (FL7099).

The play is a 12th-century drama of the Biblical story, simply sung and chanted to the accompaniment of the primitive instruments of the day, ending with a terrific Te Deum with a bell carillon.

JOHNNY RESTIVO

ROCK: Johnny ("The Shape") Restivo, 16-year-old up-and-coming rock-'n-roller, is the boy the experts vote most likely to dethrone the Mighty Elvis.

Not so tall, but certainly dark and handsome, Johnny, a Bronx product of Italian stock, is getting plenty of play from the disc jockeys with his first single for R.C.A., "The Shape I'm In."

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DOOLEY AND

She's thirteen, she's cute as a button, she's Dod Stevens; and singing about a guy named who wore those impossible Pink Shoe Laces, her the biggest new girl rock-'n-roll sing United States. You'll see our idea of this Dooley

Dodie cut her milkteeth on Italian folksongs from her father (real name, Geraldine Pa has been singing in public since she was five; junior-shade lipstick and nail polish, is bright oc plays piano and dances a little. She's just finishi co-starring role in Fabian's debut film, "Ir Dog Man", and as though that weren't enough for any 13-year-old, her big new double-sided "Miss Lonely Hearts"/ "Poor Butterfly", hit. In recording the last chorus of "Pink Shoe Dodie departs from the "With my . . ." of the orig substitutes her own "A'wearin' ".

● Dooley's clothes by courtesy of Ron Bennett, Newtown, S

Pink Shoe Laces

Now I've got a guy and his name is Dooley.
He's my guy, and I love him truly.
He's not good-lookin', heaven knows,
But I'm wild about his crazy clothes.

He wears tan shoes with pink shoe laces,
A polka-dot vest and man, oh, man,
He wears tan shoes with pink shoe laces,
And a big panama with a purple hatband.

He takes me deep-sea fishin' in a submarine.
We go to drive-in movies in a limousine.
He's got a whirly birdy an' a 12ft. yacht,
Ah, but that isn't all he's got.

He's got tan shoes with pink shoe laces,
A polka-dot vest and man, oh, man,
He's got tan shoes with pink shoe laces,
And a big panama with a purple hatband.

Now Dooley had a feelin' going to war,
So he went out an' enlisted fighting corps.
But he landed in the big such a storm,
When they tried to put him uniform.

He wanted tan shoes with pi laces,
A polka-dot vest and man, o
He wanted tan shoes with pi laces,
And a big panama with a hatband.

Now one day Dooley sick,
And he decided that he make his will out quic
He said, "Just before come to carry me,
I want it down in writing bury me.

"With my tan shoes with laces,
A polka-dot vest and man, o
With my tan shoes with laces,
And a big panama with hatband."

Words by courtesy of Pioneer Music Enterprises, Hollywood, U

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DODIE

DODIE is due to arrive in Australia next week to tour for The Headliners.

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A WORD FROM DEBBIE

SOON those lovely warm summer days will be here again, and weekends will be packed with picnics, beach outings, etc. And this means, of course, that the fashion order of the day will be for your prettiest, smartest shorts, playsuits, and swimsuits.

While most girls are looking forward to getting out these free-'n-easy leisure clothes, many girls are dreading the thought of exposing their not-too-glamorous legs.

To save a lot of heartache later, now's the time to start exercising to get those legs into good shape.

If flabby thighs are your particular problem, try the double hip-hit.

Lie flat on the floor, with your hands extended to the sides and your knees bent up. Then roll, slapping the outside of your thigh against the floor, first one side, then the other. As you repeat this exercise, remember to touch the outside of your knee to the floor each time.

If it's an extra layer of flesh on your calves that you want to be rid of, try sitting upright with your palms flat on the floor behind you.

Bend your knees upwards in quick succession, and smartly slap the fleshy part of the lower leg on the floor. Repeat this exercise several times.

Not all the girls are worried about legs that are too fat, though.

For some the horror of wearing shorts, etc., comes from the painful realisation that their too-thin legs put them in the "Bird Leg" brigade.

Too-thin legs can also be helped by exercise, but here the exercise should be slow, so that muscles are not only exerted but developed.

One very good exercise (to be done really slowly) is to stand with your hands lightly resting on a chair or table and with your feet firmly planted about 8in. apart. Rise to tiptoe and bend your knees outwards as, with back straight, you sink into a deep knee bend. After a pause, slowly rise on to your toes and then back to heels. Repeat.

Remember, that to be effective these exercises must be repeated several times every day, and for the difference they'll make to your leisure-time poise they'll be more than well worth the effort.

Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Who knows best?

"MY parents have decided that I should be a domestic science teacher when I complete this last year of high school. My problem is that I'm not sure I want to continue schooling after this year, and I hate the routine that surely must be involved in teaching. I'd really like to be a newspaper reporter, but because my father insisted I take a domestic science course at high school I haven't got the qualification for reporting. Do you think I'm being childish and self-centred in not wanting to take the responsibilities and routine of teaching? I want to travel and learn fully about all the countries I travel in, and I'm sure I couldn't do that while teaching. I've tried to talk it over with Mum, but she thrusts it aside, taking for granted that I'll be a teacher, or, if anything prevented this, then a dressmaker. I don't want to lose my parents' faith, but I feel I have just one life to live, and I want to live it to the full."

"Itchy Feet," Qld.

You really have my sympathy, for I don't think any parent has the right to force a child to take up a career against his or her will. As you say, you only have one life, and your working years can seem terribly long and terribly dreary if you're doing a job in which you have no interest.

If your parents won't see reason, could you ask one of your teachers to discuss the matter with them?

I do hope though that your attitude isn't being colored by romantic notions of what some jobs have to offer.

Once you qualified as a domestic science teacher you certainly wouldn't be prevented from travelling. Teachers are in demand the world over. As for the responsibilities and routine, any job that is worthwhile must have a certain amount of routine and quite a lot of responsibility.

From your letter, you must imagine that a newspaper reporter leads the life of a globetrotter, completely free of all responsibility and routine. Would that you were right—but I'm afraid you've been watching too many fictional reporters on TV and movie screens.

The average, real life reporter has plenty of responsibiliity and routine, and chances to travel on glamorous assignments aren't nearly as frequent as you'd imagine.

Family tree trouble

"I AM 16 and like a boy of the same age. My parents do not like me going out with this boy, because they think he is my second cousin. They think he is a very nice person, but this one thing is the whole trouble. However, I'm not sure that he is my second cousin. Could you please tell me if he is or not? And could I marry him if he is? He is my grandmother's sister's child."

"Relative," N.S.W.

Something tells my maternal grandmother's daughter's only child that you're pulling my leg. Of course this boy is your second cousin.

Legally there is nothing to stop you marrying your second cousin. Lots of people have done so happily, though general feeling is that inter-marriage of close branches on a family tree should not be encouraged too much.

However, you're still very young to be thinking of marriage, and I'm sure you'll find there are many, many wonderful boys in this world who are far removed from your own family group.

Possibly much of this boy's attraction for you lies in the fact that he is like one of the family, and you can relax with him much more readily than you can with boys you've known just a short while.

If you really like your cousin's company, continue to go out with him by all means. But explain to your parents—and to him—that at present you look on him as a good friend. Through your outings together you should both meet and mix with more boys and girls of your own age.

In a few years' time, if you both still feel your love is real, go ahead and marry. You'll then be ready to join the band of second cousins who've made happy marriages.

Dyeing for love

"I AM a blond of 18 and I have a boy-friend with whom I am madly in love. He likes redheads far better than brunettes or blonds. If I wish to keep this boy, I'm sure I'll have to dye my hair. Should I do this or drop him?"

"Blondie," W.A.

I think you probably take him far too seriously. But if you are going to dye for love try a tint that lasts only a few weeks, and be prepared for a horrified reaction from him. Generally men are far more old-fashioned about hair color than girls.

Twelve's too young

"DURING the holidays, at a Country Club dance, I met a good-looking boy about 18. We got on well together, and he learned my name and address, but I didn't learn his. I thought he was just another boy, and immediately forgot all about him. A few weeks afterwards he wrote, very politely, asking me for a date. I am only 12, but look about 14 when dressed up. What should I do? I am not really interested in him or any other boy."

"All Mixed Up," N.S.W.

At 12 you're certainly much too young to have a date with a boy of 18, and you're a sensible girl to realise this.

Answer this boy's letter by politely thanking him for his invitation and telling him you're sorry you can't accept but your parents consider you're too young to have dates. He'll understand.

Smitten at 13

"I AM 13, and madly in love with a 14-year-old boy I see on the train on the way home from school. My girl-friend, who is just 14, likes his boy-friend. We know they like us because of their actions, but we feel they are rather shy. We usually get in the same compartment and just look at each other. Would it be wrong to talk to these boys, and would it be flirting? Please don't say I only have a teenage crush on this boy, because I have loved him for too long, and I have never felt this way before."

"Love-Sick," Vic.

I know these aren't the words you want to hear, but they're the truth—you DO have a teenage crush. Naturally you think it's love. You couldn't have a genuine crush if you didn't think so.

I don't think any 13-year-old can possibly be in love, or really understand what romantic love is. You prove this in your own case by saying you're in love with this boy you've never spoken to. And that just isn't possible.

To love a person you must understand him, appreciate his moods and personality, have mutual interests, etc. Physical attraction is just one side of it. So, apart from your age, how could you possibly be in love with a boy you've never even said hallo to?

The fact that you've never felt that way before doesn't prove you're in love. It merely proves you're growing up and passing through another phase. Probably you've never had a giant-size crush on a boy before either.

It wouldn't exactly be wrong for you and your girl-friend to speak to these boys, but it would be flirting. And why cheapen yourselves? I've yet to meet a boy so shy that he won't speak to a girl if he really wants to.

All Greek to her

"I'M 18 and I'm in love with a Greek boy of 19. Early this week he called me over to him and said he had been in Australia for four years, and that he didn't want to get into trouble for going with an Australian girl. So he said he didn't want to see me again. Could you please tell me what to do?"

"Unhappy Aussie," Vic.

The brush-off is as international as love itself, and I'm afraid that's what you've been given. If this boy loved you, if he wanted to see you again, it wouldn't really matter to him whether you were Greek or Australian.

What to do? Write this friendship down to experience, dry your eyes, and start looking round for a young man more worthy of your love.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

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It's not just good luck — it's good management

By CAROLYN EARLE

Have you ever envied the girl who stands on the street corner with every hair in place, waiting for a bus . . . or who drives in an open car with her hair streaming back carelessly?

Well, you can bet your life that there's nothing simple or natural about her hairdo. The weather can be disastrous to your hair. Sun and wind do their best to turn it into straw, and the sea likes to make that straw go sticky.

Believe you me, the girl whose hair always looks well-kept has taken a lot of trouble to keep it so. Below are four simple steps which help to make the hairdo shown at right trim and biddable in any weather.

ATTRACTIVE for everyday and evening, this medium-long hairdo is simple and easy to manage. The trick is to set the front and top hair on rollers.

WASH. Shampoo your hair as often as needed, perhaps with an oil or egg shampoo, not a soapless one, if your hair tends to dry. (Do you know that some of the pretty girls in the Riviera resorts have a shampoo EVERY single evening?) Then rinse the hair very, very well.

BRUSH. The way to put natural gloss on your hair is to brush it gently while it is still wet and make long strokes from the scalp downward. Use a bristle brush to avoid splitting the ends. After brushing, the hair is just right for setting, with the excess moisture removed, but still quite damp enough and easy for you to handle.

ROLLERS. Switch to rollers for a loose, quick-dry wave. Rollers are especially good for longish hair and combine well with pin-curls if your hair is short. The rolling technique can be mastered even by the ham-handed after just a few tries. Roll each strand of hair evenly and firmly, then fix each cylinder with a spring clip or a big hairpin.

SET. A setting net is essential, whether you own a hand-dryer or just have to wait while your hair dries naturally; it keeps every curl in place until the whole head is bone dry. When the hair is quite dry and the cap and rollers are removed, brush out the curls thoroughly. The effect is to make the finished hairdo both natural and disciplined.

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Baby-sitting without tears

● Baby-sitting has become such big business in the United States that an American called Mary Furlong Moore has written "The Baby Sitter's Guide" — especially for the guidance of teenagers.

IN her book Miss Moore answers just about every question you could think of in a lifetime of baby-sitting.

Evidently she has had a lot of experience of this kind of thing herself. Her own observations, many of them written down while actually out on sitting jobs, provide a mine of useful information for any teenage sitter.

First of all, Miss Moore says, the baby-sitter must have her "bible," a note-book for sitting dates and instructions.

In it, you have the name, address, and telephone number of the family who have asked you to mind their child. Then the time they expect you to arrive and the time they expect to be home. Enter, too, the names and ages of the children and any special instructions about feeding the baby, etc.

Be businesslike

In discussing a sitting job with a parent, make it clear how much you charge per hour, and if you charge overtime after midnight as some sitters do. And check up beforehand on how you are to get home and tell your own family the name and phone number where you will be.

When you arrive on the job —**ON TIME,** or a little before time to help the harassed mother get away—ask her for a telephone number where she can be reached, the name and address of the place she will be, the family doctor's name, number and address, substitute doctor's name, nearest neighbor's telephone number, where nappies and children's clothing and bedclothes are, and how to work any appliance you may want to operate, e.g., the electric jug or radiogram.

And, of course, you have already entered in that handy book of yours where and how to get in touch with the Fire Brigade, Ambulance, and Police Department.

Take it quietly

So now you're on the job. You arrive quietly, greet the children in a friendly way, but don't gush over them and frighten them out of their wits.

Author Moore never goes sitting without her KIT. This is a confidence-winner, especially for children you don't know well.

When time comes for mother to leave, and there may be "I Want Mummy" trouble, you produce your kit—a bag full of surprises guaranteed to distract any child.

Miss Moore has her bag painted red with green stripes. And in it are: bright rubber balls, a small flashlight, sheets of drawing-paper, crayons, pieces of bright-colored cloth, blunt-end scissors and old magazines for cut-outs, story books, comic books, a book of songs, and a tin pie-dish and spoon.

You may have your own opinions about the wisdom of some of these — perhaps the pie-dish and spoon raise some doubts — but you can vary the kit to suit yourself and the children you look after.

Sitter Moore feels that with this dazzling array of playthings to investigate, it would be a rare child who would waste his time crying for the departing mother.

As soon as the parents have gone, look around to see that there is nothing which would be dangerous to the children—matches left on low tables, unlatched windows, pots near the edge of the stove, open bathrooms with inviting medicine cabinets.

The mention of locks reminds Miss Moore of a sitting hazard she has evidently encountered — the child who locks himself in a room and enjoys the sitter's fuming frustration on the other side of the door.

But she has a solution for this one, too. When there is any danger or previous experience of this sort of thing, she stuffs the lock holes in the door frames (opposite the locks) with wads of toilet paper, blotter, or cardboard!

Which leads us to a brief study of why some children are "stinkers" while others are "little dolls."

Miss Moore has decided that much of this depends on the child's age. Behaviour is at its worst at one and a half years, two to two and a half years, three and a half through four, five and a half through six, seven up to eight.

These are bad times for the children, and, consequently, for the sitters. Insecure children—in a new house, perhaps with only one parent, or for some other reason — are often difficult. Sitters also have to be careful of jealousy.

You need patience

Tantrums are a gruelling experience for the young sitter. They may be from temper, jealousy, or from being overtired. Whatever the cause, it will do no good to argue or punish a child having a tantrum.

The best thing to do is distract the child's attention—this is where the kit comes in again.

If that does no good and the tantrum goes on, remove all breakables and just stand by until the child wears itself out.

And remember, it is never the job of the sitter to spank or punish other people's children. Their parents are the ones to do that.

With most children, it is best to try to grant their requests whenever possible and reasonable.

When you tell them what to do, do it in a definite but friendly way. When you say no, mean it.

And, most important, never make a promise to a child if you won't be able to keep it.

In most cases babies and children up to two and a half have already been bathed and are in bed when the sitter arrives. However, if you are expected to bathe such small children before bedtime, it is wise to ask the mother for instructions.

Be careful not to get soap in a child's eyes.

Bedtime clean-up

Children between the ages of two and 12 have usually to be reminded to brush their teeth and wash their faces before getting into bed, if the mother doesn't want them to have a bath.

If you find that a child fears bathing or fears your giving him a bath, it is best to forget the whole thing. It is much more important not to upset him at bedtime.

Of course, you make sure that children of all ages (except those in the nappy stage) go to the toilet before getting into bed. Don't disturb the child in his sleep for a second trip to the bathroom unless the mother has told you that he is accustomed to this.

Going-to-bed time is often tricky. Miss Moore considers bedtime the real test of the sitter's abilities. You have to try to make a game out of going to bed.

Read a short story. Remind the child that his mother will be pleased to find him safe in bed when she comes home.

If he has a favorite radio or television programme just before bedtime, listen or watch with him, but be sure to snap off the set before he can become interested in the next programme.

When your charge or charges are tucked up, some may want you to leave a small light on or the door open. Or you may even have to stay with a nervous child until he is asleep.

During the evening, be sure to look in on all sleeping children every half hour or so to see that all is well.

Many children have nightmares and this throws you into confusion. All you can do is turn on the light and try to comfort them.

If a child wakes up screaming with fear, give him some familiar doll or toy to hold and stay near until it has passed. Arguments or threats will do no good — what he needs is comfort.

Baby-sitters should also know what to do if a child wets the bed—this is quite normal in children from two to seven. When they wake and fret about it, don't scold; be casual.

Quietly change the bedclothes and the child's nightclothes and tuck him in again.

Once you are settled in and the child or children are (you hope) asleep, the biggest problem for teenage sitters is how to keep awake. This is terribly important, especially if one of your charges is a baby.

Practical suggestions for staying awake on the job are, first of all, to make sure you aren't tired yourself.

Radio or records

Tune in to your favorite radio or TV programme or play records.

Ask permission to have a friend sit with you — not a boy-friend. Dates and baby-sitting don't mix.

Cups of coffee or tea every so often, soft drinks, and sweets will help you keep awake and alert. Thoughtful parents always provide snacks for the sitter.

A POINT OF ETIQUETTE

● Eating spaghetti is an art in itself, but a pretty simple art to acquire.

SPAGHETTI-EATERS are never selfconscious, they just can't be.

But to eat it in the true Italian style you don't have to sound like a vacuum-cleaner, either.

Don't be timid and cut it into little pieces and eat it with the fork only. That's really sissy — and also takes hours.

The only way to eat spaghetti and enjoy it is with a large spoon and fork.

Hold the spoon in the left hand, practically upright in the plate of spaghetti.

With the fork in right hand, separate a few strands, and with the tip of the prongs against the spoon wind the spaghetti round and round into a manageable mouthful.

There's usually a little left hanging from the fork — you'll just have to tuck that in the best way you can, still looking elegant.

By the way, don't stir the spaghetti, cheese, and sauce all together; let them mix gently by themselves.

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. . . or tantrums

If you see that they have forgotten to leave anything for you, ask if they mind your having something to help you stay awake.

But this doesn't mean you should raid the icebox and massacre the cold roast.

It goes without saying that you clear up and wash up any dishes you use.

If you get very sleepy, bathe your face, neck, and wrists with very cold water. This is guaranteed to wake anyone up.

There's quite a lot to know about minding babies up to fourteen months old.

When a small baby cries, it is usually for a good reason. He may be wet, tangled in the covers, or lying in a position he isn't used to.

It's best to ask the mother before she goes where the dry nappies are, and how she folds them — there are quite a few different ways and baby will be happiest with the way he's used to.

Heating bottles

If you have to feed a bottle baby, you warm the bottle in a pitcher or saucepan of hot water. Watch carefully when heating, and do not allow the water to boil.

Shake a few drops from the bottle on to the inside of your wrist; if it feels hot to you, it's too hot for the baby. It should be just a warm body temperature.

Babies often cry from colic, the gas pains many young babies have after feeding. If a baby is dry and otherwise comfortable and still crying, it may be colic.

Pick him up gently, remembering to support his head and back with great care. Hold him up against your shoulder, rubbing or patting him on the back until he has had a few good burps.

And don't attempt to bathe a small baby by yourself unless you have had a lot of practice.

Accidents will happen, no matter how careful you are. If it is anything at all serious, call the mother at once, and the family doctor, too.

First-aid hints

Here are some things you can do for simple illness and accidents, or while you are waiting for the doctor.

Cuts, scrapes, and scratches: Wash carefully with soap and water and add a loose bandage of sterile gauze. If the wound is deep and bleeding profusely, call the mother at once.

Burns: If the burn is slight petroleum jelly will soothe it. If it's a severe burn and you can't get the doctor, wrap the child in blankets and get him to the nearest hospital as quickly as possible.

Head bumps: An ordinary head bump will swell, the child will cry for about 15 minutes, but will not grow pale or vomit. If the child shows these symptoms, call the doctor and the mother.

Stomach-aches: Have child lie down and keep quiet. If pain continues and vomiting develops, call for help.

Poisons: If you think or know a child has swallowed a poison or something which may be harmful to him, phone the doctor at once.

Dog, cat, or any animal bites Wash the bite with soap and water. Tell the mother or doctor as soon as possible.

"Something in my eye": If a child gets something in his eye, bathe the eye gently with a soft cloth and plenty of lukewarm water. Don't try to turn up the lid or poke into the eye.

Choking: If a little one gets something caught in his windpipe and is choking, turn him upside down and slap him hard on the back, right below the shoulder blades. If whatever it is is not dislodged quickly, rush the child to the doctor or the hospital.

Nosebleeds: Apply a cold or ice cloth to the back of the neck or to the forehead.

So there it is—baby-sitting—a wonderful way to make money and one which fits into most teenage schedules.

The best way to make baby-sitting pay is to collect a list of regular clients who can call on you whenever they want to.

If you are just starting out, you might send out a simple little typewritten announcement to parents with young children in your neighborhood—give age, fees, telephone number, and the names of people who will recommend you as reliable.

And boys—baby-sitting is for you, too. One high-school boy told Miss Moore he has two regular sitting nights a week: "I keep up with my school work better, and still make enough to date over the weekend," he said.

"At first the guys called me a sissy, but now they're all trying to get in on the act."

This GUY says girls best like PLAIN SWAINS

● This week I have a few wise words to say about going steady. (This is being typed ONE-finger — the other one is busy touching wood; you know that saying "speaking of the Devil!")

I FIRMLY believe that, paradoxically, for a boy to be a hit with one girl for any time he has to be a flop with girls in general!

I used to think once that to have a girl in a whirl it helped a fellow to have, say, golden curly locks, a Greek god-like physique, a set of pearly choppers, and a patter like Danny Kaye's. That sort of stuff.

Or, of course, a best-selling bank book!

(Don't for one moment get the idea that I'm suggesting that I have all those properties. No, ma'am, MY hair is brown!)

But now I know better. I've been studying some mates who have joined the Legion of the Lost and become Steady Eddies — and I've seen some strange things.

They get the girls (or the girls get them, I'm not going to argue) because of their good looks and what-have-you. Then the girls suddenly find that the advantages their beaus have are disadvantages!

What do I mean?

Well, for instance, let's look at the case of my old pal **Cha-Charlie.**

We call him that because he's about as (light) fantastic a dancer as you'll find this side of the Black (Bottom) Stump.

You'd think that Charlie would be his regular girl's Pride (of Erin) and joy, wouldn't you? Well, after watching them at dances together, I'm sure she wishes he was about as light-footed as a deep-sea diver.

Why? Simple. You see, Charlie is such a good dancer that *all* the girls try to dance with him.

That was all right with his girl-friend when she was just one of the girls. But now that she wants to be his *only* girl she hates to see him "Dancing With Dears in His Arms"!

The way things are going with Charlie and his girl, it looks to me as if they'll break up unless he becomes a wall-flower.

The Lawyer is another mate of mine whose attraction for girls **en masse** has turned into an unsteadying "steadying" influence.

The Lawyer earns his nickname with his eloquent tongue. He can talk the leg off a chair.

His steady girl loved his polished patter, too — before she decided she wanted to put her brand on him. Now, however, I'm sure she wishes he had a worse conversation than a dumb-waiter! Crazy, isn't it?

No crazier than the case of my old buddy **Biceps Bourke.**

Biceps has a build that makes Tarzan look like an African pygmy (in other words, he makes his presence **veldt!**). But does his Indian (club) squaw like the — or, rather, his — developments?

She loved them — until she was treated to the regular spectacle of watching other girls trying to muscle-in on his muscles for picnic and beach snapshots.

I hear she's now looking for a less muscular and less attractive — to other girls — playmate.

So, you see what I mean about how things (meaning the boy's attractions) change when he's a steady.

Of course, I couldn't expect any complications if I got hooked. I'm skinny (that's how I get my reputation for being a bit of a rake!), I'm an Adair not an Astaire, and I couldn't talk my way out of a paper brag.

That's why I'm now taking lessons in body-building, dancing, and elocution.

That way, apparently, I've got a fair chance of being so popular with a lot of girls that if I get trapped by one she'll drop me like a too-hot potato!

— Robin Adair

BRAIN TWIZZLERS

TWO travelling salesmen, covering the same territory for different organisations, planned to catch a four o'clock train.

"High-Pressure" Jones didn't know it, but his watch was ten minutes slow and he thought it was five minutes fast. "Silky" Smith didn't know it, but his watch was five minutes fast and he thought it was ten minutes slow.

With all this confusion as to the correct timing of watches, who got to the train first?

A SLEEPWALKER joined the army.

One night when he was with his unit in an encampment which had sixteen locations in the shape of a square he went sleepwalking.

The sergeant followed him on his hike and when the men were all together the next day the sergeant told how the sleepwalker had started from his own location, which was the second one in the east row, and had walked through every one of the locations in straight lines, making only five turns.

Can you figure out how he did it and trace his path?

Answer to last week's Twizzler:

● There were only three in the party. The lawyer's daughter was the doctor's wife.

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LOVE STORY

Don't Push the Pace!

Simon and I knew we were meant for each other from that first time we met at the youth club . . .

All the world seemed rosy with our love.

IN THE MONTHS AFTER THAT THE FIRST FLUSH OF ROMANCE SIMMERED DOWN... BUT IN ITS PLACE WAS A WARM, SWEET HAPPINESS...

WE LOVED EACH OTHER, AND THOUGH HE HADN'T ACTUALLY PROPOSED...

ONLY ONE THING WORRIED ME... SIMON SEEMED TO SPEND SO MUCH MONEY...

IT WAS SIMON'S EXTRAVAGANCE THAT BROUGHT MATTERS TO A HEAD... ONE NIGHT HE WANTED TO GO DANCING.

ALL MY WONDERFUL PLANS CRASHED TO PIECES ABOUT MY EARS...

WHEN HE WAS GONE, MY HURT PRIDE FADED... AND I BEGAN TO REALISE...
I KNEW IN MY HEART THAT I HAD DRIVEN SIMON FROM ME.

MY HEARTACHE GREW WORSE AS THE DAYS PASSED... I DIDN'T SEE SIMON AT THE CLUB, BUT...

I NEVER WENT OUT AND SOON MY FAMILY STARTED TO NOTICE. I THINK IT WAS MUM WHO ASKED MY COUSIN BETTY TO PERSUADE ME TO GO DANCING...

BETTY FINALLY PERSUADED ME... AND WHEN WE ARRIVED AT THE DANCE... HER BOY FRIEND AND MY DATE WERE WAITING IN THE FOYER.

MY FIRST THOUGHT WAS THAT BETTY AND HER BOY HAD RIGGED THE WHOLE THING... BUT IT WAS ONLY A FANTASTIC COINCIDENCE...

I WANTED TO RUN AWAY, BUT SIMON TOOK MY ARM...

I TOLD MYSELF TO REMEMBER ALL THE GIRLS HE HAD TAKEN OUT, TO BE ANGRY, BUT I COULD ONLY THINK THAT I WAS IN HIS ARMS AGAIN...

I WAS READY TO ASK FORGIVENESS, PLEAD TO BE TAKEN BACK, BUT THERE WAS NO NEED...

AND WHEN THE LAST WALTZ WAS PLAYING...

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He was the tall, strong, tongue-tied type . . .

and she was the petite, shy type!

Result: Silence. Long, embarrassing silences. *Lots* of them! As soon as he decently can, he'll be off to the boys for a yarn about last Saturday's game. She'll heave a sigh of relief and head for a giggle with the girls.

Neither of them has discovered, yet, that it's *easy* to meet new people, to be at home in any conversation, in any group, by *making sure* you have plenty to talk about. And that's where the most brightly written newspaper, the Daily Telegraph, can help most.

Crisp and clear reporting . . . well-written features on exciting people and events . . . "inside stories" of fashion and sport . . . exclusive serials . . . dramatic action photographs. That's the recipe that makes your Daily Telegraph as entertaining as it is informative. Don't miss a day of it!

PEOPLE AT THE TOP TOMORROW READ THE TELEGRAPH TODAY!

Daily Telegraph

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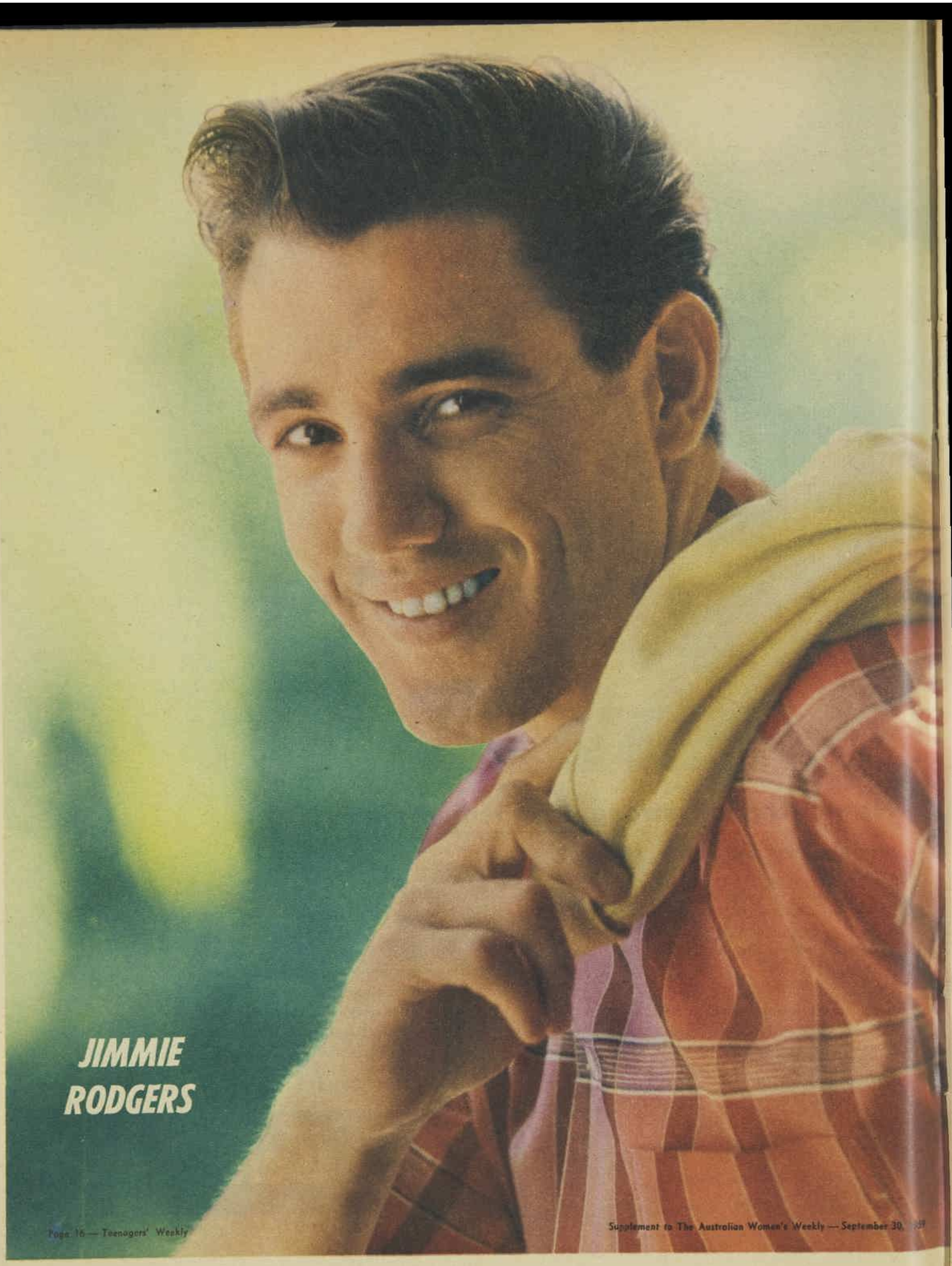

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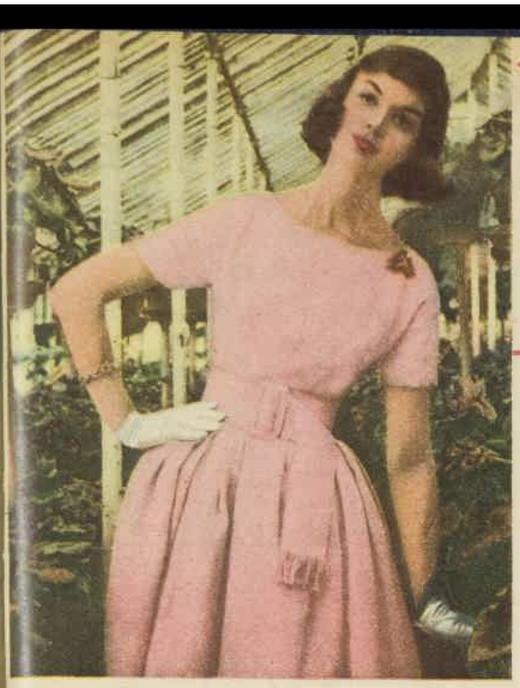

5451. ***COLLARLESS*** *one-piece (left), with the new flattering stress on the waistline. This one is firmly belted in self material, with a fringed edge. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4¼yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.*

5453. ***SHIRTWAIST*** *dress gone feminine (right), this one has a wide open neckline and all-round soft pleats in the skirt. The sleeves are cuffed. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. The pattern price is 4/6.*

5452. ***NEAT*** *as a pin button-through shirtwaist dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Pattern price 4/6.*

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Stomach upset— a risk you take with ordinary aspirin

THE MAIN INGREDIENT OF MOST PAIN RELIEVERS

ORDINARY ASPIRIN—the main ingredient of most headache and pain relievers does not readily dissolve. This means that it may enter your stomach as coarse acid particles. Medical experience shows that these undissolved aspirin particles can lodge in and irritate the stomach lining—a cause of serious conditions in some people, of indigestion, dyspepsia and heartburn in others.

DISPRIN, THE DISSOLVING ASPIRIN, is free from these defects. Disprin dissolves in seconds to become a solution so that no undissolved aspirin particles remain to irritate and upset your stomach. Disprin is far less acid too. And because Disprin dissolves so readily it is absorbed more quickly into the bloodstream to bring faster relief. That's why Disprin is the safe, fast way to relieve headache and pain.

PERIOD PAINS—Disprin, at such times, is a blessing to women. Pain is relieved and the nerves rapidly soothed. Keep the flat pack in your handbag.

SAFER FOR CHILDREN—Disprin is much safer for children because it dissolves and is far less acid. It can easily be given as a drink, and is most helpful when infants are teething.

but you avoid this risk when you take

DISPRIN

THE *DISSOLVING* ASPIRIN

DOCTORS RECOMMEND DISPRIN—FOR HEADACHES, NERVE PAINS, FEVERISHNESS, COLDS, CHILLS, 'FLU • From all chemists.

DRESS SENSE

By Betty Keep

DS369.—One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/-. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

• The one-piece summer dress illustrated here was chosen in answer to a reader's query.

HERE is her letter and my reply:

"Could you help me with a style and paper pattern for a summer dress to be made in floral striped cotton and plain contrast? I want the dress to have a full skirt and perfectly plain bodice finished with shoulder-straps. I can't work out the contrast, but I wanted to use ½yd. of plain material I have on hand. My measurements are 36in. bust., 26in. waist, 37in. hips."

The design I have chosen for you (illustrated at right) has an inset midriff (use your ½yd. of fabric), which gives the dress a pretty shape, as does the all-round pleated skirt. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"PLEASE could you tell me some new summer shades to suit a girl with dark eyes and hair and a creamy complexion?"

Orange, apricot, white, light and dark pink, and ginger are all currently fashionable colors that should suit a brunette extremely well.

"WHEN attending a formal dance, is it correct to wear an evening dress with a rather short skirt?"

Yes, it is. In Paris many formal evening dresses have a skirtline at mid-calf length.

"WOULD you advise me about the latest teenage styles for slacks, shorts, and tops?"

There is a leaning towards a neat "boy" look in teenage resort fashions. In this fad-category are long shorts and short (above-ankle-length) slacks. Also seen are brass-buttoned blazer jackets, weskits, and shirts worn neatly tucked in and belted. Cotton velveteen is chic for trousers, weskits, and blazer jackets. Shirts look best in cotton; and don't forget in this field there are limitless possibilities with color.

"I HAVE some silk taffeta in a bright blue which I would like to make into a semi-formal party frock. I am 19, take an SSW fitting, and am medium height. I generally wear tailored styles."

A pretty party formula is: Bared neckline, front and back, sleeves gathered into little puffs, and waist widely belted with a matching or contrasting cummerbund.

"I WOULD like your advice about trimming the neckline of a late-day dress. The dress is made in stiff moire silk, the neck is quite high and bateau-shape without a collar."

I suggest a large flat bow in self-material placed at centre front of the bodice and stretching from shoulder to shoulder.

"WOULD white embroidered lawn be suitable for a formal afternoon dress?"

All white or white plus color is high up on the spring-summer color chart. The fabric, too, is right in fashion. Cotton is worn for every hour of the day.

Beauty in brief:

Exercise for problem spots

By CAROLYN EARLE

• Here is a good 10-minute daily routine which will help streamline the waist, hips, and thighs.

FOR a small waist: Stand with feet apart, bend sideways from the hips alternately left and right, sliding the hands as far down the side of the legs as possible.

Repeat six times. Don't bend forward, or you will be wasting your time and energy.

Kneading and brisk slapping will also help to reduce that unsightly "spare tyre."

For slimmer hips: Hold on to a chair, keeping the body upright, and swing each leg alternately forward and outward, then backward and outward six times.

A few minutes' brisk friction with a rough towel after a hot bath helps slim the hips and seat.

Bicycle drill done rapidly is effective for reducing thighs and legs. It also tones up the system.

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AMAZING

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Hushabye
Along Came Jones
Just A Little Too Much.
There Goes My Baby
My Heart Is An Open Book
The End
Whole Lotta Lovin'
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From the top ten in New York we have chosen the six best sellers, and to ensure the earliest possible release we have again chosen by popularity poll six recent hits for the flipside, a combination you cannot afford to miss.

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Wunderbar
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OKLAHOMA
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Played by Johnny Gregory & His London Orchestra. In response to the many requests for show music, we have assembled on the one disc, outstanding top tunes from no less than TWELVE OF THE GREATEST MUSICAL SHOWS in the last five years. This disc could not fail to please any taste in music. Specially selected by our American panel for your enjoyment.

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Probably the most popular operetta ever to flow from the lyrical pens of Gilbert & Sullivan is captured in all its glory on this wonderful disc. The magnificent voice of Martyn Green, who is to Gilbert & Sullivan, as Enrico Caruso was to Grand Opera, leads the cast. This includes such stars as James Pease noted American Basso, Karl Brock who has recently starred in Germany as that nation's leading basso and Barbara Troxell soprano who made her Metropolitan opera debut in Iltrovatore some six years ago. These excerpts chosen for you comprise over 70% of the total music of the Mikado and include every important aria and duet in the Operetta.

SAVE MONEY

It costs nothing to join the Popular Record Club, simply write to us and we will forward you our free monthly club Digest from which you can make your selection. Popular records being of highest quality polyvinyl cost 52/6 each if purchased other than through the club. If your record is not in perfect condition when received, please return it immediately and we will gladly refund your money or send you another record, whichever you wish under our MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. If a replacement record is supplied we will pay postage. Records must be returned within three days in the original wrapper. We regret that we can only exchange a record if it is faulty in any way.

Although the Popular Record Club Pty. Ltd. is not the first in the field in Australia, it is nevertheless the first club to offer all of these advantages to its members:

★ No Entry Fee whatsoever.

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★ A jacket especially created for Club members to enable easy identification and classification in the Pops, Evergreen and Classical fields. The club jacket as illustrated has a predominantly Yellow background for Pops, Green for Evergreen and Blue for Classical.

★ Members are not obliged to purchase any records—they purchase only what they want from the club's monthly releases. If the various releases in any one month do not appeal to members, then there is no obligation whatsoever to purchase a record.

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I wish to join the POPULAR RECORD CLUB PTY. LTD., and register my name to be advised of future monthly releases:—

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☐ PERFECT FOR DANCING — A collectors item. Played by Willie Farmer and His Orchestra.

☐ THAT'S MY DESIRE — 12 of Frankie Laine's greatest numbers.

☐ VIENNA IN ¾ TIME — Strauss Waltzes to please the taste of all.

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Cleans your hair like Magic!

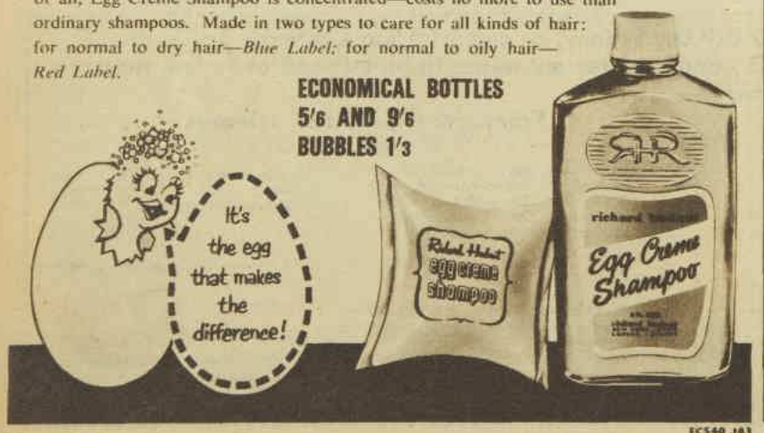
RICHARD HUDNUT
egg creme shampoo

FOR NORMAL, DRY OR OILY HAIR

Better than a shampoo . . . a true beauty treatment for your hair! This wonderful, *soapless* shampoo contains the natural, beneficial protein of egg formula. Egg—the natural beautifier of hair.

Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo cleans hair like magic—yet it's gentle, non-drying. It imparts no dulling, "soapy" film to clog the pores of your hair, but leaves your hair shining, silken-soft and lovely! Dull, dry hair or limp, oily hair gain new silken beauty; hidden subtleties of tone are revealed. Permanents "take" better. Best of all, Egg Creme Shampoo is concentrated—costs no more to use than ordinary shampoos. Made in two types to care for all kinds of hair: for normal to dry hair—*Blue Label;* for normal to oily hair—*Red Label.*

ECONOMICAL BOTTLES
5/6 AND 9/6
BUBBLES 1/3



FCS40 .143

Continuing . . . DOUBLE LOVE AFFAIR

from page 34

corner, in a dark booth, at an espresso lounge, where they had come after dinner for a cake and coffee. They sat back, not looking at each other, side by side, holding hands.

"I'm still shaking," Marney said.

They were pressing their luck. The coffee and cake in this cosy, dim-lit place was not cheap, they were not accustomed to such extravagance, but they felt that somehow they must sustain the mood.

"I ran right over to the school as soon as I was let out of rehearsal," Marney said, "and told Alderson what I had done."

"What did he say?"

"He was appalled. At first, I mean. Then he asked me a lot of questions, and finally he began to laugh."

"I was afraid of that, more than anything."

"Well, they didn't laugh. At least he didn't."

"Neither did she."

Marney tilted her head back and gazed at the ceiling. "Oh, Jack, we're not fired — we're not fired."

"Don't buy houses on it."

"But you saw her this afternoon. She was wonderful — kind to everybody."

Jack smiled. "I almost felt a little sorry for her. Maybe it's been a long time since anybody—"

"I know. I felt that, too. He gave me the strangest kind of look when— But we had to do it; we had to have the jobs."

Jack said, "What are you going to do with your first week's salary?"

Marney turned to him. "I should pay debts. But I'm going to buy a cashmere coat."

"Like hers?"

"Mildly. What about you?"

"I'm going to move into a hotel room where there's heat. Just for a week."

Marney narrowed her eyes. "Will they let women into your hotel room?"

"If I keep the door open."

"Listen," Marney said. "I expected to wear my coat."

Jack laughed at her. "Hi."

Marney said, "Will we be stars overnight?"

Jack said, "What do you think?"

"Will we wake up with the whole world changed?"

"Maybe."

"It has happened."

"The theatre needs new faces, I've heard."

"Oh, Jack!" Marney stretched out her arms towards the espresso machine, towards the future. "Some time we may look back on this day and remember tearfully how young we were, and daring and eager."

. . . .

"I'll fire him," Tom said. His voice was hard and his face was stern. They were at dessert now, past the pheasant and the white asparagus, and the salad of endive; they were eating an almond souffle. It is not easy to look stern while eating an almond souffle. "I'll fire him."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," Alcie said.

"That's the reason for the pearls and the new dress. I might have known."

"You might have known what? They're my second-best pearls. The only reason I told you was I thought you might be amused. Or even pleased."

"Rolling around the stage with an actor. Pleased?"

"Come off it." Alcie laid down her spoon. "I notice it hasn't affected your appetite. He's a sweet boy and he's improved enormously in the part."

"I'll bet."

"Tom, you're being stupid. He has a crush on me, and I find it very flattering."

"Marchbanks in a mackinaw."

"He's much too inarticulate for Marchbanks. I've played Candida, if you remember. All he did was keep repeating my name over and over."

"So does Marchbanks. I've directed Candida, if you remember. Candida, Candida, Candida, Candida, Candida. Five times. Act Three."

A faraway look came into Alcie's eyes. "It's so hard for me to remember other actors' lines," she murmured, and then she began moving her lips.

"Tom, wait. Candida says so and so: 'Come sit down on the hearth rug and talk moonshine, as you usually do. I want to be amused.' Then Marchbanks says something and gets down on the rug and — and what does he say?"

"Oh, something about being so miserable when he was doing right. And now he was doing wrong and he's happy."

"Tom." Alcie opened her eyes as wide as they would go, and stared at her husband. "Jack said that to me. Today. He didn't even bother to change the words. That rat! Fire him. The impertinence. To think I wouldn't know Candida."

"Well," Tom said, "you never did know it very accurately."

"We'd better recheck the map, to make sure you don't get lost."

"Candida! How dare he?" Alcie picked up her spoon and went back to her souffle. "Candida's ten years older than Marchbanks."

"Fifteen, dear," Tom said. "Fifteen."

"Fire him."

"You've been had, my dear," Tom said. "You were obviously just a problem that was posed by one of the teachers at the school. Let's be generous and suppose it was an advanced problem."

"Candida." Alcie was not amused. She put her hands behind her neck and unhooked the twist of creamy pearls and laid them on the table. Suddenly she looked tired.

"Alcie, listen," Tom said, and stretched out a hand towards her. "I think I have a funny story to tell you. Look at me."

Alcie raised her eyes.

"Is there some play in which a man fires a girl — his secretary maybe — and after it's over, she turns on him and — Oh, the line is something about, 'You're not my employer any more; we're just two human beings,' or something like that, and 'I want to tell you I love you.' Does that ring a bell?"

"Yes," Alcie said. "That's Linda in 'Accent on Youth.' We did it years ago in stock."

Tom hit the side of his head. "Of course. And the man's line is: 'You curious creature.' I got that much."

"What are you talking about?"

Tom said, "I had what's-her-name? — Marney — up to the office today. The paper from her home town had written asking for a story and pictures on her, and I wanted to show her the letter. But she went right into that scene. She thought I was going to fire her, poor kid. She trembled so, that I must say she took me in. I suppose she was just scared."

Alcie looked at Tom, unsmiling. "It's my turn to laugh now, you mean?"

"If you wish. I was touched."

"Dear Tom. I'm touched, too. Poor Marney. Think how desperate she must have been — and Jack, too — to dare to pull such a stunt. What an awful, awful life the theatre is."

"I think you miss the point," Tom said.

"What?"

"The stunt worked."

Alcie put her hand to her face. "That's right," she said. "Fire them."

Tom smiled and leaned back. "The stunt worked better than Jack and Marney meant it to," he said. "Look what it did for you. Instead of falling into bed, you put on a new dress, gave me an excellent dinner, and tried to amuse me. You noticed me for the first time in months. And for me —"

Alcie was looking at him unbelieving. "What did it do for you?"

Tom pushed back his chair. "It made me think of the first time I ever saw you. When I was looking for the Southern girl in 'Kiss the Boys Goodbye' for that stock company I had in Connecticut."

"My accent," Alcie said, "do you still remember?"

"You came in with an accent that could be cut with a knife. And a hat."

"A big hat with roses all over it. I borrowed it from Flossie Simon. I dressed the part."

"To the teeth. All frills and charming glances. And you had a pair of black suede shoes with holes in the soles."

"Tom," Alcie said, "you remember! My dearest shoes!"

"I remember. And I gave you the job, and you thought you had fooled me."

"I did fool you."

"No. Not for a minute. I had other ideas."

"Tom," Alcie said, "you never told me."

"My dear," Tom said, "I've told you a thousand times."

Into the living-room Mary trundled with the coffee. "I made the Italian kind," she said, "the express, in the dangerous pot that looks likely to explode."

"We're going dancing," Tom said.

"Dancing?" Mary said. "Now why would you do that?"

"He asked me," Alcie said.

"Well, that's a good enough reason," Mary said. "But, oh, dear."

"Oh, dear, what?" Tom said.

"Tomorrow I was thinking of. I'll never get her out of bed."

"Tomorrow," Alcie said, "I'll be up with the lark."

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Continuing . . . DAY OF BATTLE

from page 18

Whirlpools spun him around. His log collided with others. He was scratched by unseen stumps.

As he tried to draw himself higher from the water his log rolled and ducked him, and he would shortly have drowned save that a great mass of grass roots and sticks from the dam whose breaking had caused the catastrophe drove round his tree and about and under him, entangling him but preventing him from sinking.

Scuffling weakly in the rooty mass, he was swept downstream. Shortly after dark his log and massed rubbish grounded as the flood spent itself in a vast box flat. Getting free further exhausted him. So that as he finally emerged on a blue-grass slope his tail dragged and he swayed drunkenly on legs, tail, and forepaws, then fell panting on the softness of the grass.

About him the box trees were black against the stars, whispering in faint airs. Far away to the north-west a dingo howled, and another answered it. The old man got up heavily and swayingly. For himself he was not afraid of the wild dogs; they had too much respect for his embrace and his ability to use his hind toes as disembowelling knives, but his does and his joeys were another matter. If attacked by dingoes while alone they would panic, fleeing wildly, heckled now by one dog, now by another until they were pulled down.

Scratched, stiff and sodden, the old man started back along the watercourse, following the dusty ribbon of a cattlepad. While the rush of water from the bursting dam was gone, the channels were still flowing strongly from the great rain in the hills, and he was on the wrong side of the watercourse. But he would solve the problem of crossing when opposite his does.

Meantime he went doggedly up the pad, hopping leadenly, stumbling over small obstructions and lurching against bushes and tree trunks. At the edge of hearing, the dingoes howled menacingly, the number of their voices increased now to perhaps five or six.

The old man, while one of the most primitive forms of life still existent upon earth, possessed much more intelligence than was commonly credited to him. The new and the unexpected might confuse him, but he reasoned clearly in regard to the doings of the wilderness, and he now knew that the dogs were a female with a grown litter and her mate.

The old dogs would be teaching the young dogs to hunt, carefully showing them how to frighten sheep so that they bunched, then demonstrating how to dart in, race across the woolly backs and slash the stupid throats, teaching the method of pulling down a calf and dodging the attack of the maddened cow, showing them how to deal with racing doe kangaroos.

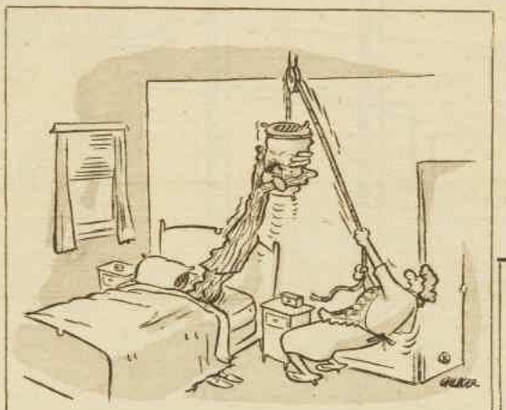
Whenever the old man stopped to rest, the voices of the dingo pack, still far away but slowly moving up the opposite side of the watercourse, would startle him to his feet again. He had to be back with his does and joeys before the dingoes found them!

By dawn he who could cover fifteen feet at a bound and, if pressed, go over a six-foot dog fence was plodding upon forepaws, hoppers, and tail, his heart thumping as if he had been racing.

The one good thing was that the dogs were still some miles from the does and would now bed down in thick scrub or hollow logs until evening. Before evening the last run-off water from the hills should be gone and he would be back in familiar territory and would be able to cross the watercourse and rejoin his flock.

For the first time since he had heard the dingoes he began to browse, snapping off a wild lily flower with his forepaws and enjoying its honey, biting off the heads of blue cornflowers, questing with nose and lips for the tender new shoots of the kangaroo grass or enjoying its sun-cured hay. For perhaps an hour he fed in the early sun, then he stretched out in a patch of wild hop-bushes and slept the sleep of the exhausted.

He woke refreshed to experience a shock of anxiety. For he had slept longer than he had planned, and the sun was golden with afternoon while the parrot flocks were heading home across the afternoon sky.



"Monday morning!"

Emerging from the hop-bushes, he set off up the pad again, and, his stiffness having passed, was moving with his usual rhythmic and rubbery spring as he rounded a bee-buzzing clump of sandalwoods to confront his enemy, the young master of the rival 'roo mob.

Both kangaroos checked abruptly and rose to their extreme height on their hind feet and the lower curve of their tails. Both bent slightly backward, with expanded chests, their delicately veined ears funnelled forward and their nostrils dilated.

Then they stiffened, motionless and malely assertive, while poised as ballet-dancers, each waited for the other to clear the way and, as neither moved, quivered with outrage.

The old man "thumped" and suddenly advanced his left foot until its polished reaper just touched that of his opponent's right foot. Too quickly for the eye to follow it, the younger male moved his left foot to touch the old man's right. The superb flatness and velvet coats of their stomachs brushed. They leaned farther backward and stood even taller.

The old male was the heavier of the two, but the younger male was as tall, and youth was on his side. His breathing rate had not increased from the strain of the pose, while the old man was breathing heavily.

The old man's muscles were battle-scarred here and there; a lumping of the great tendon of the right leg where an eagle had slashed him; a ridging of the chest muscles over the heart where a bullet had grazed; a small deformity of the left forepaw where a leaping dog had fastened its teeth before he disembowelled the dog.

He was neither as quick nor as lithe as he had been — and the kangaroo before him was a superb animal, silk muscled, long winded, sure of himself and ready at last to prove his strength.

Also, the old man was worried; he wanted to go home. Suddenly he made a gesture of conciliation, turned slightly to pass round the younger male.

Normally the gesture would have been accepted, both kangaroos going about their business. But the younger male was naturally bad-tempered, and circumstances had done nothing to lower his opinion of himself. To him an offer of peace was an admission of fear.

Leaning forward, he cuffed the old man ringingly on the ear with his right forepaw, on the chin with his left, and at the same time kicked him in the stomach. The old kangaroo reared up as the young one leapt back. Both animals' eyes were red now, but the old man still wanted to go home. Angry and with his ears ringing, he again turned to pass.

The younger male sprang at him, locked his forelimbs about him, and raked him cruelly with a down blow of his great toe from hip to hock. The old man's heart pounded, heat of outrage filled his body. He whirled, raining cuffing blows, and grappled with his opponent.

Locked together, they swayed as wrestlers. High on hind-foot toes and strong, arched tails, they spun as dancers, the objective of each being to embrace his adversary's upper body while getting the reaping hook of his toe into the opponent's stomach. Feeling the young kangaroo's strength, the old man knew confused amazement, for the animal with which he grappled was stronger than he.

Exerting his own force, he found it insufficient, so that he could neither break the young male's grip nor fling him sideward. Only his experience of fighting and his knowledge of how to use his weight was keeping him on his feet.

With cold awareness he knew that it was perhaps the one fight from which he would not go home. He fought to get his shoulder under his opponent's chin to jerk his head back. But the young 'roo ducked his own head under the old man's chin, threatened to choke him by the pressure on his throat.

Their colliding shanks rang. Their feet tore the dust and their bracing tails made great skid marks as their clawing forepaws ripped fluff from velvet shoulders. Their thumping tread was loud in the silence of the bush.

They writhed and grunted with heaving chests, each waiting for the lightning flash of advantage that would let him get his foot up. Then the old man missed his step and was back from the younger 'roo while the young 'roo still held his shoulders. The young 'roo's foot struck like the jab of a blunt spear at the cleft of the ribs and pried for entry.

A dog or a man in such a situation would have been instantly disembowelled, but the old man's hide was the world's finest boot leather and his stomach was flat-tight as a muscled drum. Feeling the young 'roo's foot, he also drew his stomach in and leaned forward so that the deadly toe was prying at a surface that sloped away from it, and it slipped painfully but without cutting.

At the same moment the old man threw his weight sideward, so that his attacker went off balance. Savagely grappling, they tripped over an ant-hill and were down in the grass, then up again, still holding. Both grunted and whistled for breath, but the old man was the worse winded and he was growing dizzy from the thudding of his heart.

Then, suddenly tricking the young 'roo through superior knowledge, he got his foot into ripping position in the young male's chest, rotating the foot slightly to raise a betraying ridge of velvet-furred and leathery skin into which the deadly toe could cut.

Infuriated by the pain of the kick, the young 'roo thrust forward instead of withdrawing. The old man dropped his embrace from the young giant's

To page 47

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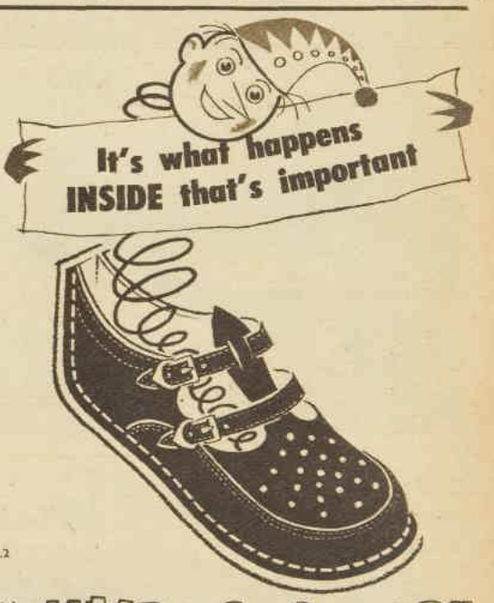

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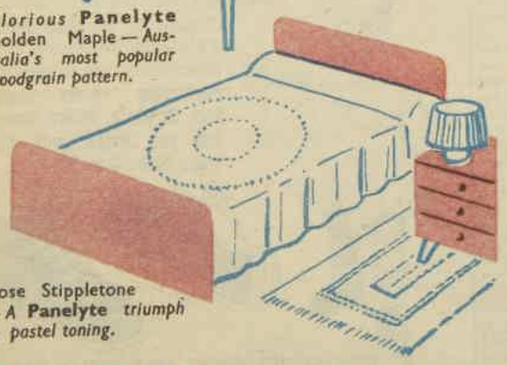

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Continuing . . . DAY OF BATTLE

from page 45

shoulders to his upper chest, and at the same instant his gaping toe had the purchase it needed in a fold of hide.

If he could have used his full power the battle was his—but the old injury to his great tendon betrayed him. His down-stroke wobbled and slid, and the young 'roo had him moving backward to be pinned against a box trunk, the force of the backward rush striking his head dizzyingly against the tree trunk. Half stunned, the old man lost his grip.

The young 'roo, snickering murder, brought up his leg, stabbing against the vulnerable hollow where the ribs parted. Because of the tree, the old man could not withdraw.

He fought to throw his attacker sideward, keeping him just enough off balance to prevent the questing and terrible toe from starting its down-rip. But he could not continue to keep the young 'roo off balance.

The terrible toe would rip. The old man knew many things: the aching muscle-strain against his opponent's power; the pungent male scent of hot fur; regret of his own fine stomach—flying and unrelated pictures of things enjoyed: honeyed lily buds in the night, the goodness of the saltlick by the native well, scented heat of his form under the sparkling box tree, the domesticity of his does, the plump, delicately formed vigor of his joeys.

From the whirling dizziness of exhaustion, a lost purpose struggled that had connection with his does and joeys! Straining, aching, grunting, he sought for it and it came with a shock and pounding of the heart as in the spinning imagery of the nearness of extinction he saw a mental image of his does attacked by the ranging dingo pack.

He saw them scattered, confused, and fleeing, playing into the marauders' plan through the agony of terror; does bounding blindly with silken flanks ripped now by this dog, now by that; fat joeys snapped and crunched by strong jaws of dogs; does pulled down and trying vainly to save their throats with small, dark forepaws.

The pictures, wild, sudden, half-comprehended, meant one thing to him. He must go home! Already he was late. The last sun was making pure gold of the tops of the kangaroo grass.

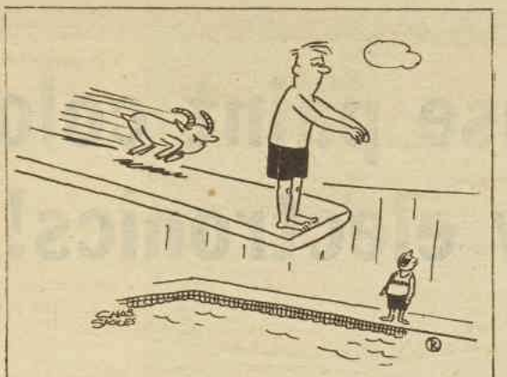
Obstructing him was this grunting, strong - smelling, assailing thing. Rage such as he had never known reddened his vision so that he saw the young kangaroo and the evening gold through a red haze. He pushed and hurled sideward. The attacker's foot slipped from his stomach. Hugging, he shook the younger male so that his head jerked on his shoulders.

He clawed and kicked and cuffed, driving the young kangaroo backward against the sandalwoods. He landed kick after kick in the young 'roo's stomach, leaving burning welts.

Fear was in the young 'roo's eyes. For, given time to plant his good toe in a fold of skin, the old man could kill the younger 'roo, and the younger 'roo knew it . . . But the old man had to go home and was late.

Landing a last rain of blows and kicks he flung the younger 'roo backward into the sandalwoods.

Then for a moment he stood very tall, snorting and licking his upper forelimbs. Then he turned abruptly and with dignity proceeded up the cattle-pad.



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Emerging bruised and bleeding from the sandalwoods, the young 'roo staggered to his feet. He was astonished, badly whipped, and badly frightened. Like all natural bullies, he took it out on someone else by cuffing and terrorising his does as he drove them before him down the watercourse.

He had decided to return to his previous feeding grounds in the great box flat where the flood had spent itself. For the future he would give the old kangaroo a wide berth.

Sunset was reddening beyond the flowering sandalwoods as the old man crossed the last shallow channel and came out where he had left his flock. He snickered and "thumped" loudly, and frightened does came bounding out of the dusk to crowd about him. Several of his favorite wives clutched his fur and nickered their noses against him.

A joey charged between his legs. He boxed their ears for over-familiarity and sat very tall, looking about him, a benevolent despot, pale gold in the last light.

Then he "thumped" warning and the flock was still as the two old dingoes, followed by the grown pups, slipped from the kangaroo grass and dropped silently on their haunches to regard the kangaroos.

The old man hopped purposefully towards them, drew himself to his greatest height, and "thumped." The dogs looked at him thoughtfully, pink tongues lolling. He pranced on toe-tips and the extremest inches of his tail, and as suddenly as they had come the dogs faded back into the grass. Five minutes later they raised a rabbit in the hop-scrub to the east.

The old man remained poised as their voices faded. Then he sat back on his hocks to begin the proper licking of his shoulders and upper forelimbs. About him his does began to feed and play happily. The mother of the joey that had fallen into the burrs lifted out her off-spring, expressed an adverse opinion of him, and resumed the hunt for lost burrs in her pouch.

The world was normal again and sweet with the scents of dry grass and wet earth and spider lilies. Overhead, the legion stars of the dry country came out and on the bank the does began to feed leisurely up the watercourse towards the wild-lily flats.

The old man scratched his ear with the toe of his hind foot; then, bruised, scratched, and stiff, but happy, he stretched lazily and settled down to sleep.

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Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 53/9, 36 and 38in. bust 56/6. Postage and registration 3/9 extra. A paper pattern for this design is also available. See illustration on page 40 for details and price.

• *NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 77. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

Sanpic Disinfectant kills germs quicker!

You'll be amazed that a disinfectant could be so effective and have such a delightful floral fragrance.

Other disinfectants you may have used in the past cannot equal the germ-killing efficiency of Sanpic.

One bottle of this concentrated Disinfectant does the work of five similar sized bottles of other brands.

No other disinfectant does such a thorough germ-killing job! What better protection could you give your family? Ask for Sanpic — the proven, safe, fragrant disinfectant that is at least 5 times stronger and more effective than other well-known brands.

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FLORAL FRAGRANT — As it quickly kills dangerous germs, Sanpic removes the unpleasant odours they produce, leaving the air pleasantly fragrant.

IT'S SAFE — Sanpic is non-poisonous . . . perfectly safe to use anywhere . . . to disinfect and deodorise sinks, baths, drains, garbage tins and for general household purposes.

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Floral Fragrant **SANPIC** REGD

Kills germs quicker—leaves air fragrant

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REGISTRATION APPLIED FOR IN AUSTRALIA AND OVERSEAS

new ready-to-use paint colour perfected by electronics!

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Taubmans Spectrocolor looks clearer, cleaner on your walls, springs to life under electric light!

Taubmans revolutionary Spectrocolor process opens up new horizons in paint colour. You'll find colours you've never seen before! Colours never before possible! And every colour ready-to-use, in the widest range ever produced in Australia!

- Compare Spectrocolor with any ordinary gloss paint colour and you will see an important difference. Spectrocolor perfected by electronics is free from "haze"!
- Spectrocolor has greater purity and gives better cover. Walls and ceilings painted in Spectrocolor won't "yellow".
- Spectrocolor has high reflection properties. Your walls and ceilings will spring to life under electric light.
- Spectrocolor comes to you master-tinted and ready-to-use, straight from the can. For outside painting, Spectrocolor has unequalled durability.

Choose your colours from Taubmans unique Spectrocolor cards — the most brilliant colour cards ever produced in Australia. Take one from the new Spectrocolor unit (right) in your Taubmans paint store, today!

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EASY-TO-MAKE PANCAKES

● Pancakes, pikelets, fritters, or doughnuts—in fact, most recipes which require a simple basic batter mixture — are quick and easy to make and a standby for using leftovers or foods from the pantry shelf.

BATTER recipes need a lot of beating because it is then that cold air is folded in, and this helps to make them light. Dried milk is ideal for use in batter making; sift it with the dry ingredients and add water for the mixing. Evaporated milk also makes a smooth creamy texture when used either full strength or diluted with water or liquid flavorings.

Heading the list of recipes are five basic batters. The amounts of liquid used in each may vary slightly, depending on size of eggs and quantity of gluten in the flour.

Spoon measurements are level and cup measures are the standard 8 liquid-ounce.

BASIC BATTERS

Pancake Batter: Four ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, 1 to 1¼ cups milk, butter for frying.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt into basin; add sugar. Make a well in centre of ingredients, add unbeaten egg and a little of the milk. Stir until a smooth batter is formed. Add remainder of milk, beat well; then allow to stand ½ hour. Melt a little butter in pan, allow to brown, wipe pan clean with kitchen paper. Melt 1 dessertspoon butter in pan, pour in sufficient batter barely to cover base of pan. Cook slowly, loosening edges with a knife, allow to set and brown underneath. Toss or turn, brown other side. Remove from pan, sprinkle with lemon juice and sugar.

Fritter Batter: One cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 1 egg, ½ cup lukewarm milk or water.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt, make a well in centre of dry ingredients. Add egg-yolk beaten with warm milk or water. Work the flour in gradually from the sides, using a wooden spoon. Beat until batter is smooth; lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Use as desired.

Waffle Batter: Two cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1½ cups milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon melted butter.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt; add sugar. Beat egg-yolks with milk, stir into dry ingredients. Fold in melted butter and lastly stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pre-heat waffle-iron until butter or oil used for greasing sizzles when brushed on iron. Grease both sides, then measure 4 tablespoons of batter into small jug. Pour on to prepared iron. Close lid slowly and cook for 5 to 6 minutes (in an electric iron). If using any other type of iron, cook over steady heat for 2 minutes on each side, then 1 minute on each side. Remove from iron. Grease iron before cooking more mixture.

Pikelet Batter: Four ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ cup milk, 1 egg.

Sift flour, salt, and sugar. Mix to a smooth batter with beaten egg and milk. Drop a spoonful at a time on hot, greased griddle-iron or heavy frying-pan. Cook over medium heat until lightly browned, turn, and brown other side.

HONEY AND ICE-CREAM served on pancakes are popular. Raspberries make the carnival stack a party dish.

Doughnut Batter: Two cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup sugar, 2oz. melted butter, 2 eggs, ¾ cup milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, castor sugar.

Sift flour and salt into basin; add sugar. Make a well in centre, add eggs, milk, melted butter, and vanilla. Beat until mixture is smooth and well blended. Drop mixture into doughnut moulds or a teaspoonful at a time into a large quantity heated shortening or oil. Fry until golden brown on both sides. Lift from pan, roll in castor sugar.

CARNIVAL STACKS

One quantity pikelet mixture (left plain), 1 quantity pikelet mixture (colored with red food coloring and flavored with strawberry or raspberry essence), 1 packet frozen strawberries or raspberries, sugar if required, 1 dessertspoon arrowroot or cornflour.

Make pikelets in the usual way, but about 4 inches in diameter. Drain syrup from berries, blend in the arrowroot or cornflour and heat, stirring constantly to thicken. Add sugar to sweeten if desired, carefully stir in the berries, and set aside to cool.

To assemble, stack alternate colors of pikelets on a plate, with a thin spreading of berries between. Pour half the berry mixture over stack and serve rest in separate bowl.

NOODLE CAKES

Half pound fine egg noodles, 2 eggs, salt and pepper to taste, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon grated or scraped onion, butter or substitute.

Drop noodles into boiling salted water, cook until quite tender. Drain thoroughly. Beat eggs until light and frothy, add salt, pepper, parsley, and onion; fold in noodles. Heat griddle-iron or heavy frying-pan, grease thickly with butter. Drop noodle mixture on hot, greased iron, a tablespoon at a time. Cook over low heat until crisp and very lightly browned on one side, then turn and brown other side. Serve hot.

(Continued overleaf)

● By LEILA C. HOWARD, Our Food and Cookery Expert ●

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*Proved by laboratory tests to wash away 95% of germs which cause perspiration odour.

R075

FINISHING TOUCHES to vary the basic doughnut recipe include: Cover with warm icing of different flavors; toss in sugar and cinnamon after frying; split and fill with lemon or passionfruit butter, or whipped or mock cream; coat with chocolate icing and toss in coconut.

EASY-TO-MAKE PANCAKES

Continued from previous page

FRESH FRUIT FRITTERS

Make 1 quantity basic fritter mixture and stand aside for a short time before using as suggested below.

Pineapple Fritters: Cut fresh pineapple into ½-inch slices, remove centre core (or use tinned pineapple slices). Dip in batter until well coated. Fry in deep, fuming fat until golden-brown. Drain well, dust with sugar, and serve with wedges of lemon.

Apple Fritters: Peel and core 2 large green apples, cut into slices ½-inch thick. Dip in batter, fry golden-brown in fuming fat. Drain well, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon before serving.

Banana Fritters: Dip small, whole bananas, peeled, into the batter, which can be flavored with grated lemon rind. Fry golden-brown in deep, fuming oil or fat, dust with sugar before serving.

GRIDDLECAKES

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 4 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs, pinch salt, 1½ cups milk, butter, maple syrup.

Sift self-raising flour and baking-powder together. Add sugar, mix well. Make a well in centre, add eggs beaten with salt and mixed with milk. Stir from centre outward until all flour is absorbed and batter is smooth. Prepare pan for cooking; put small piece of butter in pan. Allow to melt and brown, wipe pan with clean kitchen paper, and melt fresh piece of butter. Pour sufficient batter into pan to cover base thickly, cook over steady heat until set and lightly browned underneath. Loosen edges with knife, turn griddlecake carefully and cook other side until brown. Lift on to a plate over saucepan of boiling water, cover with saucepan lid and keep hot while making the other griddlecakes. Serve hot with butter and maple syrup. Makes 5 large griddlecakes.

Variations: Spread griddlecakes with any hot fruit pulp, lemon spread, crushed strawberries when in season; or just before serving cover each griddlecake with sliced or mashed banana.

Warmed honey or syrup (flavored with a little lemon juice) is delicious on hot buttered or unbuttered griddlecakes.

BROWN-AND-GOLD WAFFLES

Two and a half cups wholemeal self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons sugar, 2 eggs (separated), 1¾ cups milk, 1-3rd cup butter (melted), shortening for greasing.

Mix flour, salt, and sugar in bowl. Beat egg-yolks until thick and lemon-colored; add milk and melted butter. Stir into dry ingredients; beat well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Place required quantity on heated greased waffle iron. Cook 5 minutes or until golden-brown and crisp. Serve immediately with butter and hot orange sauce.

Orange Butter Sauce: Two egg-yolks, 1 cup brown sugar, ¼ cup water, ¼ cup orange juice, ½ cup butter, pinch salt.

Beat egg-yolks slightly in top of double saucepan; add sugar, mix well. Add remaining ingredients, stir over boiling water until thick.

CREPES SUZETTES

Six pancakes, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, ¼ cup lemon juice, ¾ cup orange juice, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 2 tablespoons Cointreau or fruity liqueur, 2 tablespoons brandy.

Place sugar in frying-pan, heat slowly until dissolved and honey-colored, stir in the butter, cook 1 minute, then gradually stir in fruit juices and rind. Add liqueur, then place in the folded pancakes. Simmer until pancakes are heated through, add brandy, and allow it to warm before setting alight and serving.

SAVORY BANANA FRITTERS

One quantity basic fritter batter, 4 bananas, juice ½ lemon, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, pepper and salt, fat for frying, thin slices gherkin.

Select small, firm bananas, peel and split each in two lengthwise. Place in deep plate. Season well with pepper, salt, lemon juice, and mayonnaise. Stand for 1 hour, pouring the liquor over them occasionally. Drain, coat with fritter batter, and deep fry golden-brown in fuming fat. Drain on paper. Make a slit in top of each fritter. Insert slice of gherkin. Serve hot.

BACON AND PINEAPPLE FLAPJACKS

Four ounces self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, ½ cup diced cooked ham, 3 tablespoons diced pineapple, 1 egg, scant cup milk, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 6 to 8 rashers bacon (rind removed), shortening for frying, pineapple slices, tomato wedges, parsley.

Sift flour, salt, and cayenne into bowl. Beat egg, add milk. Make a well in centre of flour, add liquid, stir well until smooth. Fold in melted butter, ham and chopped pineapple. Fry a dessertspoonful at a time in small quantity hot shortening. Cook gently 5 to 6 minutes, turning once during cooking. Wrap each flapjack in rasher of bacon, place in moderate oven until bacon is cooked. Meanwhile, fry pineapple slices in hot shortening. Serve flapjacks piping hot, garnished with pineapple slices, tomato wedges, and parsley sprigs.

HAM AND POTATO CAKES

Six medium-sized potatoes, (finely grated), 2 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 eggs, 1 small grated onion, 1 tablespoon milk, 2 tablespoons butter and 2 tablespoons salad oil for frying, 1 cup finely chopped ham (other cooked or tinned meat can be used), 2 cups medium-thickness white sauce, chopped parsley.

Combine potato with flour, melted butter, onion, pepper, salt. Gradually work in eggs and milk until mixture is well blended. Drop a heaped tablespoon of potato mixture at a time into hot combined oil and butter in frying-pan, cook until golden-brown on both sides. Keep cooked pancakes hot until ready to serve. Fold chopped ham or meat into hot sauce. Stack 3 pancakes on one another, placing a little of the creamed mixture between them. Sprinkle top with parsley.

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Make a Cheese Grill for breakfast . . .

with KRAFT CHEDDAR — best Cheese for grilling.

Boy! What a breakfast! Mellow Kraft Cheddar grilled on crisp toast. So simple — because Kraft Cheddar slices smoothly and melts to golden perfection in seconds. Kraft Cheddar costs so little — yet gives more strengthening protein than eggs or prime beef, because it takes a gallon of milk to make every pound of this fine cheese.

HOW TO MAKE A CHEESE GRILL FOR BREAKFAST.

- ★ Make and butter several pieces of toast.
- ★ Place slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese on each.
- ★ Pop under the griller for a moment — until the cheese melts and browns lightly.

Get Kraft Cheddar in the 8-oz. packet, 1-oz. portions, 1-lb. packet, the family size 2-lb. pack.

P.S. For stronger Cheddar Cheese flavour choose Kraft Old English.

Cheese is a wonderful food and KRAFT makes wonderful cheeses.

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Rub-a-dub-dub... twins in a tub!

Paul and Bruce, 4-year-old twin boys of Mrs. Birchnoff, are full of life and always on the go. Mrs. Birchnoff says: "At the end of the day they're worn out—and I am, too! I pour a little Dettol into their bath water and mine. It's most refreshing and invigorating". You, too, will find a Dettol bath is a real reviver.

Anywhere—anytime . . . at home and at work those small cuts and abrasions frequently occur. Saying "I'll fix it later!" is no use. "Later" is too late —septic infection may have occurred. Reach for Dettol right away. Dettol helps guard against the risk of infection and aids healthy healing.

Harry Dearth, renowned actor-producer of Australia's favourite Radio and TV shows says: "Naturally I depend on my voice. A Dettol gargle soothes and helps protect my throat". Dettol in water brings cool, cool comfort to your throat — and helps to guard against the risk of possible infection.

An ounce of prevention when illness strikes . . . you can help prevent the infection from spreading by giving strict attention to hygiene. Soap and water and Dettol are your best weapons. Wash your hands frequently . . . disinfect the patient's linen and crockery . . . with soap and water and Dettol.

Dettol is used in our great hospitals, and is the chosen weapon of modern surgery.

Do as your doctor does . . . (ask him) . . . use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning . . . in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential . . . in the all-important details of body hygiene (especially in the bath) . . . in the room from which sickness may spread . . . to disinfect linen and crockery.
Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic . . . a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.

'DETTOL'

the safe, efficient ANTISEPTIC

AVAILABLE ONLY AT ALL CHEMISTS

***PIPED BORDER OF WHIPPED CREAM** decorates this popular American-style spiced pumpkin pie which is becoming a favorite in this country. It is equally nice served hot or very cold. See recipe below.*

Pumpkin Pie wins £5

● Three recipes — two sweet and one savory — win prizes for readers in our cookery contest this week.

AMERICAN pumpkin pie, the £5 prize-winning recipe this week, combines the flavors of pumpkin, condensed milk, and various spices to make an economical and interesting filling for a short-crust shell.

Recipes for fish chowder and fruit and peanut whirls win a consolation prize of £1 each.

Spoon measurements are level.

AMERICAN PUMPKIN PIE

Pastry: Three ounces butter or substitute, 3oz. plain flour, 3oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg-yolk, milk or water to mix.

Sift flours and salt into basin, rub in butter until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Add sugar, egg-yolk, and sufficient water to make a firm dough. Roll out on floured board to ¼-inch thickness, line 9-inch tartplate. Trim and decorate edge. Prepare filling.

Pumpkin Filling: One and a half cups cooked mashed pumpkin, salt, 1 tin sweetened condensed milk, 1 egg, ¼ cup hot water, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon ground ginger.

Combine pumpkin, condensed milk, salt, and spices in basin. Add beaten egg and hot water; mix well. Fill mixture into pastry-case, place in hot oven 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate and bake further 40 to 50 minutes or until filling is set. Serve with whipped sweetened cream.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Crogan, 97 Alderbury St., Floreat Park, W.A.

FISH CHOWDER

Three bacon rashers, 1½lb. fish fillets, salt, pepper, seasoned flour, water, 1lb. potatoes, 1 large onion, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon flour, ¼ pint milk, chopped gherkin or capers to garnish.

Remove rind from bacon, cut into small pieces, saute lightly in deep pan. Drain off any excess fat, cover bacon with thick strips of fish coated with seasoned flour. Add layer of potatoes which have been peeled and cut into slices ½in. thick; add diced onion. Pour over about 1 pint water, cover and cook slowly 1 hour, adding more water, if necessary, to prevent burning. About 10 minutes before serving, add vinegar and the tablespoon of flour which has been blended with milk. Continue cooking until mixture boils. Season. Place in serving-dishes, sprinkle with chopped gherkin or capers.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. P. Light, 89 The Bulwark, Castlecrag, N.S.W.

FRUIT AND PEANUT WHIRLS

Biscuit Mixture: Three ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence (or use a few drops of almond essence), ½oz. self-raising flour, 4oz. plain flour, pinch salt, milk.

Filling: Three-quarters cup peanut butter, 1½ cups mixed fruits (raisins, sultanas, currants), 1 tablespoon water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg and vanilla essence. Work in sifted flours and salt, mix to firm dough, adding a little milk if necessary. Prepare fruit filling: Place mixed fruit, water, and lemon juice in saucepan, stir over low heat until soft and pulpy. Remove from heat, allow to cool. Divide biscuit dough in half. Roll each half to oblong shape about ¼in. thick. Spread with peanut butter, then cover with cooled fruit mixture. Roll each up carefully, wrap in greaseproof paper and chill 4 to 5 hours. Cut roll into slices ¼in. thick, place on greased oven-tray and bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes.

Consolation prize of £1 to Miss V. Meney, 1 Royal Parade, Parkville N2, Melbourne.

Free leaflet for mothers

"Pre-Natal Essentials," a free leaflet for expectant mothers by Sister Mary Jacob, our mothercraft nurse, can be obtained from our Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

This comprehensive leaflet gives advice on ensuring a happy, healthy pregnancy, and on diet, exercise, rest, and other matters of importance to the expectant mother. To obtain leaflet, please send an addressed, stamped envelope to the above address.

FAMILY DISH

THIS quick and easy dinner dish for a busy day, mushroom meatballs, costs approximately 6/6 and serves four or five persons.

MUSHROOM MEATBALLS

One large tin concentrated mushroom soup or 1 packet mushroom soup prepared with half the usual quantity of liquid, ½ cup milk, 1lb. hamburger minced steak, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon salt, 1½ tablespoons shortening.

Mix soup with milk, measure ¼ cup and mix it with the minced steak, breadcrumbs, onion, parsley, slightly beaten egg, and salt. Shape into balls, slightly smaller than a golf ball. Brown well in hot shortening in large saucepan or heavy pan with a lid. Drain off surplus fat, add balance of soup. Cover closely, simmer over gentle heat 35 to 40 minutes. Serve piping hot.

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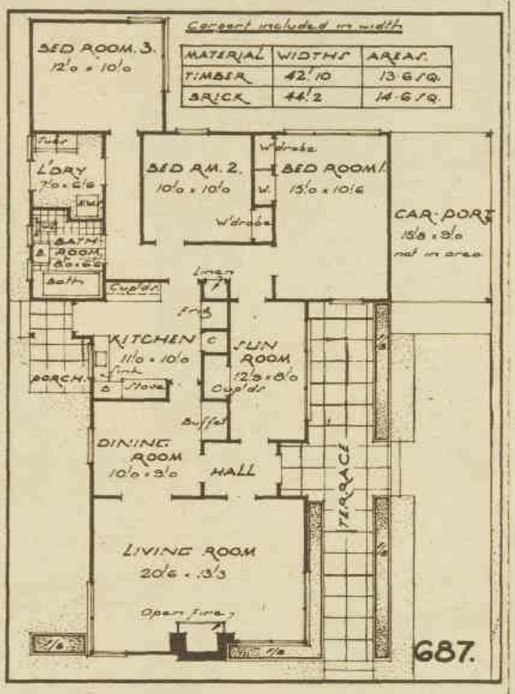
Modern family home

PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows unusual roof line, which is a combination of two skillions sloping to rear and side. The sun-room on right of front door overlooks the terrace. Brickwork on the flower boxes and chimney adds charm.



FLOOR PLAN illustrates how the living rooms are closely grouped together with easy access between them. The third bedroom is positioned so that it could be eliminated or added at a later building stage. Living-room has an open fire.

● Our "signature" plan this week, No. 687 in our series, is a spacious family home built on an area of 14 squares. Wasteful passage space has been kept to a minimum and there are plenty of fitted cupboards.

MELBOURNE architect Mrs. Mary Storey Hill, who has designed this house, has achieved a charming blend of modern appeal with comfort.

Plans for this house and other standard Home Plans can be bought for £9/9/- per full set, that is five copies of plan and three copies of specification, from any of our Home Planning Centres. These Centres have been established in conjunction with leading stores, and their addresses are listed in the panel on right.

Mrs. Hill has illustrated Home Plan No. 687 in horizontal timbers, but plans of this house are available in any other building material.

Costs vary considerably from one district to another, but it is considered that this home would cost about £6350 in brick and from £4500 to £5000 in timber and fibro.

For more accurate costing, please consult the Home Planning Centre in your capital city.

There is a wide range of standard plans on sale at our Centres. If, however, you would prefer a design of your own, experts at these Centres will prepare an individual plan to suit your requirements for the fee of £1/1/- per square based on total area, with a minimum fee of £10/10/-.

You can select features of any of our standard plans as a basis for your own individually prepared plans. You can then add your own ideas and our Centres will advise and prepare the new drawings.

For a fee of only £2/2/- our Home Planning experts will prepare a ground-plan sketch drawn to scale of a reader's special design. This sketch is useful before a final decision is made, as it will show the overall area of the house and the positions and sizes of the rooms.

It would also be adequate for preliminary cost discussion with a builder.

There are hundreds of variations of our standard designs available. Every plan we publish can be erected in any building material selected by readers.

Each plan is guaranteed to be acceptable to local councils and is available in the mirror reverse position, which may make it more suitable to your land. There is no extra charge for these variations.

Many home-planners feel they require assistance in planning a house to suit their block of land.

If the site is in the metropolitan area we will arrange for one of our representatives to meet you on your land to discuss design for the fee of £5/5/-.

OUR CENTRES

THE plan on this page and all standard Home Plans can be bought from any of our Home Planning Centres, whose addresses are:

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.
BRISBANE: McWhirter's.
TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.
HOBART: FitzGerald's.
CANBERRA: Anthony Horderns'.
MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.
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DRESSES BY GLORIA (STYLE 4077) LUCAS (8999 1582) SYLVIA (B203) SHETLAND (2118)

Nylon Jersey is just the thing for Spring! So flattering, so fashionwise yet so practical: Lighter-to-wear Nylon Jersey will keep you cool and carefree through the warmer days ahead. It won't "seat" or lose its shape—and what a treat at holiday time! No matter how you pack it, your Nylon Jersey Dress will always come out freshly wrinkle-free. Nylon Jersey is such a joy to wash: it can't shrink, dries so quickly, never needs ironing.

British Nylon Spinners (Australia) Pty. Ltd. *supply the Nylon yarn used by Australia's textile trade to make this merchandise.*

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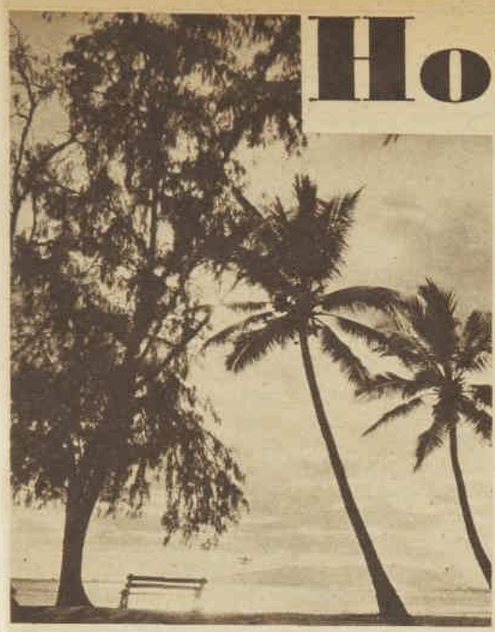
Houses in Hawaii



FAMOUS WAIKIKI BEACH, where Australian she-oak trees grow next to palms. The Hawaiian Islands have a perfect climate, with temperatures which seldom seem to go above 89 degrees or below 56.

LUXURIOUS pool forms the centre of the outdoor living area of this attractive Honolulu house, which was designed by its owner, architect Mr. Howard L. Cook.

By ANN GYNGELL

● Hawaii is a tourists' paradise, but many people are lucky enough to live in these islands. Their houses are small with large verandahs and gardens which are treated as living areas.

THE Hawaiian Islands lie in the Pacific Ocean about 2000 miles from the nearest continent. They are by no means remote from the rest of the world, for numerous air and shipping lines have made them a regular port of call.

The climate is ideal, with the temperature ranging between 89 degrees in the summer and 56 during the colder months. There are cooling trade winds and rain-carrying Kona winds, but most of the year the climate is warm, with blue cloud-studded skies.

Oahu, which among other things boasts Honolulu, is the second largest island in the group and has many varied climates—wet valleys lie next to dry plains. Cattle and sheep are raised only a few miles from sugarcane and pineapple fields.

These differences add to the charm of the island and naturally lead to varying types of houses and styles of living.

Architects' aim

At the moment there is no typical Hawaiian house, although architects are striving to develop a house that is suitable for all the requirements of life.

When the missionaries arrived in Hawaii the islands were bare volcanic rock with not much sign of the vegetation that exists there today.

Practically every tree and flower has been imported and a number of Australian species can be seen, particularly the she-oak.

Perhaps the first thing to strike a visitor to a Hawaiian house is the plant life. Viewed from the street, houses can hardly be seen through the thick surrounding foliage.

Expensive land

Land in Hawaii is expensive and the intending builder often spends a high percentage of his available money on his site. Because of this, houses tend to be small, but the living area is still spacious, for the whole site is regarded as the home, not just the house itself.

One of the most characteristic things of Hawaiian architecture is the lanai, or open verandah, which leads from the living area and whatever other rooms have been built round it.

The lanai can be shut off from the house by sliding or folding doors or shutters, and is often partially covered by an overhanging roof which extends from the main house.

Here the Hawaiian people seem to spend the greater part of their free time. They eat, rest, and entertain in this meeting-place of indoors and outdoors. Every house has a lanai, from the largest and most luxurious to the smallest.

The interior decoration is varied. In some houses walls are of limed timber and coral rock, with tiled and timber floors covered in seagrass or Tongan matting.

Predominant colors in many of these rooms are the browns of natural timbers, the greens of the outside foliage, and an off-white or white background. Splashes of color are sometimes introduced with gay island prints for chaircovers and curtains.

An interesting and unusual feature is the A-shaped roof, which omits the ceiling in the roof structure and leaves the beams exposed. The walls inside the A-shape, from the floor to the apex of the A, are often of glass.

A charming example of an A-shaped roof is pictured below right on this page. It is in the living-room of Mr. Jean Charlot, who is one of the foremost Hawaiian artists.

Wooden walls

Above the glass doors is one of his own murals. Wooden walls and ceiling and tiled floor make interesting texture contrasts.

Interiors of a great many of the Hawaiian houses are, however, typical of those seen in the United States, with wallpaper, wall-to-wall carpeting, and traditional or modern furniture.

Oriental art

The only difference is the greater occurrence of Japanese and Chinese furniture and ornaments and the use of Japanese flower arrangements.

Although Hawaii is now part of the United States, the population is predominantly Oriental and the works of art imported to the islands are from the Orient rather than the Western world.

GARDEN ROOM is the connecting link between the living and bedroom areas in Mr. Cook's house. Lit by a glass roof, it forms a display for orchids and other tropical plants.

HAWAIIAN artist Mr. Jean Charlot has one of his own murals in his living-room. The roof is A-shaped and the floor is tiled.

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'BUTTERFLY PINK'

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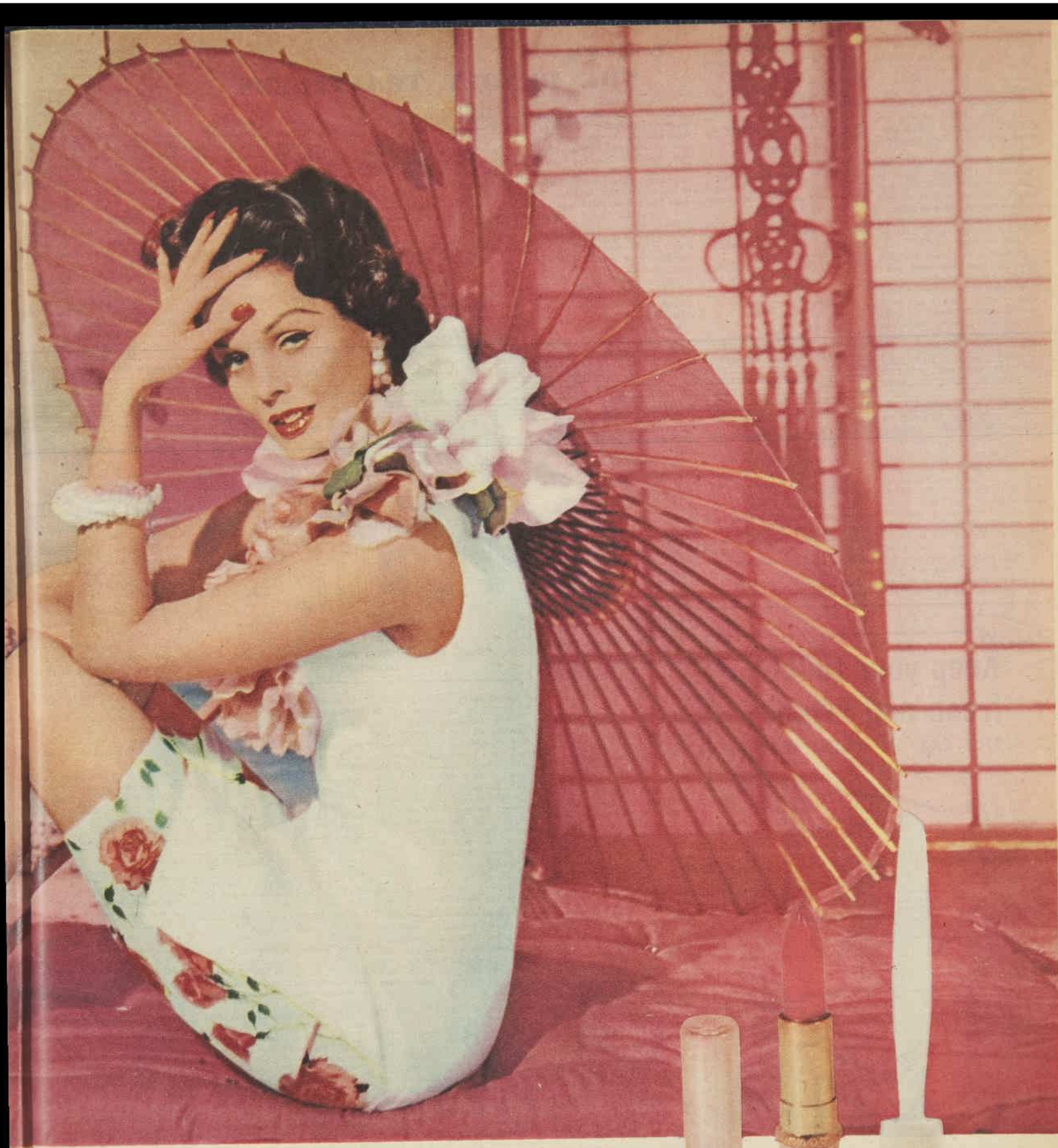

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crumpling beneath her. She was compelled to sit once more on the side of the bed, but she had a rigid determination not to fall asleep. Soon it would be morning. Nothing would seem quite so sinister by daylight . . .

In spite of her efforts, she did doze, her head falling sideways against the hard iron bed-end.

When finally she opened her eyes with a dreadful start of nightmare awareness it was bright morning, and there was another tapping on her door.

"Tea, signorina," called a cheerful young voice, adding, "Please to enter, may I?"

But whoever it was couldn't enter, because the door was locked. Kate tried to speak, then didn't need to, for the door opened as if it were not even latched and the plump girl from the previous evening walked in with a tray and a beaming smile.

"Buon giorno, signorina," and then, obviously proud of her English, "Did you sleep well?"

"Sleep!" Kate echoed.

The girl's eyes flickered, in surprise, over Kate's rumpled but fully dressed appearance.

"You were too tired to take off your clothes, signorina?"

Kate sat up and looked at the breakfast tray. The china looked clean, the rolls were brown and appetising, and the tea, though probably undrinkable, was a charming thought. They did these thoughtful things in Italy, she remembered — at least the Italy she had previously known. Faint energy and even reassurance stirred in her. If she were going to be murdered, at least it was going to be with the condemned criminal's due, a good breakfast.

"Thank you," she said with automatic politeness. "Now there is something I want you to do, please. You understand me?"

"A little, signorina."

"Then tell the woman called Rosita I must see her at once."

"Rosita?" the girl frowned perplexedly. "I do not know anyone of that name."

"Now don't you go dumb on me, too. Rosita is here, staying in this awful inn, and I want to see her at once."

"But I do not know. Honest! There is no woman here but me."

KATE sighed and gave up. "Is the signor back?" she asked wearily. "The signor with the car."

"Si, signorina. You did not hear? He made a great noise. But he has the headache. Oh, bad!" She giggled with naughty glee.

"One last thing," said Kate. "Switch on the light."

"The light? But it is day."

"I know it's day, but last night it wouldn't work. Or so I thought."

The girl gave a flip to the switch and the light sprang on, vying with the early morning sunshine. Her puzzled glance went back to Kate, whom by now she must have supposed to be quite crazy.

Perhaps she was crazy. Purely crazy, and not even simply the

Continuing . . .

THE DEADLY TRAVELLERS

victim of a nightmare. Perhaps no one at all had come into her room during the night. There was nothing whatever to prove that they had. Only Johnnie's headache. But Johnnie may not have needed Cesare's potion to encourage him to linger in some bar where there was talk and laughter and liquor. Johnnie was unreliable. It seemed that it would be scarcely worth while even relating her nightmare, or whatever it had been, to him.

Johnnie was waiting in the bar, which, by morning light, looked even worse than the night before.

No one had watched Kate walk down the stairs. She had boldly opened the doors and looked into all the rooms on the top floor, and seen that they were indeed empty. This fact did not reassure her. Rather, it strengthened her unpleasant suspicion that the night may, after all, have been a long continuing nightmare, and that if she were becoming a victim of such hallucinations she must be neurotic and it was time she went away for a long rest.

The yellow-faced man, he could well have been there, since he was her self-appointed shadow. But Rosita, who should still be in London, she must surely have been imaginary. Even her screams, which so mysteriously went unheard, must have been the soundless ones of the nightmare.

Johnnie was unshaven, bleary-eyed, and full of apologies as she joined him in the bar.

"I say, Kate, old girl, I really got into trouble last night. That Cesare! He's quite a lad. Did I get led up the garden path!"

"Is the car all right?" Kate asked briefly.

"Yes, good as gold. It was a faulty plug, the fellow said. Cesare suggested a drink while we waited, and there it was. Firewater!" Johnnie shuddered.

"Let's pay the bill and go," Kate suggested.

The stout proprietor behind the bar was watching them, a half smile on his face, his black eyes ironic. But he had looked like that last night. His face was no more secret or knowledgeable than it had been then.

Johnnie got to his feet.

"How much?" he asked, and as the fat man laconically gave a figure he exclaimed, "That much for a night in this dump! By the way, Kate, you don't look any too brisk yourself. Did you get any sleep?"

"A little. When people weren't walking about. Ask him how many people live here."

Johnnie, occupied in sorting out crumpled lire notes, translated the question uninterestedly.

"He says only himself. The girl goes home at night."

The fat man went on talking, gesticulating, and grinning.

"Oh, and a nanny goat and a kid and two or three cats. Business is bad at this time of year. If you heard people walking about, angel, you must have been listening to ghosts."

"Yes," Kate murmured involuntarily.

Voices and darkness . . . darkness and voices . . . But the strange thing was that they had all had the recurring theme of diamonds. Whether it were intuition or reality, she was sure she had hit on the crux of the matter. Diamonds being smuggled into England by a child with a shabby much-loved doll. That solution explained so much. And if it were so and it was found that the diamonds were no longer in the doll it really did mean Francesca was in danger.

But one would no longer confide in this story caricature

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of the spruce and self-confident Johnnie Lambert. He was not reliable and he couldn't see beyond his own nose.

"Let's go," she said urgently. "Do we go straight back to Rome and forget the Torlinis?"

"Yes."

"Right. Wish I had an alka seltzer. Confounded fool I've made of myself. Sorry and all that."

Kate was not concerned with his apologies. But she was alertly interested when, a little later, sunk in his remorse, Johnnie said defensively:

"Actually I did make one discovery last night. That fat fellow at the inn knows the Torlinis. He said he'd never

"Well, Charlie, how did you spend the summer?"

heard of them having a child. So it must be the wrong branch of the family. There are branches all over the place. He thought it would be the Firenze one, but I checked that yesterday. The thing's a labyrinth. That's if there is a blasted kid. With all due respect to your evidence as an eye-witness, I strongly believe there isn't."

Later, as they became immersed in the stream of traffic pouring into the city, Johnnie turned to her.

"What are you going to do now?"

"Have a hot bath when I get to the hotel."

"I mean after that."

"I haven't decided yet." She was going to see if there were any messages for her, any follow-up to the mysterious telephone call last night. She had a strange certainty that there would be.

BUT Kate no longer wanted to confide in Johnnie. It was extraordinary that Mrs. Dix should have employed him for a task needing diplomacy and finesse — unless she had deliberately chosen a bungler . . .

"Well, I'm throwing in my hand and going back to England. I've had this sort of thing. Needle in a haystack. If there is a needle at all. You'd better come with me."

"I don't think so."

She had to decide whether she would begin looking for that elusive needle in Somerset, as the voice on the telephone yesterday had told her to. But first there was the possibility of something having happened during her enforced night away. Her incurable optimism was showing itself again. She was not going to be defeated.

"I'll drop you at the hotel and go round to the airways office," Johnnie said. "You'd better let me get a ticket for you."

"No, don't do that yet. I haven't made up my mind."

"Then make it up in that hot bath. I'll call you in an hour or so."

"That's very kind of you, Johnnie, but our excursions seem to be ill-fated. I think this is where we part."

"Honestly, Kate, I don't think you should stay here alone. You're too attractive, for one thing."

"Johnnie, darling, if I fly with you we'll come limping into London Airport on one engine."

He scowled, not amused. "That's ridiculous nonsense. I'll still ring you later and see if you've changed your mind."

The clerk behind the desk at the Hotel Romano gave her his welcoming smile, his dark eyes suggesting, with approval, that she was making the most of her time by staying out all night.

"You are enjoying Rome, signorina? You have had a wish at the Trevi fountain?"

"No, not yet."

"But you must throw a coin in the fountain, signorina."

And what would she wish for, Kate reflected. Francesca's safety, of course. Suddenly she felt helpless and frightened at the task ahead of her.

"Tell me," she said casually, "are people often drowned in the Tiber?"

The young man, with his smooth, smiling face, looked startled.

"Sometimes, signorina. Regrettably. Too much vino, perhaps, or a wish not to live." He shrugged, abruptly changing from smiling welcome to melancholy.

"Has there been an Englishman drowned recently?"

"You mean yesterday, last week? No, not since the mystery several weeks ago."

"Several weeks?"

"While the weather was still hot. It was said he had perhaps gone swimming in the moonlight, after a party, you know. It was all very suspicious, but the police could find out nothing more."

"What was his name?" Kate asked tensely. "Do you remember?"

"I do, because it was one of your strange English names."

The young man gave his charming smile and enunciated carefully, "Gerald Dalrymple."

He looked at Kate anxiously and said, "That means nothing to you? He was not your friend?"

Kate was enormously relieved. "No, he was not my friend. That is the only drowning of an Englishman?"

"That is the only one I know of, signorina." The young man added with his impeccable manners, "I am sorry."

Kate picked up her room key. "Have there been any messages for me?"

"No. Nothing at all."

Now she didn't know what to think, but excitement was rising in her because after all that telephone call last night must have been from Lucian. He must be alive, thank heaven, and that also meant it must be true that Francesca was safely in Somerset. Now what should she do?

Nothing, she told herself, until she had had a long luxurious bath and some food. After that she would be human again and inspiration would come to her.

The inspiration did come to her while she was in her bath. She leapt out and only half dry went to the telephone and asked for William's number in London. It was Saturday morning and he would not be at the office. She waited, with an eagerness that caused her faint surprise, for the sound of his voice.

But when the call came through it was a woman's voice, vaguely familiar, that answered.

"Mr. Howard isn't here, I'm sorry."

"You mean he isn't in London?"

"No." The voice was cagy and had that vague familiarity.

"Who is that speaking?" Kate demanded.

"Oh, Kate! That's Kate!" The far-off voice was raised in pleasure. "This is Miss Squires here. I'm staying in William's flat. But hasn't he told you?"

"How could he?" Kate returned, with some asperity. "I'm in Rome."

"But so is he, dear. He left by the early morning flight."

"Oh, the clot! Why can't he keep his nose out of my business? Then he should be here any time?"

"I believe they were held up by fog, but he should be on his way by now. I told him to go to the Hotel Romano. Is that right?"

"So you're in this plot, too," Kate said disgustedly. "Well, I haven't time to talk about it now, but since William isn't there, you'll have to do something for me. It's very urgent and it may be a little difficult."

SUDDENLY Kate remembered Miss Squires sitting hunched and fearful in her cottage hugging her cat, and added doubtfully, "Will you try?"

"Of course," came the answer steadily. "I'm staying in William's flat. His housekeeper will look after Tom. What is it you want me to do?"

"There's a village somewhere near Taunton, I don't know its name, but I'm guessing it will be quite a small place. I think Francesca is there. She will be staying with a family called either Cray or Dalrymple. That's all I can tell you, except that they have two children called Tony and Caroline. If you can possibly find this family, will you tell them they must ask for police protection immediately. It's terribly important. I think they'll know what you're getting at."

Miss Squires' voice was not quite so steady now.

"Are you sure Francesca isn't in Rome, then?"

"Not entirely. I want to stay a little longer to be sure. But this other thing is urgent. Do you think you can manage it?"

"I can have a jolly good try," Miss Squires' voice came back with determined courage. "I know there's a lot more in this than I knew at first. But William will tell you. Goodbye, dear, and I'll ring you

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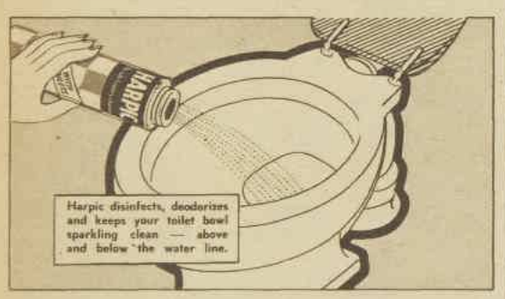

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the moment I've got anything to report."

"Good girl," said Kate affectionately. "This all may be a hoax, so do be careful. Bless you."

So William was arriving at any moment. After a little while Kate's annoyance left her and she began to feel rather happy about it. Now she needn't feel even the faintest regret that Johnnie was deserting her. William was a much stronger leaning post. And a familiar one. If his car broke down he would know how to fix it at least. And also he possessed the incalculable asset of speaking Italian. He could do a little inquiring into the drowning of the mysterious Englishman Gerald Dalrymple, which, Kate was now convinced, had been the beginning of the whole mysterious affair.

Now she was too excited to sit calmly waiting for William's arrival. On an impulse she scribbled a note:

"Do I have no life of my own? Can't you leave me alone and attend to the roads of England, which are in much more immediate trouble that I am? I'm just dashing out to have another shot at getting Gianetta to talk. If you come while I am away don't move from this room!"

This she stuck in an envelope, addressed it to Mr. William Howard, and propped it on the dressing-table. She would ask the desk clerk to give William her key. He would smile approvingly and ask her again if she were enjoying Rome and had she thrown a coin in the Trevi fountain.

Just before she left, the telephone rang again. She snatched it up eagerly, hoping that it would be Lucian Cray, with a better connection this time, so that she could hear what he said.

But it was Johnnie. She felt rather flat. Poor Johnnie. And he meant so well.

"Hi, Kate. Changed your mind about coming with me?"

"No. William's arriving."

"Who's William?" His voice sounded suddenly peevish and suspicious.

"Oh, just an old friend of mine. He has rather a thing about keeping an eye on me." She knew she was being smug, but the memory of Johnnie's bleary - eyed ineffectiveness rankled.

Johnnie gave a sudden snort of laughter. "So you look for the lost brat and your boy-friend looks for you, and who looks for him? This is becoming a farce."

"Yes, isn't it," said Kate pleasantly. "William knows about cars, too. So you can leave me quite safely."

There was a short silence. "Suppose I deserved that." His voice was lugubrious and Kate was suddenly ashamed of herself. "But I still think you should come with me. I'll take a wager you don't get any further ahead than I did with your search, William or no William. Or have you had any more mysterious phone calls?"

"No."

"Too bad. You're quite sure you didn't hear the name of that place in Somerset?"

"No, I didn't. I wish I had."

"H'm'm. Well. I've got a booking on the afternoon flight. I rather think I'll take it, you know."

"Don't wait for me," said Kate coolly. "Good luck, Johnnie, and goodbye."

"I think you're being rather reckless, my dear."

"Why? Are you afraid I'll fall in the Tiber, too?"

Johnnie gave his loud, hearty laugh. "Not at all. You're a clever girl. You're too good at taking care of yourself."

Once more Kate made her way to the narrow shabby house in the little street, off the via Appia. But no one came in response to Kate's knock. She waited a little, imagining that Gianetta's dark eyes, like those of a timid captive animal, were peering secretly at her through the window. If they were, Gianetta obviously was not going to open the door.

Kate stepped back, feeling baffled and frustrated, and also conscious of growing apprehension. Those silent dark rooms of the house could be hiding anything, anything . . .

She noticed that two or three women in the street had gathered to watch her. She walked towards them, asking optimistically:

"Parla Inglese?"

Their heads shook regretfully. Then one of them raised her voice and with the shrill Italian intonation called, "Maddale-ee-na!"

A door opened and a young girl of about sixteen came out. The woman, who was apparently her mother, pointed at her and explained, "She speak Inglese, signorina."

As the girl gave a shy smile Kate said, "I came out here to see Gianetta, but there doesn't seem to be anyone home. Do you know where she is?"

"She has gone to England. Last night late she left."

"To England!" But that couldn't be true. Not shabby little Gianetta, who had obviously never ventured more than a few miles from her home in all her life.

"Si, signorina. To see her daughter who is sick. She had to go quite quickly. And this morning the man came to do the floor, but he couldn't get in."

"Did he get in?" Kate asked tensely.

"Through the window." The girl giggled. "Some boards were quite decayed, he said. There is a lot of work to do. Poor Gianetta. She has many troubles."

"Did you know she had a daughter in England?" Kate asked.

"Oh, yes. Francesca. We have always known Francesca." The girl shrugged. "But she has a wealthy godmother in England — I think Gianetta once worked in her house — and she makes many visits."

The circus of watching women, with their avid, baffled eyes, was disturbing, like being watched by a jury of crows who would pronounce some unintelligible verdict. Kate could not take in the information that Francesca was Gianetta's child. No wonder she had looked so aged, so frightened, now that something had gone seriously wrong with those mysterious journeys to England. No wonder she had been so scared and secretive yesterday. How did she know whom she could trust?

"The man who came to do the floor," she asked. "What did he look like?"

The girl paused a moment. She said something in rapid Italian to the other women and they began to nod, their eyes sparkling with amusement.

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THE DEADLY TRAVELLERS

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"We all say," she told Kate, "that he must have come a long way to get to Rome. Or else his mother had." She giggled again, enjoying her cleverness. "We thought he was Chinese."

Kate did not enjoy her journey back to the hotel. She could not get back quickly enough to see if William had arrived and to tell him of this latest development. For she was so afraid, so dreadfully afraid, that Gianetta had not gone to England, that on the contrary she had not gone far at all. But also that it was unlikely she would ever come back . . .

The clerk greeted her with his unfailing smile and an air of delight.

"Your friend has arrived, signorina."

"Oh, thank goodness! Is he waiting?"

"I gave him your room key as you advised."

"Thank you. I must see him quickly."

She ran up the stairs, not waiting for the lift, and burst into her room.

"William, you crazy —" she began, but stopped as the man rose from the chair at the window.

He was not William.

"Sorry to disappoint you, Kate," said Lucian Cray.

There was no time to exchange polite greetings. Kate burst out, "They've got Gianetta. What are we to do?"

At least his face did not go blank. He did not say, "Who is Gianetta?" and pretend ignorance, as she had grown accustomed to expect. He said quietly:

"Don't worry. She's half way to England by now."

"You don't believe that story?"

Although his voice was quiet, his eyes were narrowed and hard. His face still excited her — or perhaps it was the artist in her whom it excited — but now she saw its ruthlessness and its dedication to some unwavering purpose. He would not be an easy person to live with or an easy enemy to have.

"Why didn't you go when I told you to?" he repeated.

She flung up her head.

"How could I be sure you were telling me the truth?"

"No, I suppose you couldn't be sure, after all that has happened." He regarded her thoughtfully.

"How did you know I was here, even?"

"I have methods as well as Johnnie Lambert."

Kate started a little at that, but the unreality of it all was too much for her.

"I came here thinking you were drowned!"

"Who told you that?"

"Oh, some woman in the upstairs flat of your house in St. John's Wood. It was your house, I suppose?"

"Yes, my house. But not my body in the Tiber." The hard ruthlessness had come back into his face.

"No, the clerk downstairs told me whose that was. Gerald Dalrymple's. But who was he?"

"He was my sister's husband," Lucian said sombrely.

"Oh, how dreadful! Tony's and Caroline's father! The person who wrote the letter to Francesca."

"Exactly. You've found out too much, Kate. Even I didn't know about that letter."

"But you knew about the diamonds," Kate said breathlessly. His eyes pierced her.

"How did you find out about them?"

"I had a nightmare last night that people were accusing me of having them. Me! And when I woke up I knew somehow that I had dreamed the truth."

"Didn't I tell you last night to go home, that it wasn't safe."

Kate's eyes widened.

"Then it wasn't a nightmare? Were those people really there, in my room in the dark?" Her mouth was dry.

"Poor Kate! Was it very bad?"

"You'd better not lose this one!"

"I screamed my head off. But no one seemed to hear. The wretched place might have been completely empty. That was why it was so fantastic and horrible — so that by daylight I was sure I had been dreaming. I didn't even tell Johnnie. He was too stupid, anyway, and I wasn't sure then that I trusted him."

Lucian gave a tight smile.

"Did you tell Johnnie where Francesca was?"

"I told him I'd had your telephone call that she was in Somerset. After all, that was only fair since we were both looking for her. But we thought we'd look up this branch of the Torlini family first. Then the car broke down . . ." her voice died away. She said, very slowly, "Shouldn't I have told Johnnie?"

"It's exactly what I hoped you would do. You couldn't have done better — beyond, of course, keeping your inquisitive nose out of the whole business."

"What are you trying to tell me?"

"If you hadn't had a kind heart, Kate, I'd have been no further ahead at all, and my poor sister might never have discovered the truth about her husband's death. But thanks to your impulsiveness and your friendliness and your utterly enchanting feminine tendency never to stop and think, we're getting somewhere. Now you say Johnnie has left for Somerset."

Kate nodded miserably. "He was catching the afternoon plane. But he didn't know where in Somerset to go. I couldn't hear what you were saying on the telephone."

"I didn't mean you to. London Airport will be enough. What's wrong, Kate?"

Kate pressed her fingers to her eyes. She couldn't bear that he should see her tears. In his dry summing-up voice he would make more remarks about her feminine warm - hearted qualities. And she didn't want to be analysed by Lucian Cray. She wanted William to roar at her, "Kate, you clot, I've a good mind to beat you."

"Shouldn't William be here by now?" she asked tightly.

"That's whom you were expecting?"

"Yes, I just heard he'd followed me, to look after me, or something. He does utterly mad and unnecessary things like that."

"I wouldn't say it was unnecessary or particularly mad," Lucian remarked. "If you were my fiancee I'd keep you on a leash."

"I'm not William's fiancee," Kate snapped with taut nerves.

"No?" Lucian eyed her reflectively. "I still wouldn't trust you out of my sight. One day you'll stick that pretty neck out too far."

"It's nothing to do with you what I do with my neck."

"No, it isn't, after all. What I think you need is some food."

"I'm not hungry." She had controlled her brief weakness and said more calmly, "Tell me the rest of this fascinating story. Francesca's doll was filled with diamonds, which she discovered, thought they were a lot of dirty stones, threw them away, and put what she valued much more, a letter from your brother-in-law, in their place. He had been com- to Rome and secretly making friends with her, is that right?"

Lucian nodded. "Go on, Kate."

"So now that I was put through the third degree last night and it was more or less proved that I hadn't got the diamonds, and am up to my neck in this affair only because I'm crazy enough to care what happens to a stray child, someone has been tearing up the floorboards in Gianetta's house, and someone else is dashing off to find Francesca and frighten her out of her wits until she tells where she put those dirty old stones. Or indeed how she found that her doll split in half. I imagine the opening was pretty well concealed until she did it up clumsily again."

"Kate, your acumen is fairly bright, after all. That's what I assume has happened."

"Were the diamonds cut or uncut?" she asked inconsequentially.

"I'm not sure. There was a jewel robbery in Venice not long ago when a Venetian contessa lost her diamond necklace. It was valued at thirty thousand pounds. I may be wrong, but I think that's what we're looking for. It would be broken up, of course."

"And that's what I've been carrying about in that snake-doll, Pepita!" Kate exclaimed in horror.

"What everyone thought you were carrying about."

Involuntarily Kate began to chuckle with wry amusement.

"Mrs. Dix and Nicolas Grundy and my shadow, the Chinese gentleman, who, fortunately, is always just one step too many behind, and Mrs. Mossop."

"Mrs. Mossop is Mr. Grundy's sister," said Lucian, "and incidentally usually wears a wig. But perhaps deliberately leaves it off at times. I believe you got a fright there one day."

"Then it was she who looked into the room. It was a head like an egg, featurless, utterly horrible." Kate shivered as it all came clear to her. "I was supposed to be asleep from drugged sherry and naughty Pepita, full of diamonds, was unguarded in my bag. But I ran away!" she said disgustedly.

"It wasn't from courage but

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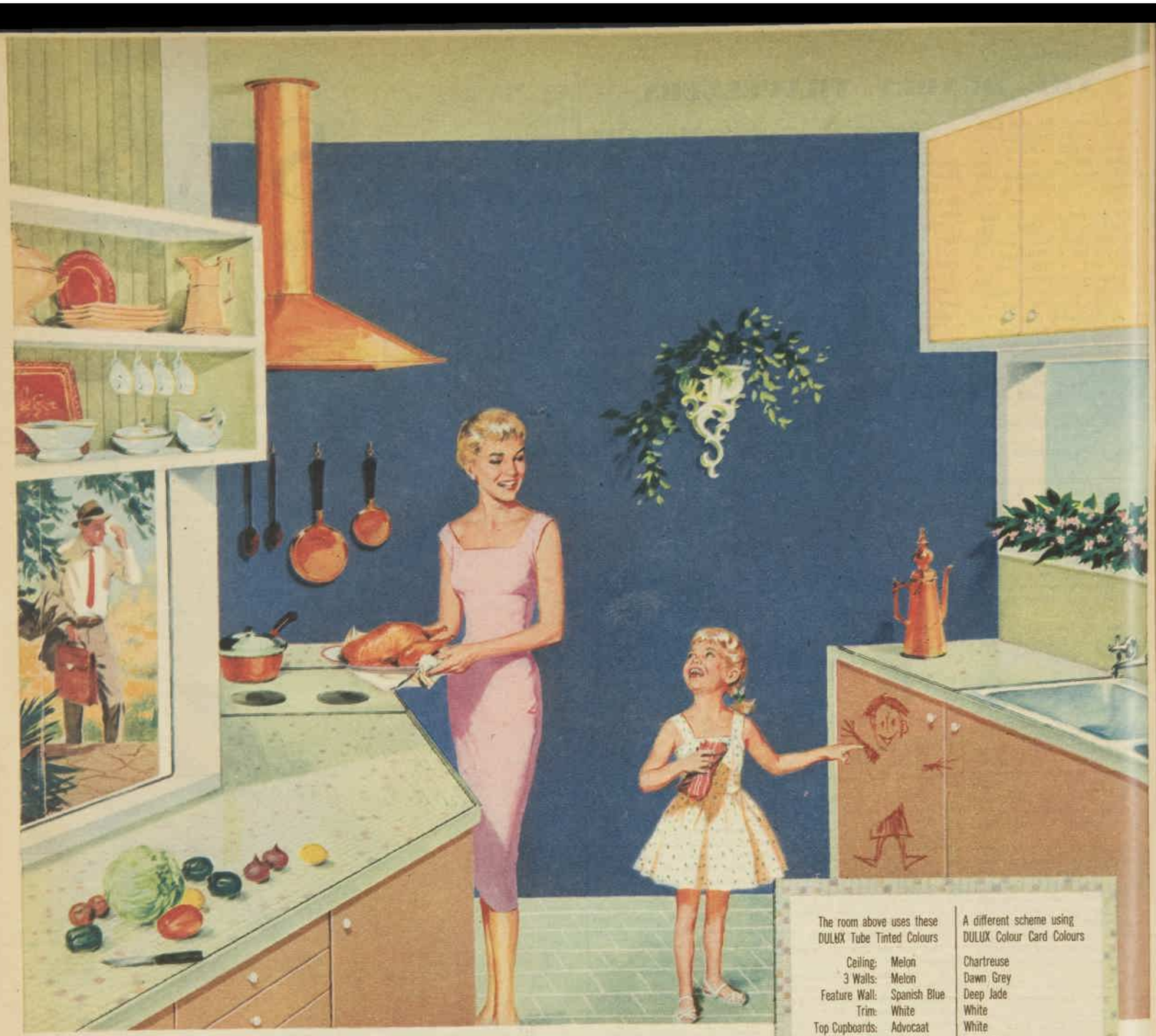

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from warm-heartedness that you got into this," Lucian reminded her.

"Yes, I suppose so. And what about that old woman in Rosita's room, and the way the room had aged?"

"Easy enough to do. An old woman can soon scatter a sort of cobwebbing of her bits and pieces about a room. You were awkward about wanting to see Rosita, so some place had to be arranged for her. I'm not sure, but I think that old woman is another sister of Mr. Grundy."

"Is Mr. Grundy the big noise behind all this?"

"No," said Lucian slowly. "Not completely."

"How do you know all these things?"

"Oh—I have my shadows, too. My brother-in-law Gerald was in this game professionally. He'd taught me a few things about private detection."

"Better than my efforts," Kate said regretfully.

"On the contrary. I'm sorry to say that you've been my decoy. It wasn't meant to be this way. It was your own behaviour that started it."

But he had let her walk into danger, Kate thought. He was brilliant, and fascinatingly attractive, but that steel-hardness in him that allowed him to use a child and a woman to achieve his ends left her feeling cold and a little repelled.

"There's a gang of international thieves and smugglers at work," he went on. "Gerald had been employed by one of the big insurance companies to try to get on to their racket. He'd found out something big, but unfortunately didn't live to

Continuing . . .

THE DEADLY TRAVELLERS

from page 61

tell it. Francesca was one of his clues. He'd made friends with her and talked about his own children, Tony and Caroline.

"When he died Gianetta was too scared to talk. She's a widow and had been a maid in the house of one of these people. She was bribed and terrified into letting Francesca be one of the children to have an occasional trip to England. She hated it, but what could one poor woman with a child to support do against that sort of pressure? When Gerald died the thing became a nightmare to her. She somehow got hold of his diary, and took a big risk in sending it to my sister. There was just enough information in it for me to start on."

"So you kidnapped Francesca!" Kate exclaimed indignantly.

"Merely borrowed her, Kate dear. I arranged for a friend to meet the train at Basle, and we'd whisk her off. All those schoolchildren were a godsend. They prevented, as you know, your giving the alarm until morning."

He met her outraged gaze.

"I'm sorry, Kate. I didn't know you then. I thought you'd go home and forget about it, especially when I was pretty certain there wouldn't be a public fuss made. But you began to be quite a trouble—"

"You callously kidnap a child—" Kate began.

"Not callously. Francesca was very happy about going to see Tony and Caroline at last. I talked to her for a moment in the train when you were out of the compartment, and she was very excited. You noticed that yourself. She's quite a girl, by the way. She's been kept as much as possible from learning English, in spite of her trips, and she's also been trained not to talk."

"Heading for the secret service, no doubt," Kate said dryly.

Lucian ignored her interruption, and went on, "My friend Peter brought her by car from Basle to Paris, and she even had her ascent of the Eiffel Tower."

"So it was her I heard!"

"Kate, believe me, I didn't mean to get you into all this trouble. I thought Francesca would have the diamonds on her, stitched in her clothes, or something. The wretched doll never occurred to me. But she hadn't got them, so there was I, with a stolen child, whom no one was at all interested in because they knew she hadn't got the loot. My bait had completely failed, and I had inadvertently got you into danger. You had the doll, after all, and everyone thought it was full of diamonds. Except you and me. And Francesca, of course."

Kate gave a wan smile.

"Thanks to my stupidity, I never realised I was in real danger. Even in Paris when the lights went out in that fishy nightclub I thought it was all accidental." That brought her thoughts back to Johnnie Lambert, and she said slowly, "Lucian—which side is Johnnie on? Why are you so glad he's left for England?"

His eyes were enigmatic.

"My bait's been swallowed at last. Extradition orders aren't easy to get without pretty good evidence. They can hold him there on a false passport charge, to begin with."

"But he's so stupid! Surely he's not the big fish."

LUCIAN looked at her with his narrowed hard eyes.

"The big fish, Kate dear, is Major Dix."

"Mrs. Dix's dead husband!"

"Mrs. Dix's very much alive husband." Lucian didn't give her time to dwell on that startling information. "Now we've got two things to do. Find where Francesca put the diamonds—Gianetta swears she knows nothing—and see when your friend William is due in. I suggest ringing the airport first."

"And then do we go back to England to question Francesca?"

"I've questioned her until I'm blue in the face. She's a child of few words. She just goes blank and says she doesn't understand. She's the original Mona Lisa."

Kate smiled reminiscently.

"She's a remarkable child. Is she really safe now?"

"She's never been in danger, as far as she knows. She's having a whale of a time, refusing to speak English and demanding enormous platefuls of ravioli. But you'll see for yourself soon enough."

"I can't believe it. What utter heaven! Who cares about the loathsome diamonds?"

"I'm afraid I owe you an apology."

At first Lucian could get no satisfaction from the airport.

"They say the last flight from London Airport came in two hours ago."

"But that must be the flight William was on. Miss Squires said he had left ages ago. Why isn't he here?"

"Don't panic," said Lucian. "They're going to check and call me back. Let's see if we can get some sandwiches and coffee sent up."

"You can eat," Kate said, clenching her hands and beginning to walk about the room trying to combat her now familiar apprehension.

"And so can you." Lucian's cool eyes surveyed her. "Look at you. Thin and haggard. Is that any way to greet your fiance?"

"I told you he isn't my fiance. We're not even good friends. Or amicable friends." Kate's voice was curt with nervousness and suspense. "But if that plane came in two hours ago why isn't he here? He's an editor and a writer. He's not used to this sort of thing. He's done something foolish —"

"If it comes to that, you're both babes in arms," Lucian said with his air of detached amusement. "It's a good thing you're an attractive young woman."

"Why?" Kate asked with her sharp suspicion.

"Italians — and other nationalities — are rather susceptible to pretty girls."

Was that why she had been allowed to come back safely after last night? She remembered Johnnie with his sudden wistfulness saying, "It's a pity you're so attractive."

"William isn't a pretty girl," she said involuntarily. "He hasn't that invisible weapon or whatever it is."

"He's probably looking at the sights. Relax, Kate. Didn't we say on the train that it will all be the same in a thousand years."

Kate made an impatient exclamation. "You can't apply that theory to moments of tension! They last for ever."

The telephone rang. Kate jumped nervously.

Lucian spoke into it in Italian. Was it her imagination that his face tightened? He abruptly turned his back to her. The quick unintelligible words flowed on maddeningly.

Then he put down the receiver and turned.

"What did they say? Where's William? Hasn't he come?"

"Yes, he came by the last flight, a couple of hours ago. But he didn't travel into the terminal by the airways bus. He seemed to meet friends and they left by car."

"Friends!" Kate exclaimed. "Whom would he know? Unless it was someone he travelled with who gave him a lift. But in that case why isn't he here by now?"

"They've stopped for drinks, perhaps. I wonder what's happened to those sandwiches. I'll go down and shake someone up."

"Lucian, don't be absurd! William wouldn't stop two hours for drinks, not when his whole object in coming here was to find me. He is absent-minded, I know, but when he's doing a thing he goes straight to it. He hasn't stopped for drinks. What's happened to him?"

Lucian took her hands and held them a moment, firmly.

"It'll be all right, Kate. Believe me! He's probably forgotten the name of the hotel. Now just wait here while I run down and see a friend of mine. And I'll be back with the sandwiches in a moment."

It was while he was gone that the telephone rang again. Kate stared at it a moment, hypnotised. Then suddenly she snatched it eagerly, expecting William's voice.

"Is that Miss Tempest speaking?" came a clipped English voice.

"Yes, who is that?" English, she thought, in relief. The people who gave William a lift in from the airport.

"It isn't of importance to you who is speaking, Miss Tempest. But just for the record, it's Major Dix. We have your friend, Howard, with us. Rather against his wishes, I'm afraid. But as soon as we locate what all of us are looking for we'll let him go."

"The diamonds!" Kate gasped.

"Exactly."

"But you know I haven't the slightest clue where they are!"

"Oh, come now, you don't mean to tell me that your friend Cray hasn't got the child to talk. If he hasn't he's a damn fool, and I'm giving you three hours to do so. That's ample time to do a little telephoning to Somerset. I'll call you again at six o'clock. After that it will be dark."

"What do you mean?" Kate whispered.

"More than one foreigner has stumbled drunk into the Tiber," the clipped cultured voice became contemptuous. "You amateurs shouldn't take on these jobs. They always have fatal results."

"You can't do this!" Anger and fear made Kate raise her voice vehemently. "William is perfectly innocent."

"Then let him stick to his pen."

"We'll call the police—"

"A search would take a long time. Much longer than the time of the moon's rising. Let's be poetic about it, shall we?

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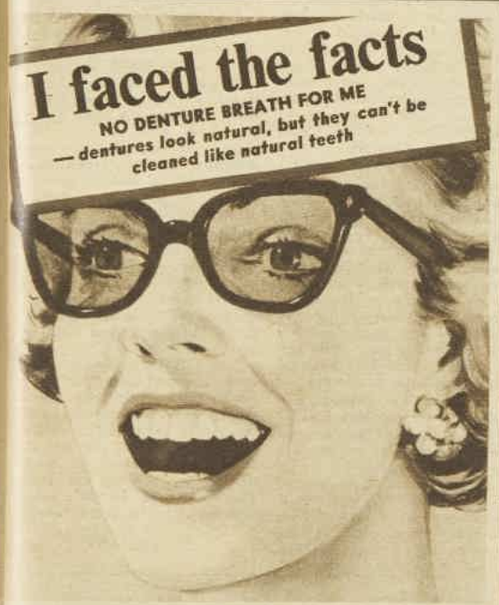

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Continuing . . .

THE DEADLY TRAVELLERS

from page 63

There's my proposition. The diamonds for your friend's life. Fair enough?"

The telephone clicked just as Lucian came back into the room, followed by a waiter with a tray of coffee and sandwiches.

"Kate! What's happened?"

She had to wait until the waiter had put down the tray and gone out. The disastrous unfairness of this happening to William, who was perfectly innocent, made her forget to be afraid. She was filled with anger and indignation.

She heatedly told Lucian what had happened, and added, "I know where he'll be. At the Garibaldi Inn. I'm sure that's their headquarters. We've got to go at once. Have you got a car?"

Lucian's hand was on her shoulder. "Sit down and tell me again calmly what has happened and exactly what this man said. Here! Have a mouthful of this."

He produced a flask from his pocket and unstoppered it. The neat brandy made Kate gasp, but it steadied her panic.

She related the telephone conversation again, and saw, in a detached way, Lucian's eyes gleam and his mouth tense with excitement.

"The big fish," he said softly. "We've almost hooked him."

"Almost hooked him when you don't even know where he is. And we have this ghastly time limit."

Lucian picked up the telephone and spoke for a moment.

Then he put a sandwich into Kate's hand and poured coffee.

"Giovanni's bringing round the car. He'll be a few minutes. He's a fast driver. Are you nervous?"

"Not any longer of simple things like fast cars," Kate said wryly.

"Yes, it's all a matter of proportion, isn't it? Do you want to tidy up before we leave? I'll wait for you downstairs. I'm not at all sure that this inn, fishy though it sounds, is the place to go. They'll surely know that you remember it all too well. But I'd like to have a look at it."

"Not only the Garibaldi Inn, but the Torlinis' villa farther on. That could be the place."

When Kate was alone she washed her face and combed her hair, and swallowed some more coffee. She couldn't eat. Then she looked round the room with a feeling of surprise that it could seem so ordinary and innocent. One had always heard that drama took place in hotel bedrooms, but one had never expected it to happen to oneself.

Let Johnnie Lambert be arrested at London Airport for his false passport. Let Gianetta be reunited with her silent stubborn daughter and Miss Squires go back safely to her cottage and her cat. Let justice be done over the grave of a drowned Englishman.

But she and William would have their snatched hours of happiness in Rome. How utterly blind and foolish of her never to have realised that William would be the perfect travelling companion. Even if he had two black eyes and a multiplicity of bruises. For he would not have been overpowered easily, and he had a violent temper when aroused.

Oh, William, William, please let me be allowed to look after your black eyes . . .

GIOVANNI, a slim smart flashing-eyed young man, drove extremely well. Although he doubled on his tracks now and again to throw off any pursuer, Lucian explained, he seemed to know the way through the autumn-melancholy countryside to Garibaldi Inn. When Kate commented on this fact, Lucian said, "Oh, he's been there before." And added cryptically, "We were looking after you as well as possible last night. You are too unpredictable to look after with complete certainty."

Giovanni gave her his flashing smile, the inevitable admiration in his eyes. Kate expected him, too, to ask if she had had a wish at the Trevi fountain, and she wondered absurdly whether he had disguised himself as the goat or the prowling cat last night. Nothing was real to her any more. It was years ago that she had seen a stout little girl in a white starched dress setting out hopefully on a journey.

A deadly little girl who had indirectly robbed Mrs. Dix of her life, Kate of her dearest friend, and Pepita of her stomachful of treasure.

It was siesta time at the Garibaldi Inn. By daylight it looked even more squalid, with the faded paint peeling off the shutters, and a piece of fallen plaster disclosing the bare ribs of the wall within. Giovanni waited in the car. Lucian told Kate to come with him, and together they rang the jangling bell for some time before the stout proprietor, sleepy-eyed and unshaven and reeking of garlic, appeared.

The merest flicker of alarm passed over his face. Then he bowed and leered with repulsive friendliness.

"Ah, so the signorina returns."

"She finds your place irresistible," Lucian said ironically.

Kate's mouth opened in surprise. "You couldn't speak English last night!" she accused.

The man grinned impertinently. "The signorina did not inquire. What can I do for you? I regret we are closed at this time of day."

"We just want to have a look over your place."

"Sorry, signor. We are closed. Later, with pleasure."

"That's too late," Kate cried impetuously. Lucian's fingers tightened warningly on her arm.

"Oh, too bad, too bad," said the man in his oily manner. "But the country is more attractive by moonlight." His black bold eyes rested significantly on Kate. Their look did not suggest anticipated amours but the danger that could come by night with the rising of the moon.

Lucian beckoned to Giovanni, who slid out of the car and came over.

"We will look over your place now, signor. My friend has a search warrant. Come along, Kate. Show us the room where you had your visitors last night." He turned to say sardonically to the startled proprietor, "You should hire a theatre if you enjoy amateur theatricals."

The leer was replaced by a ferocious frown. The fat man slowly stepped back to let them into the squalid bar.

"Whatever your business," he said in a voice suddenly shrill, "you will find nothing here."

Nor did they. Swiftly, because of time running out, they went over the shabby bare-floored bedrooms upstairs, and downstairs the large dark kitchen in which the round-faced maid stared at them speechlessly, shaking her head violently to all Lucian's brief questions, the backyard, where

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IRON-ON TRANSFER AND PATTERN

● **Novel motifs of small dogs and rabbits make up this week's Iron-on Transfer No. 1007J.**

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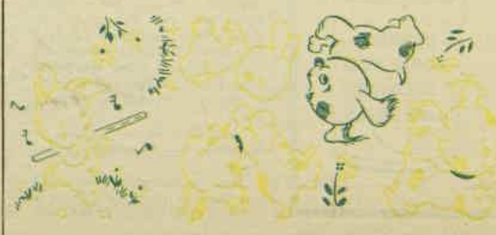

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● Snappy comedy romance with a big-city setting and in color, Universal's "Pillow Talk" provides a gay time for its stars, Doris Day, Rock Hudson, and Tony Randall. Fun starts when Doris can't raise her numbers because Rock is always talking to one of his numerous girls.

★ *ROCK finds Randall wants HIS phone to call DORIS!*

★ *LIFELINE to the busy love-life of bachelor Rock is his telephone, so he doesn't like it when co-user Doris, fed up, complains.*

★ *ENGAGED AGAIN! Doris wears that look because she's cooking up an idea that will fix the popular Mr. Hudson good—she thinks.*

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'Jazzy' break for TV

● Australian TV has entered its fourth year with an achievement that should not only wipe the smile off Liberace's face, but also set it well on the way to becoming an international video force.

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN

FOR the first time, a series of half-hour TV shows has been completed in Australia for world-wide distribution, and its success should pave the way for many more such ventures.

That popular wizard of the keyboards, Winifred Atwell, is the star of the shows, which have been filmed against elaborate settings at the Pagewood Studios, Sydney.

And the results are so polished and effective that Liberace could soon be weeping into his candelbra as "The Amazing Miss A" series begins to score rating successes in countries he'd previously regarded as his exclusive TV "concert halls."

The shows have already been sold to American and British TV, they'll be offered for Australian release in about three months' time "to the highest bidder," and they're expected to be bought by many other TV nations, including Russia.

For the first series, Winnie has made 13 shows—one devoted to jazz, one to classical music, etc.—and she'll return to Australia in February to make another 26.

The series is a venture jointly undertaken by Pagewood Studios and Supreme Sound in conjunction with Fontped Securities Ltd., London.

Mr. L. D. Preston, director and general manager of the Pagewood Studios, said that within three years, with first runs and re-runs on world TV, this series could gross a profit of £250,000.

"No one in Australia has been game to spend the money on this type of show for TV before," he said.

"But once the world sees we can produce this first-class show, I'm sure it will be the beginning of great things for the industry here."

Mr. Preston said that to produce these 13 shows, Pagewood Studios put in the largest single order for film ever made in Australia — 200,000ft.

"The local people just couldn't supply it at short notice, so we had it flown out under refrigeration from America," he said.

Apart from months of planning, Winnie has spent more than two weeks, with an average of 12 hours a day, at the keyboards of four different pianos during the filming at Pagewood.

"About the only time she's been off the set has been for two or three minutes between numbers when she changes her dresses," said her dynamic husband, Lew Levishon, who has been taking an active part in directing production and planning the sets.

Mr. Levishon said that Winnie had never made a filmed series for TV before, though she'd had two top rating live series on British TV.

"She decided to make this series here rather than in England because we believe that Australian lighting cameramen and technicians are possibly the best in the world.

"They may need a little artistic direction, but they're really tops," he said.

Chief lighting cameraman on the job is John Leek, of Sydney, and his crew include several boys from "On the Beach," so there shouldn't be any shortage of technical talent.

For the fabulous series—for which all the music was recorded beforehand and then synchronised on film—Winnie plays 104 numbers, and wears 39 gowns valued at more than £5000.

On camera with Trinidad-born Winnie is the Sydney Jazz Workshop Group — George Golla, from Poland, on guitar; Ed Gaston, from America, on bass, and Colin Bailey, from England, on drums.

Normally the group is a quartet, but for obvious reasons the pianist of the group was allowed to stay home watching TV while the others were hard at work!

★ ★ ★

REPORTS from America that Phil Silvers has got Sergeant Bilko and gang their discharge from The Phil Silvers Show (Channel 2, Wednesdays, 8 p.m., Fridays, 6.30 p.m.) haven't made the bulk of viewers happy.

It will really be like losing old friends, though happier news is that ABC-TV still has enough first-run and re-run shows to keep viewers laughing for several months yet.

Meanwhile, in America, Silvers has said: "I'll miss that guy Bilko, but we'll have him out of mothballs every so often. Sergeant Bilkos never die, they just go on other shows."

Silvers is currently hard at work on the first of a series of four one-hour spectaculars, the first of which is slated for a coast-to-coast debut in America on October 17.

Trust Bilko—er, I mean Silvers. The show features several big-name Hollywood stars. And guess what? They're in supporting roles!

Incidentally, the name of this first show is "The Ballad of Louie the Louse." It's a musical comedy specially written for Silvers by Nat Hiken, creator of Bilko.

And somehow, that sounds like pretty good Phil Silvers entertainment, even if it's not filmed back in the barracks.

★ ★ ★

AND talking of comedy . . .

If you've laughed your head off at the antics of Ann Sothern as the saucy secretary in "Susie" (Channel 7, Tuesdays, 1.30 p.m.), you're going to double up at her antics in the new "Ann Sothern Show," starting on Channel 2 (Monday, September 28, 8 p.m.).

The blond comic has just as saucy a personality in her new show, but instead of Susie the secretary she is Katy O'Connor, the assistant manager of a New York hotel.

You can imagine the scope this new job offers for humor unlimited.

Again Ann Sothern, apart from entertaining viewers, fascinates them with her almost girlish glamor.

For how many women could look like that when they're rising 48?

Incidentally, the star—who made her motion-picture debut way back in 1934—is more than a comic in her new show. She has composed the theme tune "Katie," and also another song, "Thanks for Everything," which is introduced later in the series.

★ ★ ★

I DON'T usually care how —or if — local road authorities enjoy themselves during their leisure hours, but I hope they're all watching the September 27 episode of "Disneyland" (Channel 9, Sundays, 6.30 p.m.).

For why? Well, the remarkable show is sub-titled "Magic Highway U.S.A."

Its story of the American roads of the past should be a blush-making example to the local authorities, and a cause of envy to the local motorists who rattle from pot-hole to pot-hole.

And its story of the American roads of the future should be inspiring and fascinating for all viewers.

In making this show Disney had the co-operation of several foremost American engineers whose predictions on future developments of American highways were animated — to startling effect.

So it won't be merely a flight of Disney fancy when viewers see cars of another 20 years or so spinning their way through transparent, air-conditioned tunnels cut through mountains or sea-beds, etc.

It promises to be a brilliant Disneyland, and of even more general interest than most. Which is saying something.

I must say, though, that there's one item in the script which will make me ready to throw the TV set — antenna and all—right at Mr. Disney.

After all, it is incredible nerve to suggest the day will come in this magic future of roads when there'll be separate highways for women drivers.

And yet, come to think of all those ghastly male drivers, that mightn't be such a bad suggestion of Mr. D.'s after all.

WINIFRED ATWELL has a last-minute run-through at the keyboard before going "on camera" at Pagewood Studios, Sydney, during the filming of a series of half-hour TV shows for world-wide distribution. Also on the set is guitarist George Golla, a member of the Sydney Jazz Workshop Group.

TELEVISION PARADE

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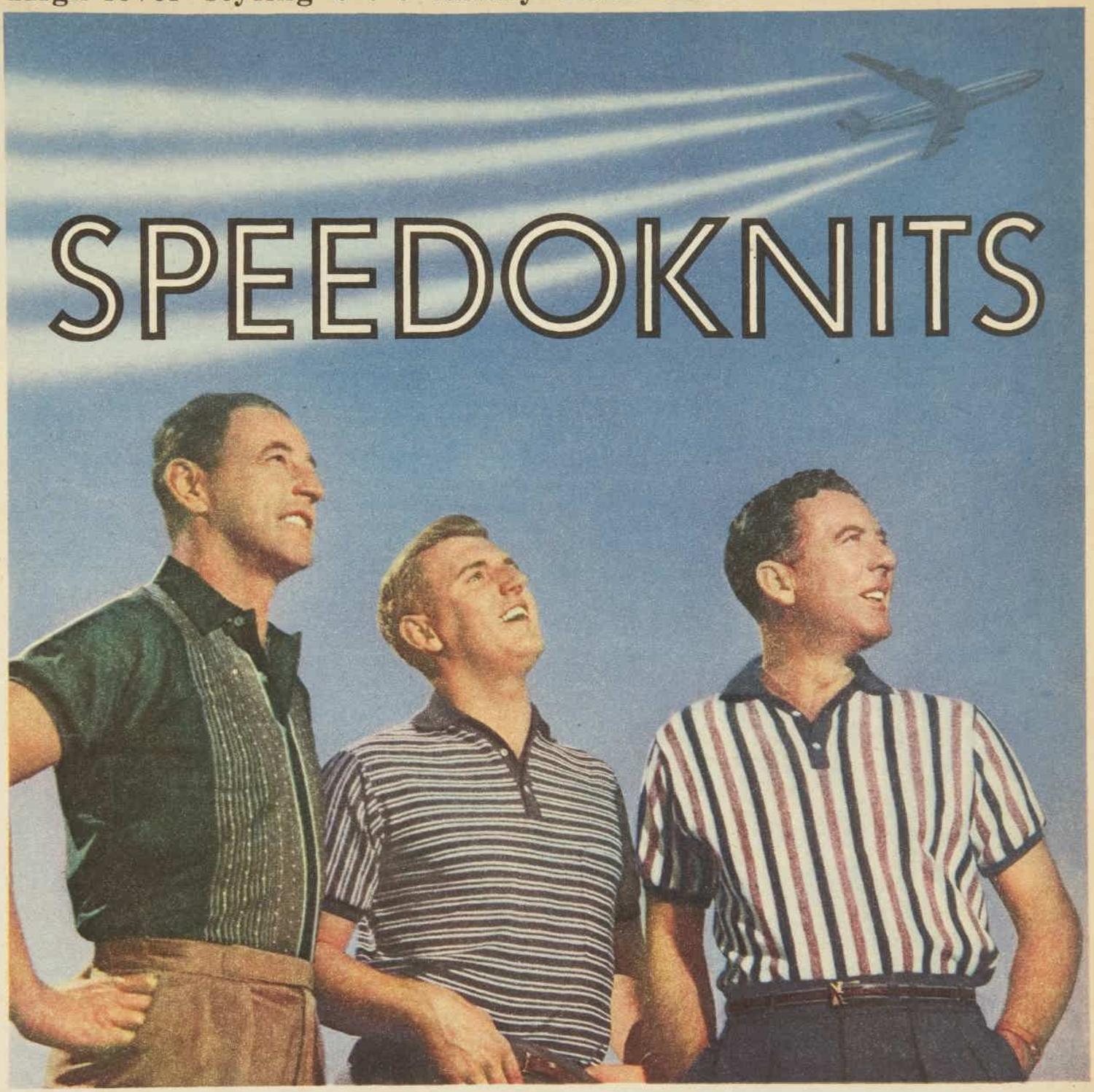

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF FAMOUS GODDARD'S PLATE POWDER

CONTROVERSIAL COUPLE Carlo Ponti and Sophia Loren, married by proxy in Mexico two years ago, risked arrest on bigamy charges when they returned to their native Italy recently. To join Sophia there, director Ponti sneaked across the Swiss border, eluding officials and Press by taking a little-known smugglers' road.

Nobody knew Pat Boone

● Since the 1920s film stars seeking to disguise themselves have merely donned dark glasses and moved around incognito. And now Pat Boone has been doing the same thing.

ALTHOUGH it's hard to imagine how dark glasses would be effective camouflage, as they cover only the eyes and not the famous faces, singer Pat swears no one recognised him when he toured Disneyland recently.

On previous visits hordes of fans screamed for his autograph. But this time, begoggled Boone, wife, and children were able to be leisurely sightseers.

Boone has just finished making "Journey to the Centre of the Earth," which co-stars James Mason and Arlene Dahl.

★ ★ ★

ACTOR **Dean Martin** will star in "633 Squadron," playing a pilot member of the squadron which made the initial raids on German atomic installations in Norway during World War II. Martin, once teamed in comedies with Jerry Lewis, established himself as a dramatic actor when he appeared in "The Young Lions," the film version of the Irwin Shaw book.

★ ★ ★

AUTHOR **Jean Kerr's** witty book "Please Don't Eat the Daisies" should be an equally amusing film — for **David Niven** and **Doris Day** have the leading roles.

Niven, who won an Academy Award for his part in "Separate Tables," has certainly come a long way since those days in the 'thirties when he had bit parts in "Hopalong Cassidy."

★ ★ ★

LATEST drum on Sal **Mineo** is that he was evicted from the home he'd rented in Hollywood because neighbors couldn't stand the noise of his drum playing. "I've been making 'The Gene Krupa Story,'" drawled teenage idol Sal. "I guess I got so intrigued with those drums during the picture that it carried over to my home life. Anyway, I'm evicted, and that's that."

NEW RELEASES

★★★ Excellent ★★ Above Average
★ Average No star—Poor

Film Parade

★★★ WOMAN IN A DRESSING GOWN

Drama, with Yvonne Mitchell, Sylvia Syms, Anthony Quayle. Esquire, Sydney.

LIFE and marriage have got away from Amy Preston, the vague, untidy, pathetic housewife who is re-created on the screen by Yvonne Mitchell.

In this role, which may be likened to that of Shirley Booth's in "Come Back, Little Sheba," Yvonne Mitchell won an international award.

Never dreaming that her 20-year-old marriage to husband Anthony Quayle is insecure, Amy lives in a flat where toast burns, the radio blares, and washing, ironing, and mending pile up in unbelievable clutter.

She is always promising herself that tomorrow will be different, that tomorrow she will be tidy.

When her husband falls in love with Georgie (Sylvia Syms), a girl from his office, and asks his wife for a divorce, all three in the triangle suffer.

In a desperate attempt to prove that she can make herself and her home presentable, Yvonne Mitchell invites Georgie to come with Quayle to the flat. But accidents go against her.

Andrew Ray, as the young son Brian, shows talent, but the film is dominated by Yvonne Mitchell, who brings emotion and intelligence to a fine performance. — H.F.

In a word . . . TRUTHFUL.

★★★ HOUSE OF LOVERS

French comedy drama, with Danielle Darrieux, Gerard Philipe, and Dany Carrel. Sub-titles in English. Savoy, Sydney.

THIS robust comedy is a large, fruity slice of Parisian middle-class life in the nineteenth century, based on Emile Zola's classic "Pot Bouille."

It sparkles with humor and romantic intrigue from the moment ambitious young philanderer Gerard Philipe takes up his residence in a richly conducted apartment house on his arrival in Paris from the provinces.

Taking a job in a nearby ladies'-wear store owned by Danielle Darrieux, he doubles the trade, but leaves in a pique when she, as a highly principled married woman, cold-shoulders his amorous advances.

Joining an adjacent opposition business, he revives a smouldering love affair with Dany Carrel, the young bride of his new employer.

The film is packed with humorous intrigue and counter-intrigue, bedroom scenes, and the down - to - earth approach of the French to both romantic affairs and finance. — M.C.C.

In a word . . . SAUCY.

★★ THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL

Drama, with Harry Belafonte, Inger Stevens, Mel Ferrer. St. James, Sydney.

TRAPPED in a coal-mine for five days, Harry Belafonte comes to the surface, only to find an uninhabited world.

Abandoned cars jam the streets, crumpled newspapers blow along pavements, buildings are intact—but human beings have disappeared, all dead from isotope poisoning.

For almost half the film Belafonte gives a wonderfully sustained performance as the lone negro survivor.

New York is his—its skyscrapers loom above him, his cries of "I'm alive!" echo down the carless canyons.

Like a modern Robinson Crusoe, he busies himself, finds a place to live, restores lighting and radio communication, sends signals over the empty air.

Then comes another survivor, Inger Stevens — later another, Mel Ferrer.

Timidly skirting the color problem, and not daring to suggest that the first two survivors, colored Belafonte and white Stevens, could marry and build up their own world, the film-makers introduce Ferrer to make the conventional triangle.

Violence flares. Unusual film effects show Ferrer hunting Belafonte through the city. At the end, two words, "The Beginning," appear on screen when the two men decide to make peace.

But no problems have been solved, the girl has yet to decide, the flesh and the devil obviously still have power for the future.—H.F.

In a word . . . DESOLATE.

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Continuing . . .

THE DEADLY TRAVELLERS

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the goat and kid were tethered and a few scrawny hens picked in the dust, and the two rooms at the back which were obviously the living quarters of the proprietor.

"Nothing here," said Lucian. "Let's go."

In the car Lucian slipped his arm along the back of the seat round Kate's shoulders.

"Torlini's, now, Giovanni, and step on it," Lucian said.

"What's the time?" Kate asked nervously.

"Four fifteen. We're doing fine."

"Lucian, do you think Mrs. Dix was murdered?"

"I haven't a doubt about it. By her loving husband. But for precisely what reason I'm not sure. Look, there's the villa. On the hillside among the cypresses. Nice place it looks, as the country residence of a crook."

It looked like the summer residence of a millionaire. There was an orderly row of cypresses leading up to a wide terrace. Slim white ladies cast in stone were grouped round the central fountain and made a pale glimmer in the cypress groves. The house itself was of pink marble.

Kate suddenly felt extraordinarily scruffy and jaded. Lucian gave her a sardonic look as she hastily smoothed her hair.

"Don't worry about that. You're not meeting a Prince of the Borghese or even of the Medicis. You're meeting — I hope — a thief and a murderer."

Giovanni said something in his own language to Lucian and Lucian gave a short, ironic laugh.

"Giovanni says why didn't we discover this place for ourselves, why was it left to you, a girl to do it?"

"We don't even know whose place it is."

"We'll soon find out," Lucian said confidently.

This was not so easy, however. A very old servant opened the door. He looked half blind, but he had a wrinkled crafty face which Kate suspected did not miss much. He talked for a little in a high, quavering voice, shrugging his shoulders and waving his hands. Lucian turned to Kate.

"He says the family are all away. They've gone to spend the winter in Naples. I think we'll take a look all the same. Keep those sharp eyes of yours open, Kate."

Another inhospitable doorstep, thought Kate. She looked at her watch and her panic grew. Time was running out. Already the daylight was fading. Surely William was not concealed in this large, luxurious house. If he were, he would be making a great noise.

"Make it fast," Lucian said to Giovanni. "We can pick up less important evidence another time."

The old man seemed bewildered, but he understood what Giovanni's badge meant. He hastily stood back, mumbling to himself, as they went in. He did not attempt to follow them, for there seemed nothing to hide. The large reception-rooms were dust - sheet - shrouded, and upstairs the airy bedrooms with their fine views of the cypresses and the olive groves were the same.

At another time Kate would have wanted to linger, looking at the pictures, the statuary, and the personal relics of the absent family. As it was, in her despair that this great sleeping house would produce any clue as to William's whereabouts, she noticed only one significant thing. That was a photograph of a young woman with large, dark-hooded eyes and a petulant mouth. She was dressed in the style of ten years earlier. It took a second glance for Kate to realise it was Rosita, the woman who had lain languidly on the couch in London and posed as Francesca's mother.

So Rosita's natural habitat was not the squalid Garibaldi Inn. It was this expensive villa with its marble floors and the constant sound of fountains playing.

This information seemed to give both Lucian and Giovanni satisfaction. Their quarry, though absent at present, was being run to earth. But would it be unearthed before the rising of the moon?

"Lucian, William isn't here. I know he isn't. The place feels empty. We're wasting our time."

In which of these lofty rooms had Johnnie Lambert sat drinking with Cesare and the half-blind caretaker while keeping out of the way of the amateur theatricals that were taking place at the Garibaldi Inn?

It didn't matter. They had to get another inspiration quickly.

"As if this isn't bad enough, I have to hate people."

Giovanni said something and Lucian nodded.

"There's money in this racket all right. Giovanni says that group looks like a Bernini."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, we're not on an art-appreciation tour!" Kate exclaimed. "I think we've made a mistake. We should have stayed in Rome. Let's go back. After all, the Tiber —"

"Bodies can be transported by car," Lucian said, with unthinking callousness. "Giovanni is going to take a quick look in the cellars. But I think you're right, Kate." Then he patted her shoulder. "Cheer up. This trip hasn't been wasted. We know Rosita lives here. Probably her family previously owned this place, but it takes illicit wealth to keep it up now. My guess is that she's Major Dix's mistress."

"And Mrs. Dix found out just the other day!" Kate said intuitively. "That would be it. She adored her husband, you know. She pretended to revere his memory, but really it was his live self. She probably agreed to do anything for him, no matter if it were illegal. And then she must have found out suddenly about Rosita. It would shake her badly. Perhaps she threatened to go to the police."

"I think you've got it, Kate. This character has his deserts coming to him. But long overdue. Here's Giovanni. Now, Kate, shut your eyes and pray for an inspiration. I'm foxed, I admit it."

Somewhere near the Tiber, Kate muttered to herself. The daylight was fading inexorably. Although the speedometer needle touched a hundred kilometres, it seemed to be almost dark when they got back into Rome.

Kate muttered, the Colosseum, Hadrian's Arch, the Baths of Caracalla, the Catacombs, the Appian Way . . . Where was her inspiration to come from? Where was the name that held a clue?

Not the ancient monuments. Some modern place, some connection with today or yesterday. Connection! The telephone! The mysterious number Mrs. Dix had asked for, seemingly at random, which had proved to be a cardboard-box factory. But was it indeed such a place?

Tense with excitement, Kate sat forward, murmuring numbers to herself.

"What is it?" Lucian asked, a little disturbed.

"The telephone number. I can't remember it. I wrote it down, though. Where did I write it? Oh, I know. On the telephone pad at the flat. Oh, dear, I'll have to ring Mrs. Peebles. What's the time? Have we time to get a call through to London?"

"I don't follow one word of what you're talking about, but if you want to call London, Giovanni can get some priority. I don't think I told you. Giovanni is a member of Interpol. But that's not for general consumption. A telephone, Giovanni. Pronto!"

Mrs. Peebles' highpitched and uncomprehending voice at the other end of the wire was maddeningly aggravating. Kate had to repeat slowly and patiently what she wanted, all the time watching the dying light and praying Mrs. Peebles had not torn the top sheet off the telephone pad.

William could look after himself pretty capably, she kept reminding herself.

Even if the moon rose before Mrs. Peebles' dull brain rose equally to the occasion.

"You mean these numbers written here," came back her incredulous voice. "You're phoning me all the way from Rome for these little bits of numbers! Your writing's horrible. I can't hardly read it. I'll have to get my glasses."

"Please, Mrs. Peebles! Hurry!"

There was a short interval, then the voice came back, laboriously reading.

"Good," Kate said. "Good Thank you, Mrs. Peebles."

"When will you be back?"

"I don't know. I'll let you know."

"Things have been quiet

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since you left. No scrabblers at the window. Oh, a friend of yours called with a cat. I sent her to —"

Regretfully Kate cut her off.

"Here's the number. Find out what place it belongs to. It's only a hunch. They said it was a box factory."

"It may be near the Tiber," Lucian said. He handed the slip of paper to Giovanni, who began to make another telephone call. In a few moments he had the address. It was a factory, he said, and it was in the poorer area. They'd go out and take a look at it. He added doubtfully that the signorina might wait, but the signorina said firmly that she was going, too, and was in the car ahead of both the men.

It was only a hunch, she told herself, but now she was tense with apprehension and hope.

Through a labyrinth of streets and then down a meaner darker one where the shabby cafes and houses dwindled to a space of waste ground, and beyond that a large building that looked derelict. The moon, flame-colored and enormous, was just beginning to rise. Kate hypnotically watched it appear over the low uneven rooftops. Then, as Giovanni slid the car to a noiseless stop, she scrambled out after him, and picked her way over the rubble to the deserted hulk of the building.

"Kate—" Lucian whispered.

"Don't say it. I'm coming." She added sensibly, "The place isn't derelict because it still has a telephone connection and someone who answers the telephone. Let's look for the office part."

The main doors were locked and bolted. Lucian tried them carefully, but there was no hope of getting in that way. The windows were boarded over. Another smaller door failed to give access, but round at the back, where suddenly there was a gleam of water in the distance and the smell of its coldness on the rising wind, there was another window, unboarded.

Giovanni's efforts to open it were unsuccessful. Suddenly he smashed a pane of glass with what Kate realised shakily was a gun. The noise was shatteringly loud, but when it had died away the dark building was utterly silent. Giovanni thrust his hand in, opened a catch and slid up the window. In a second he was inside and Lucian had followed.

"Wait there, Kate," begged Lucian.

"Here! All alone?" she asked incredulously, and clambered after them into the cold darkness.

Giovanni produced a torch and shone it cautiously. They were inside the main part of the factory, which was obviously disused.

There were boxes manufactured and unsold, piled high, and some pieces of rusty machinery. The place looked as if it had been out of use for a long time, probably since early in the war when the business had been closed down or failed.

But somewhere there was a telephone.

It was Kate who found the door. She leaned against it accidentally in the darkness, as Giovanni with his torch and Lucian following him picked their way across the rotted and uneven floor.

It gave behind her and she fell inwards . . .

And a hand circled her throat, and something hard stuck into her ribs.

"Stay right where you are!" came William's voice, harshly.

As quick as a flash she twisted herself free.

Continuing . . .
THE DEADLY TRAVELLERS

from page 69

"William, you clot!"

"Good grief, it's you, Kate!" William said in surprise.

"Yes, it's me and you've nearly choked me. Where are the lights?"

Lucian was there, and Giovanni with his torch, but William had reached over and turned on a glaring unshaded light in the room into which Kate had stumbled.

"Don't mind the bodies," he said laconically.

One, the small slim light-footed man with the Chinese-yellow skin, lay face upwards, his eyes closed, his chest rising and falling with the heavy breathing of unconsciousness. The other, neatly trussed, like a parcel, was lying half under the desk. William, with the bruised face and rapidly blackening eyes that Kate had expected, was grinning cheerfully.

"These birds made a mistake about my left hook. I haven't tried it out since varsity days. Well, what did they expect, giving me a lift into Rome and bringing me to this dump. I admit I had a bit of a time getting free." He grimaced as he rubbed deeply wealed wrists. "I won't go into that now, but I'd just made it when I heard you people breaking in and I thought I had to take on another half dozen. As a city editor, I'm a bit rusty."

"You shouldn't have trusted them!" Kate stormed. "I told Lucian you'd do something idiotic like that. If you knew the search we've had."

"Was I up for ransom or something?" William asked interestedly.

"Well, don't gloat over it," Kate snapped. She moved back a little. "Are those men dead?"

"The Chink's breathing," said William. "The other one was tougher. He nearly had me, that one."

"Major Dix," Kate whispered fearfully, as Lucian and Giovanni knelt over the silent trussed figure, dragging him out from beneath the desk and turning his face to the light.

"Oh, no, it's not!" she gasped turning white. "It's Johnnie Lambert!"

Lucian loosened the gag round Johnnie's mouth.

"I think your first guess is right, Kate. Major Dix."

The pale protuberant eyes blinked up at Kate. There was no heartiness in them now, only an enormous disgust and contempt.

"The next time you fall in love, Kate," he said, in the clipped cultured voice that made the familiar hearty tones she remembered a burlesque, "do me a favor and choose someone who isn't an ex-heavyweight champion."

"I'm not in love," Kate began automatically.

William's swollen eyes looked at her.

"Aren't you?" he said belligerently. "Then I promise you soon will be. If we can't get a marriage licence by tomorrow then we raise a fuss. Do you agree, Kate?"

Quite suddenly and helplessly, Kate began to cry. She gasped through her tears, "I'm only crying because I'm happy. It's absolutely the only time I cry."

Giovanni was at the telephone, the instrument that so recently had been used for the threats to William's life. The yellow-faced man on the floor stirred and groaned. Major Dix, alias Johnnie Lambert, looked up into Lucian's narrowed, ruthless eyes, and his too-plump and ruddy face seemed to wither. His slack lips worked.

He was no longer the casual good-natured rather noisy companion of an evening out; nor was he the absent husband whom Mrs. Dix hungered for and was eternally faithful to; nor Rosita's dashing lover, giving her back her family home and the luxuries she demanded. Even less was he the cool, clever brain behind an organisation of international jewel thieves. He was a man facing his supreme test of courage and failing dismally.

"Don't call the police," he begged. "I'll pay you. I'll make it up to your sister and her kids. Dalrymple's death was an accident. So was my wife's. She got difficult. She'd been drinking and her heart was bad. I'd have told her about buying the villa for Rosita. Damn Rosita, anyway. Damn all women. Just undo these cords, there's a good fellow. I'll pay you. I'm not a poor man . . ."

Lucian lifted his head. His profile was austere, unyielding, devoid of emotion.

"The moon's up," he said in a voice of deadly quiet.

Johnnie began to struggle violently. His eyes flickered from Lucian's avenging face to Kate's. Their fear was replaced by a look of rage. "It was you, you interfering little fool!" he said thickly.

Then he began to sob . . .

Kate thrust her fingers in her ears and blindly ran into the dark outer room. William followed her. At the broken window he caught her and helped her out. As she swayed in the cool moonlight he took her in his arms and drew her into the shadow of the building.

"Kate!" he whispered. "Kate, Kate, Kate!"

They were still there in the

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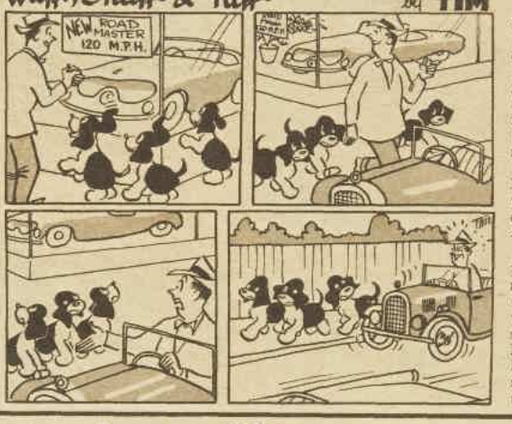
FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by **TIM**



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BY APPOINTMENT TO
HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
MANUFACTURERS OF PAINT
BRITISH PAINTS LIMITED, NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE

British Paints Limited presents to

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VELVET FLAT ENAMEL

FOR EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR

Manufactured in Australia to the famous American Wallkyd formula, Supa-Flat is guaranteed to be made to the most rigorous exterior standards which, obviously, ensure greater all-round durability for interior use at no extra cost.

the world's greatest colour range

This room has been delightfully redecorated with colours matched and selected from the Supa-Flat Intermix Colour Book. Notice how the walls and ceiling harmonise with each other. In Supa-Flat velvet flat enamel, there are feature colours and pastel shades to suit your taste and your home.

See the fabulous **SUPA-FLAT INTERMIX COLOUR BOOK** at all British Paints Limited authorised Agents

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NO OTHER FLAT ENAMEL HAS ALL THESE FEATURES

- ★ Sensational covering power
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COMPANION PRODUCTS to be used in conjunction with Supa-Flat for woodwork, doors, windows and skirting-boards of your room. Your choice can be brilliant gloss or satin finish, whichever you prefer.

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GLOSS-MASTA
BRILLIANT GLOSS ENAMEL
For exterior and interior. Its brilliant gloss looks and wears like baked enamel. One coat covers any colour.

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SATIN-FINISH ENAMEL
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EVERY answer to EVERY painting problem—"**DESIGN FOR COLOUR**"—**10/-** A COPY at all British Paints Limited Authorised Agents.

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CHRYSANTHEMUM

● *JAPANESE CHRYSANTHEMUM grown in large pot. This plant could possibly carry 300 blooms, which are carefully trained in a wire frame—and all from one central stem. The lateral growths are systematically pinched back to produce many buds, and give this pyramidal effect.*

FROM now until early November chrysanthemums or rooted cuttings can be set out in sunny, well-drained places.

They do best in medium to heavy loams, and appear to dislike sandy soils unless they are extremely well fed.

Where nematodes (eelworms) have previously attacked chrysanthemums it pays to choose soil that has not carried these plants for some years.

If basal growths taken from last year's clumps are tall and leggy, pinch back to about three pairs of leaves, or take cuttings and strike them in vermiculite or sandy loam sterilised with boiling water and allowed to cool.

In very cold districts the best plants should be potted and grown under glass. They need lime, and the soil must be well fertilised with old manure, leafmould, and rotted vegetable compost.

Spray plants regularly with malathion for the control of eelworms and use DDT for black aphides, small grubs, and thrips.

● *INCURVED Exhibition chrysanthemum has twisted petals of deep pink, which gained special commendation for these blooms at a recent show in Melbourne.*

GARDENING

● *Star Royal, a quilled chrysanthemum grown by Mr. S. H. Sih, Chinese Consul-General, in his Sydney garden.*

● *Chieftain, a medium-sized, decorative incurved chrysanthemum, grown by our garden writer, Mr. Reg Edwards, at his Springwood, N.S.W., home.*

Just released in America, and now exclusively made in Australia by SLEEPMASTER!

GLORIOUSLY-PATTERNED, REVERSIBLE, WASHABLE, JACQUARD-WOVEN COTTON BEDSPREADS

Settings by Falkiner Fabrics

The George Washington. A heritage from the hand looms of early America.

Minuet, gracious living portrayed in finest cotton.

Live with beauty of yesteryear! America's most popular bedspreads, reproductions of rare antique deep-fringed Colonial designs, are now made in Australia exclusively by Sleepmaster to grace *your* home. They are jacquard-woven from the finest cotton—lint-free, colour-fast, completely washable, reversible, and *non-iron!* Ask for these luxurious spreads in your favourite store . . . to see them is to fully appreciate their true beauty.

Choose from these delightful colours: Snow white, natural, pastel rose, pastel blue, pastel green, aqua, grey, scarlet, mushroom.

Quality bedspreads by

SLEEPMASTER

A B C ACE BEDDING COMFORTS PTY. LTD., Melbourne, Vic.

Manufacturers of Candlewick Chenille products and Airlight Quilts.

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For the good of your sewing
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ALWAYS sew with
COATS SUPER SHEEN!

With Coats Super Sheen size 50 thread on the slim, compact reel, you can sew faster, more neatly than ever before. That's because Super Sheen size 50 is *fine* thread—the ideal thread for modern sewing machines. In fact, Super Sheen size 50 is recommended and demonstrated by famous sewing machine companies—and of course it's just right for hand sewing, too.

COLOURS? *A wide range of glowing shades—they're boil-proof too!*

LENGTHS? *For your convenience, Coats Super Sheen size 50 comes in different lengths. Choose your colours and sizes to-day!*

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In addition to Super Sheen, Coats are famous for their original 6-cord thread—in black and white and many thicknesses. And for all fine fabrics, choose Coats Gossamer—the modern 'Terylene' thread.

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Super SHEEN

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HEAVENLY FOOT COMFORT
Latex Foam Cushion relieves Callouses . . .
Ends HIGH HEEL soreness

Dr Scholl's SUPER-SOFT BALL-O-FOOT* CUSHION
*Reg. Trade Mark

These little miracle cushions will bring you undreamed-of comfort. They provide soft latex foam protection at the foot's most tender spot. You can stand, walk, dance to your heart's content—free of pain, callouses, burning at ball of foot. Loops over toe—no adhesive. Only 5/9 pair, for Men and Women, at Chemists, Stores, Shoe Dealers, Scholl Depots.

shadow when the police car drew up. Presently the footsteps, coming and going, ceased. The car started up and swept away. Lucian called tentatively, "Kate!" There was a laugh that was Giovanni's, then Giovanni's car started and moved away. After that it was quiet. The moon, no longer flame-colored, but a pure, clear yellow, made the distant patch of water gleam. And it was warm and safe forever in William's arms.

. . . . . .

The sun shone again in the morning. The chestnuts clung to the last remnants of their vanity, and with deliberation relinquished another ill-spared handful of leaves. The trams rumbled by, the street vendors shouted in their shrill long-drawn-out syllables, and the great city hid its memories beneath an unshadowed exterior.

Lucian found Kate and William still at breakfast.

"Well, you two! Not married yet?"

"We decided we couldn't disappoint my stepmother and Mrs. Peebles by depriving them of a wedding," Kate said serenely. "Besides, William can't take two black eyes into a respectable church, and I don't look so madly beautiful myself. But no one can stop us enjoying Rome. We're going to sit like lizards on old stone wells for hours and hours. And later, of course, we have to throw coins in the fountain or that darling receptionist will shed tears of disappointment. Oh, and we've had a telephone call from Miss Squires. She says she can't locate Francesca, but she's met a village constable who is awfully helpful, and, oddly enough, is even more besotted about cats than she is."

"You're talking too much, Kate," said William. His grin was slightly lop-sided because of a swollen cheek. "But all that she says is more or less true. How, by the way, are the casualties?"

"In the right hands," said Lucian briefly. "There are a few accessories to the fact to be rounded up in Paris and London, but that should be child's play, comparatively. The police have located Rosita, spitting like Miss Squires' cat. The case will be a cause celebre, I fear. I wonder if you two lizards can spare an hour from your sunbathing this morning?"

"Of course," Kate agreed. She added ingenuously, "I'm going to like you again, Lucian, when you get that avenging look off your face." But her hand crept into William's and was lost in its capacious grip.

"Better come to our wedding, old chap," said William.

"Thanks, I'd like to. Giovanni's outside. Can you be ready in ten minutes or so? This won't take long. I thought you'd like to be there. Kate, anyway."

"Where?" Kate asked curiously.

But Lucian had turned away, and even later in the car he made no explanation.

Giovanni drove in his usual swift, hair-raising way to the outskirts of the city. Then he took a turn Kate knew. She recognised the beginning of the Appian Way, and the street into which they came was disturbingly familiar. Outside Gianetta's house he stopped.

"We're a little early," said Lucian. Then, "No, we're not. They're coming now."

Another car had turned into the street and was drawing up behind them. As the inevitable heads began to peer out of windows Kate gave a cry. She reached for the door and, throwing it open, leapt out of the car.

"Francesca! Francesca!"

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Continuing . . .

THE DEADLY TRAVELLERS

from page 71

The little girl in the stiffly starched white dress who got composedly out of the other car didn't answer or smile. She came towards Kate, her large dark eyes full of accusation.

"Where is Pepita?" she asked in careful English.

"Oh! She's at the hotel! I didn't know I was going to see you this morning. No one told me." Kate could not restrain herself then. She threw her arms round the child. She was laughing and crying. "Francesca, it's just so wonderful to see you again. Everyone tried to tell me you weren't real. But look at you. Fatter than ever. What have you been eating in England? Ravioli?"

"So that's the dream child," said William. "Blue bow and all. Incredible!"

"Pepita!" said Francesca stolidly.

The young man who got out of the car after her said in a pleasant Cockney voice. "She would wear those clothes. Didn't half make a fuss. Mrs. Dalrymple gave up in the end. If we hadn't been flying I don't think we'd have persuaded her to come at all. What is it she has to do?"

Lucian spoke swiftly to Francesca in her own language. She listened, blinking her great eyes. Then with decision she shook her head. She spoke in a high definite voice. Lucian tried to reason with her. Giovanni joined in persuasively. Francesca shook her head stubbornly.

"Pepita!" she said.

Giovanni shrugged. Lucian sighed.

"I'm sorry, Kate. We'll have to dash back to the hotel for that wretched doll. She won't do what we want until she gets it. The rest of you can wait here. Sorry, Sergeant. But you know by now what you're dealing with."

The young police sergeant nodded. "If I'd been you, miss, darned if I wouldn't have pushed her off the train myself. It's just as well aeroplane windows don't open."

Francesca, gazing from one to another, gave her faint Mona Lisa smile and folded her plump hands on her plump stomach.

When Lucian and Kate returned to the scene some thirty minutes later, however, they found that Pepita as a bribe was no longer necessary. Francesca glanced at her indifferently and turned away. She was sitting on the side of the gutter talking animatedly to William, her plump face breaking into a series of delightful dimpled smiles.

Never, thought Kate furiously, never once had Francesca smiled like that for her.

"What are you telling her?" she demanded.

William gave his slow maddening grin.

"That when she's grown up and wears these fascinating bits of glass round her neck I'll marry her."

He opened his large hand and there, winking and glittering fabulously in the sunlight, were the diamonds, undoubtedly the stolen and broken-up necklace of the Venetian contessa.

"Where —" began Lucian.

Giovanni burst into a roar of laughter.

Francesca chattered animatedly, spreading her skirts and preening herself like a little peacock.

"Just here," William said, poking his fingers into the outlet drain of the long-dry gutter. "Poor kids in Rome always play in the gutter. And Francesca thought rightly that these were just a handful of stones. Why should Pepita be cluttered up with them?" Then he looked rueful.

"But now I seem to have sown the seeds of vanity. I've told her they make her look pretty."

"Even with two black eyes you have quite a way with girls, haven't you," Kate said in tones of hate. "Just for that you can help me look after Francesca until her mother gets back."

"Kate! This is almost our honeymoon!"

"Or we can take her with us on the train back to England."

"Heaven forbid!" William exclaimed.

Francesca gave her unexpected and enchanting dimpled smile.

"No spik Inglese," she said, and waited for the usual looks of frustration that would follow her flat and inexorable statement.

When, this time, they didn't come she looked a little puzzled, then philosophically shrugged her plump shoulders, dismissing the adult world which had never particularly interested her, and turned at last to be reunited with Pepita.

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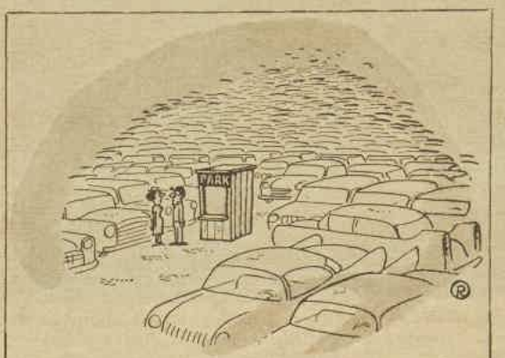
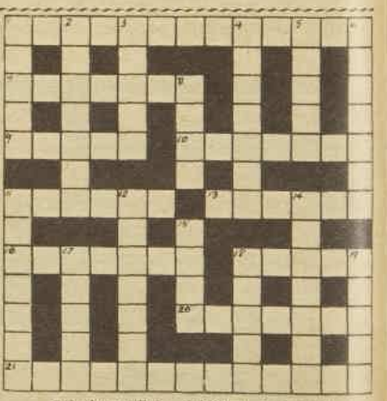


"I lost my ticket, but it's a two-tone sedan with a slightly used lipstick in the glove compartment."

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Such an artist must be constantly off color (5, 3, 5).
7. Long swelling waves starting with a small loaf (7).
9. Therefore tea is a disease of rye (5).
10. Her nail (Anagr., 7).
11. Cigarette with poisonous inside (6).
13. Yields a medical degree full of marsh plant (6).
16. Purpose in tear of dress (7).
18. Drawing instrument of a sovereign (5).
20. Red star which delays progress (7).
21. Pertaining to dancing (13).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. An R.A. in this boat would make a dam (5).
2. Affirms with leg in drinks (7).
3. Took a position fitting for prayers (5).
4. You and I at that woman, atmospheric conditions permitting (7).
5. Drive with the help of the devil on the top (5).
6. These are specialists (7).
8. With such fire a man must have a temper (4).
11. Grant me a coat (7).
12. I see men combining into hostile persons (7).
14. In general, make bigger (7).
15. Excite in a most irreverent manner (4).
17. A lazy fellow whose lid is broken (5).
18. Quantitative relation in a riot (5).
19. Adhesive substance concerning transgression (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

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Surf recommended by Westinghouse

Westinghouse want you to get the world's cleanest, whitest wash from your machine . . . that's why they recommend Surf

Only Surf whites can stand that close-up look!

Only Surf gives the true whiteness that can stand a close-up look, because *only* Surf has new Added Brilliance. This Added Brilliance makes Surf even better than ever. Now your wash will be even whiter, even cleaner — the cleanest wash under the sun! No soap scum, either, with Surf — and only one rinse is needed. It's a fact — no other washday product can wash your clothes so clean, so sparkling bright as Surf — in the Wonderful Westinghouse Washer.

Colourful, wonderful Westinghouse!

The contemporary appearance of model 700 will look *just right* in your home. Its square cabinet, with its neat "built-in" appearance, fits snugly into corners without wasting space. You can choose the classic smartness of a snowy-white model or a gay tropical colour that adds a touch of glamour to its surroundings. "Wonder Wringer", exclusive to Westinghouse, with its patented trip device stops rollers automatically — prevents excess loading. Big family-size tub holds 9 lb. of dry clothes. The rounded tub and cushioned agitator produce powerful but gentle circular water currents which, charged with active Surf suds, *draw* the dirt from the dirtiest wash. Wonderful Westinghouse with Surf, the last word in washing efficiency.

You can be sure . . .

if there's SURF in your WESTINGHOUSE–you'll get the WORLD'S CLEANEST WHITEST WASH

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How lovely you look tomorrow...

depends on how well you clean your face tonight...

and cleansing means more than just soap and water!

Hat by courtesy of Nance Bannon, Melbourne.

Tonight—see and feel how POND'S COLD CREAM cleanses completely— *whisks out dirt and make-up*

Did you know?

- Modern make-up is designed to *stay on*. You can't *wash* it off with water — you can't *clean* it off with soap.

What do you do?

- You cream it away with light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream — that's the one *sure* way to whisk out stale make-up of any kind — and everyday dirt, too.

Cleans Deeper

- Pond's Cold Cream works down between the upper skin cells, where dirt hides, and literally floats it out. Pond's leaves pore openings really clean — refreshed.

Tubes 2/9, Jars — 4/11 and 7/11.

Tubes 2/11, or jars 5/3 and 8/11.

Now! Bring youth-giving moisture to your skin with . . .

POND'S DRY SKIN CREAM

Every day your skin loses some of the precious inner moisture and natural oils that keep it healthy and young-looking. Lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream restores the balance of oils in your skin.

Tonight, see and feel for yourself how Pond's Dry Skin Cream eases away tiny frown lines, relaxes tautness, and creams in revitalising moisture to nourish and soften your complexion.

Beauty Products of Chesebrough-Pond's.

C248

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning September 28

ARIES
The Ram
MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, rose. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in giving and taking.

★ It is not always easy to grant a favor; accepting one may be even more difficult, for your sign is proud. Learn to do both gracefully. This applies not merely to material matters, but to social relationships. Exchange opinions without personal bias or emotional upsets; disagree and remain friends. Your best beloved will appreciate this attitude.

TAURUS
The Bull
APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, orange. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in familiar activities.

★ Stick to the routine, enjoy those spare-time pursuits which are customary, and don't branch out in new directions, or you are likely to meet with failure. Cook the dish the family likes best, entertain old friends, finish jobs already begun. Social arrangements may be limited to regular appointments, meetings which are unexciting.

GEMINI
The Twins
MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck through the opposite sex.

★ If concerned in a business affair, a member of the opposite sex may arrange a concession for you, or an article which is difficult to get. If young and preoccupied with social events, an attractive partner could add lustre to an occasion. If a parent, you may ask one in a position of authority to use his influence on behalf of a child.

CANCER
The Crab
JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in a happy ending.

★ That argument you had with the man in your life should bring about a reconciliation. Don't spoil happiness with post-mortems. If you've been struggling with a domestic problem, it may solve itself, and leave you free for other more enjoyable matters. Those contending with an unfamiliar task are likely to receive help when most needed.

LEO
The Lion
JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, green. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in a communication.

★ The postman may blow his whistle or the telephone may ring, for there will be an important communication on its way to you. It may be an announcement that the job for which you have applied is yours, or an invitation to a glamorous social function. For a few, this could be a love-letter with an offer of marriage.

VIRGO
The Virgin
AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, red. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in a business deal.

★ A keen bargain-hunter may discover treasure in unlikely places. Whether the article be small, such as an odd piece of jewellery, or big, such as a house, your luck is in. Consult your beloved if a major investment is in question. If concerned with selling goods, you could score brilliantly. Some of you spend money to make money.

LIBRA
The Balance
SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in a new cycle.

★ This is a turning point in your relationships with others. According to your own actions you may find renewed affection, increasing popularity, or breaks in links in your life. Foresee situations likely to arise, decide what you intend to do. Look forward, not back. You may have outgrown friendships: cross them off, but keep pleasant memories.

SCORPIO
The Scorpion
OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, gold. Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday. Luck in a private venture.

★ You could be timidly embarking on a long-cherished enterprise. Your strength lies in silence, enthusiasm, hard work. Whether the goal be great or small, involving a change of occupation, or merely your first attempt to make a dress, undertake it alone. Thus you avoid cold water on your ambitions, perhaps teasing, if sensitive.

SAGITTARIUS
The Archer
NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat. Luck through friends.

★ Joining a group can be fun. If a voluntary worker, it also helps charitable enterprises. If young, founding a new organisation, insist that it have a definite purpose, or it will soon fade out. New friendships blossom in clubs, while character develops along with social experience. If a teenager, your outings are likely to be with your crowd.

CAPRICORN
The Goat
DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, violet. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck if before the public.

★ Some of you appear in a play, at a concert, or come in contact with the public through your occupation. You may win applause, the admiration of family, friends, or a step up the career ladder. Patient, willing to accept and discharge responsibilities, your sign makes an excellent commanding officer. Your beloved lends you a hand.

AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer
JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in travel.

★ Travel through your job, removal to another district could change your outlook. New scenes, different associates could open a new world. Some of you may plan a working holiday, perhaps overseas; others contemplate summer trips. Read books about places you hope to visit. Get a friend interested in the same project; talking it over is fun.

PISCES
The Fish
FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, silver. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in a surprise.

★ A windfall drops into your lap. It may be the last thing you expected. It brings changes of plans, new hopes, wishes, perhaps distinction along lines you never contemplated. Don't be afraid to answer the door when Dame Fortune calls on you. In some cases, another's bad luck spells opportunity, but quick decisions may be required.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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• *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Mail orders should be sent to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address them to Box 66-D, Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders will be accepted.*

Fashion PATTERNS

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F5321.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make small boy's beach shirt and shorts. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1¼ to 1¾yds. 36in. striped material and 1¼ to 1⅝yds. 36in. plain material. Price 3/-.

F5401.—Smart jacket-dress ensemble; the dress sleeveless and fitted, the jacket straight cut and unbelted. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5¾yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F5435.—Widely belted shirtwaist dress. The pattern includes sleeveless and short-sleeved design. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: 5¾yds. 36in. material for short-sleeved design, and 5¼yds. 36in. material for sleeveless design. Price 3/9.

F5415.—Daytime-on-to-late-day ensemble. The dress is prettily bow tied, the skirt wide, the jacket short cut and finished with below-elbow sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

F5430.—Summer party dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5¾yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F5423.—Pretty one-piece dress styled with a moulded bow-trimmed bodice, and soft skirt fullness. Sizes 32 to 38in bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

• ***Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.***

No. 132.—SHORTIE PYJAMAS

Shortie pyjamas obtainable cut out ready to make in zig-zag striped summer breeze cotton and plain sanforised cotton. The color choice includes blue and white in summer breeze and blue, pale pink, and lemon in sanforised cotton.

Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 29/9, 36 and 38in. bust 32/3. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

No. 133.—TEA-TOWELS.

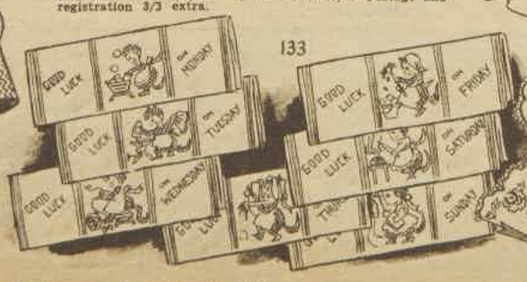
The towels are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with amusing kitchen motifs. The material is linen towelling striped in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Price 5/11 each. Postage 8d. extra. Set of 7 39/9. Postage 3/- extra.

No. 134.—DUCHESSE SET

The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with a pretty fan design. The material is Irish linen, the color choice includes white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Centre mat 11 by 17in., small mats 9 by 7in. Price 7/11. Postage and registration 1/- extra.

No. 135.—ONE-PIECE DRESS

Pretty summer dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in a pin-spot cotton cambric with a white organdie trim. The color choice includes blue, pink, turquoise, green, and red, all printed with a white spot. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 37/9, 36 and 38in. bust 39/9. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.



Don't let that sniffle become a cold!

Reach for Listerine!

Listerine *kills* the germs that cause the misery of colds. At the first sign of a "sniffle" — gargle with Antiseptic Listerine. *Listerine stops colds before they start!*

YOUR No. 1 PROTECTION AGAINST INFECTION

20.52.4

all brass

needs

for the brightest shine

84

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Naturally She chooses Rosella

The finest pure fruit Jams for health and energy, packed in protective gold-lined cans, *including*

MIRA PLUM
SOLUS APRICOT
QUINCE JELLY
RASPBERRY
MELON & LEMON
BLACK CURRANT
SEVILLE ORANGE MARMALADE

Rosella Jams make the ideal Ice-cream topping

RECIPE:

CAPITAL PUDDING

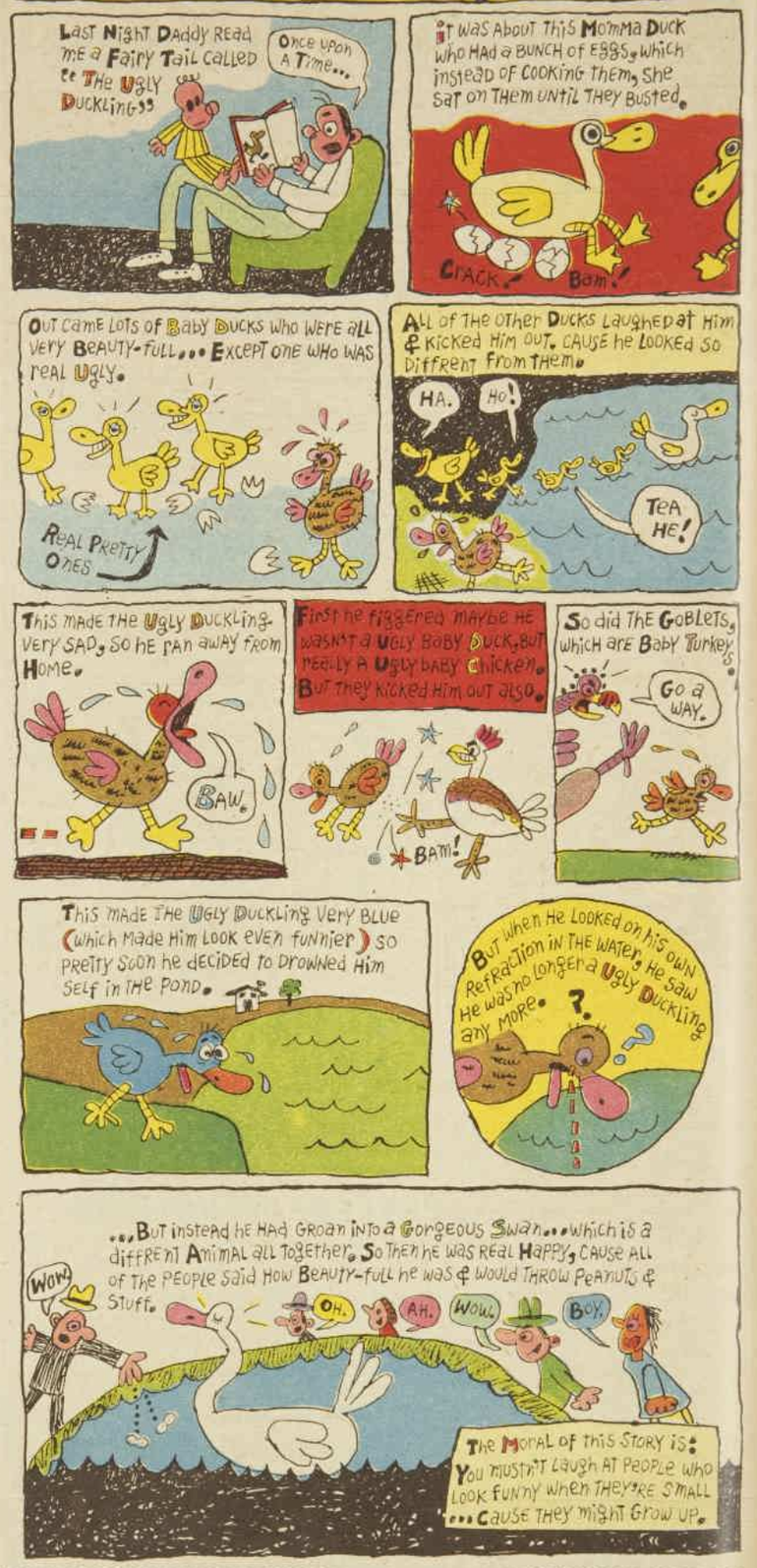
½lb. Plain Flour
4oz. Finely Shredded Suet
1 Small Cup Milk
3 Dessertspoons *Rosella* Mira Plum Jam
1 Teaspoon Baking Soda

Sift the flour into a basin and rub in the suet with the finger tips, add the jam, and mix well. Dissolve the soda in the milk and mix with the other ingredients. Steam for two hours in a buttered mould with buttered paper tied over the top.

Rosella TRUE FRUIT JAMS

JACKY'S DIARY

BY JACKY MENDELSOHN AGE 3½



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

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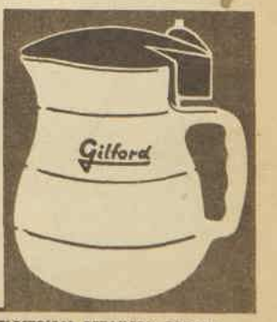

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